PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST 1973 ONE DOLLAR

KILL AND BE KILLED: NINE PROFILES OF TERRORISM

SWIFTIE: FICTION BY HERBERT GOLD

THE LIBERATED CALL GIRL

CUDDLING: THE NEW INTIMACY

STEWART MOTT INTERVIEWED

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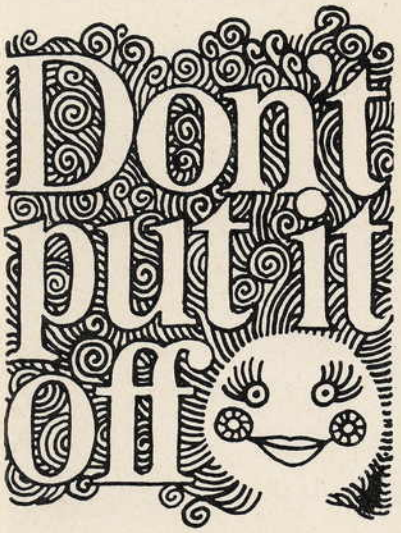

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / AUGUST 1973

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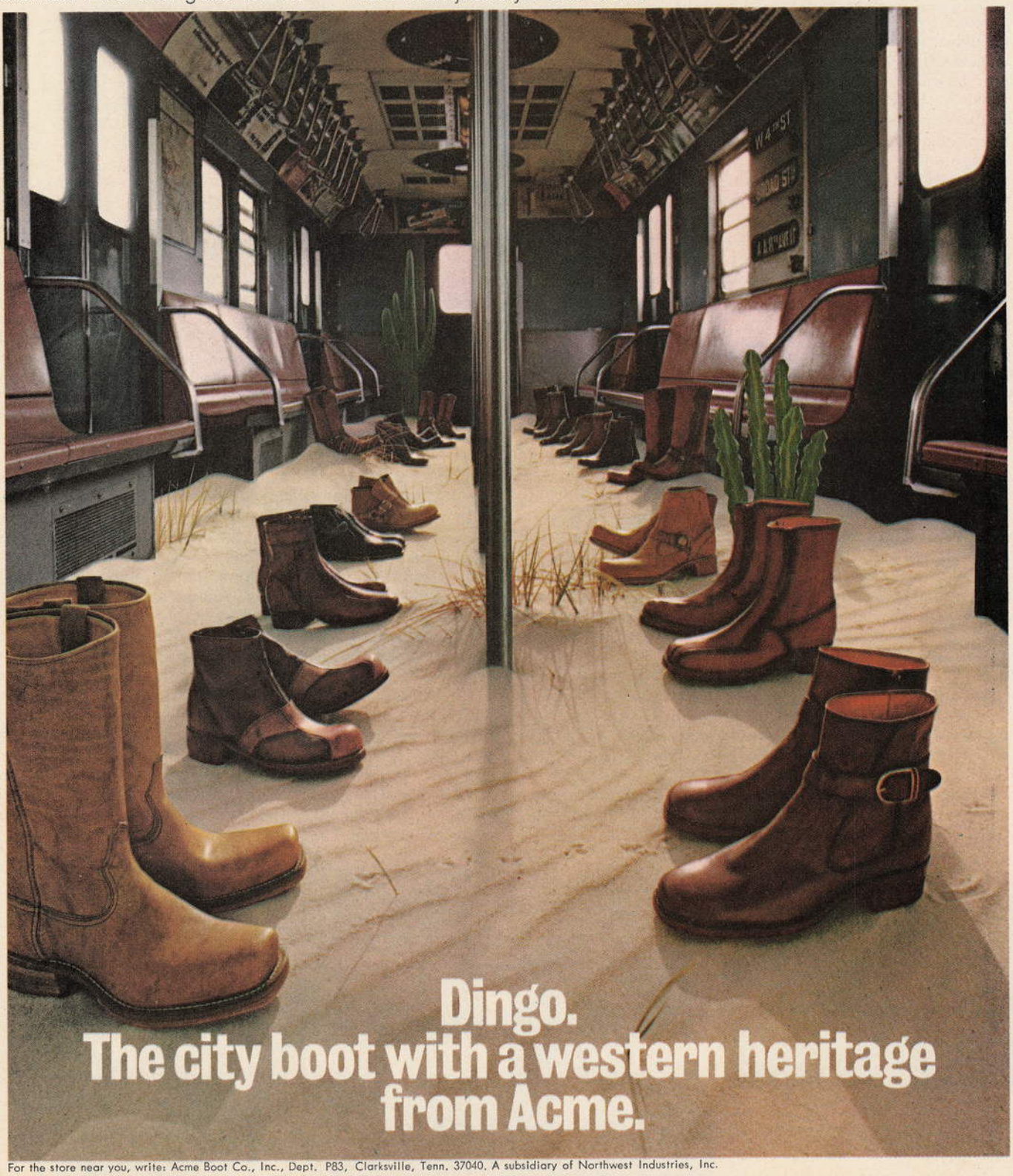

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VIVA LA DIFFERENCE

Ever since announcements of our sister publication, *Viva*, the International Magazine for Women (on sale mid-September) appeared in the press, *Penthouse* has undergone a series of subtle internal changes. Our otherwise imperturbable staff of editors, writers, artists and other militant supporters of the male imperative, has begun to acquire traces of sexual schizophrenia. Readers who normally examine incoming manuscripts for male-interest content are having to develop a similar awareness for the editorial and entertainment requirements of women. Editors who create and assign a good deal of the nonfiction appearing in *Penthouse* are undergoing changes that are equally traumatic because of our newfound sexual identity crisis.

The problem is not so much determining what women are looking for as opposed to what men are looking for, but trying to reconcile the fact that in the end men and women are looking for precisely the same thing. There *are* differences, of course, but these are qualities of focus and slant. Whereas a woman's interest in matters sexual may be equal to a man's, the process of cultivating that interest is really quite different. Nudity per se is often sufficient to arouse a man, but most women want all of the intellectual, romantic and atmospheric trappings that go with it. To most men, scenes of a couple making love are self-explanatory and need no special rationale. To most women, such scenes (though equally stimulating) require *some* justification. Not *what* is the couple doing, but *why* are they doing it. Who are they? Are they in love? Are they married? Is it a first date? Has she been forced? Is the man sincere? Is the woman doing it only for personal gain?

The reasons for this sexual dichotomy in pursuit of the pleasure principle have to do with the very nature of feminism itself. Men appear to have a direct radar link between their groins (libido) and the sexual object, whereas a woman's response system is as multifarious as a computer's circuitry. Her wiring serves to cross-index the data input against memory banks of personal experience, tastes, attitudes, etc. Intricate judgment circuits evaluate the information in physiochemical, spiritual, emotional, intellectual and sometimes financial activity. The entire process is monumentally complex, but the readout is exactly the same.

A list of thirty-nine principal differences between men and women were issued to the staff. Some of the more interesting ones were: *Women are, and always have been by nature, more sexually liberated than men. Women have a greater capacity for free-flowing sexual experimentation than men. Men are more easily fixated at a given level of sexual activity. Homosexuality among women is more natural, more prevalent and socially less problematical than among men. There are fewer sexual deviants among women than men. Women make gut decisions more easily than men. Men are not as fantasy oriented as women. In the practical, day-to-day material world, women have less patience than men.*

Although new staff is pouring in weekly, *Penthouse* has developed a "group editor" system whereby much of the senior personnel will be responsible for both magazines. The somewhat pioneering concept behind this system is based on the proposition that anyone who doesn't understand or appreciate the differences between the sexes shouldn't be working for *Penthouse* in the first place. As the man said: Viva la difference.

HOUSECALL

Terrorists make headlines by bombing supermarkets, robbing banks, blowing up mailboxes, hijacking planes, murdering policemen and kidnapping diplomats. This is political activism at its most visible and though every group grinds its own personalized political ax, the common denominator is invariably the same—the spilling of innocent blood. In Northern Ireland, more than 800 people, many of them women and children, have fallen victim to terrorists since 1970, the equivalent in the U.S. of 500,000 people. Organized terrorist groups are based in every corner of the world, including the U.S. **Eric Norden,** one of America's leading investigative reporters, has compiled a chilling rundown of the world's foremost sowers of fear (page 52).

On a somewhat lighter note, August's exclusive *Penthouse Interview* examines the energies, motivations and Spartan life-style of multimillionaire **Stewart Rawlings Mott,** a 35-year-old bachelor, compulsive philanthropist, conscientious nonconformist and high-rise, gentleman farmer (page 64). Mott, who maintains New York City's most compleat vegetable farm (460 varieties) on the terrace of his own penthouse, has contributed more than $2 million to such disparate social causes as birth control, disarmament and the McGovern presidential campaign.

Out of Op-Pop-funk fads of the Sixties, humorist **Herbert Gold** recounts the life and times of fashion designer Swiftie Dixon (page 82), the sexually disoriented, he-she lead in *Swiftie the Magician.* Swiftie moves in a world of nostalgic boutiques, loft parties and former child-celebrities. "In a man's world," Gold writes, "she decided to make it as a transvestite man rather than a woman."

In what appears—on the surface at least—to be a contradiction in terms, *The Liberated Call Girl* is **Gail Sheehy's** stark but sympathetic portrayal of a young prostitute's quixotic but determined climb to the top of her profession (page 107). Sheehy's forthcoming Delacorte book, *Hustling,* from which this piece was excerpted, reflects on the efficacy of self-analysis, particularly when the subject, a prostitute, is both patient and therapist.

According to revisionist **Russ Rueger** (page 86), the scramble to achieve kinetic orgasm at the end of every sexual encounter may have caused us to overlook the gentler and more esoteric art of "cuddling." As a society of sexual speed-freaks, he reminds us that we seldom idle our motors for the sheer pleasure of idling. In *The Sensuous Art of Cuddling,* Rueger propounds the five basic positions in which lovers and other interested parties can "leisurely bathe in the luxury of their senses." He recommends cuddling as a buffer against the maddening whirligig of everyday life and promises that, having tried it, you will develop a "cuddling drive" of your very own. Position One is more stimulating than relaxing, of course, but Position Four will put you to sleep. There is a time, we are told, for all things.

RUEGER

NORDEN

GOLD

MOTT

SHEEHY

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PENTHOUSE

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editor & publisher

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AUGUST

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12. I Hear You Knockin'	Gale Storm
13. Unchained Melody	Al Hibbler
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15. March from the River Kwai	Mitch Miller
16. Friendly Persuasion	Pat Boone

TITLE 1956	ARTIST
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2. I Want, I Need, I Love You	Elvis Presley
3. Hound Dog	Elvis Presley
4. Don't Be Cruel	Elvis Presley
5. Love Me Tender	Elvis Presley
6. My Prayer	The Platters
7. Only You	The Platters
8. The Great Pretender	The Platters
9. Green Door	Jim Lowe
10. Singing The Blues	Guy Mitchell
11. Poor People of Paris	Les Baxter
12. Whatever Will Be, Will Be	Doris Day
13. Canadian Sunset	Hugo Winterhalter
14. Allegheny Moon	Patti Page
15. I Almost Lost My Mind	Pat Boone
16. Memories Are Made of This	Dean Martin

TITLE 1957	ARTIST
1. Bye, Bye Love	Everly Brothers
2. Problems	Everly Brothers
3. Love Letters in the Sand	Pat Boone
4. April Love	Pat Boone
5. Don't Forbid Me	Pat Boone
6. Loving You	Elvis Presley
7. Teddy Bear	Elvis Presley
8. All Shook Up	Elvis Presley
9. That's When Heartaches Begin	Elvis Presley
10. Little Darlin'	Diamonds
11. Searchin'	Coasters
12. Young Love	Sonny James
13. Silhouettes	Rays
14. Gone	Ferlin Husky
15. So Rare	Jimmy Dorsey
16. White Sport Coat	Marty Robbins

TITLE 1958	ARTIST
1. It's All In the Game	Tommy Edwards
2. Twilight Time	The Platters
3. All I Have To Do Is Dream	Everly Brothers
4. Bird Dog	Everly Brothers
5. Patricia	Perez Prado
6. Volare (Nel Blu Di Pinto Di Blue)	Domenico Modugno
7. Little Star	Elegants
8. Don't	Elvis Presley
9. Tom Dooley	Kingston Trio
10. Get A Job	Silhouettes
11. Purple People Eater	Sheb Wooley
12. Poor Little Fool	Rick Nelson
13. Yakety Yak	Coasters
14. Great Balls of Fire	Jerry Lee Lewis
15. At The Hop	Danny & the Juniors
16. Peggy Sue	Buddy Holly

TITLE 1959	ARTIST
1. Mack the Knife	Bobby Darin
2. Dream Lover	Bobby Darin
3. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes	The Platters
4. El Paso	Marty Robbins
5. Stagger Lee	Lloyd Price
6. Personality	Lloyd Price
7. Donna	Ritchie Valens
8. La Bamba	Ritchie Valens
9. Charlie Brown	Coasters
10. Kansas City	Wilbert Harrison
11. Sleep Walk	Santo and Johnny
12. The Happy Organ	Dave (Baby) Cortez
13. Heartaches By The Number	Guy Mitchell
14. My Heart Is An Open Book	Carl Dobkins, Jr.
15. Venus	Frankie Avalon
16. Lonesome Town	Ricky Nelson

TITLE 1960	ARTIST
1. Theme From A Summer Place	Percy Faith
2. It's Now Or Never	Elvis Presley
3. Stuck On You	Elvis Presley
4. I'm Sorry	Brenda Lee
5. He'll Have To Go	Jim Reeves
6. Cathy's Clown	Everly Brothers
7. Running Bear	Johnny Preston
8. Last Date	Floyd Cramer
9. Save The Last Dance For Me	Drifters
10. Greenfields	Brothers Four
11. A Thousand Stars	Kathy Young
12. You Send Me	Sam Cooke
12. Wonderful World	Sam Cooke
14. Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Bikini	Brian Hyland
15. Handy Man	Jimmy Jones
16. Good Timin'	Jimmy Jones

TITLE 1961	ARTIST
1. Tossin' and Turnin'	Bobby Lewis
2. Big Bad John	Jimmy Dean
3. Exodus	Ferrante & Teicher
4. Runaway	Del Shannon
5. Runaround Sue	Dion
6. Will You Love Me Tomorrow	Shirelles
7. Travelin' Man	Ricky Nelson
8. Michael	Highwaymen
9. The Lion Sleeps Tonight	Tokens
10. Bristol Stomp	Dovells
11. Blue Moon	Marcels
12. Surrender	Elvis Presley
13. Take Good Care of My Baby	Bobby Vee
14. Hit The Road, Jack	Ray Charles
15. Run To Him	Bobby Vee
16. Crying	Roy Orbison

TITLE 1962	ARTIST
1. I Can't Stop Loving You	Ray Charles
2. Big Girls Don't Cry	Four Seasons
3. Roses Are Red	Bobby Vinton
4. Stranger On The Shore	Acker Bilk
5. Sherry	Four Seasons
6. Johnny Angel	Shelly Fabares
7. Return To Sender	Elvis Presley
8. Soldier Boy	Shirelles
9. The Stripper	David Rose
10. Breaking Up Is Hard To Do	Neil Sedaka
11. Ramblin' Rose	Nat King Cole
12. Good Luck Charm	Elvis Presley
13. Loco-Motion	Little Eva
14. Bobby's Girl	Marcie Blane
15. Monster Mash	Bobby Pickett
16. The Wanderer	Dion

TITLE 1963	ARTIST
1. Sugar Shack	Jimmy Gilmer
2. He's So Fine	Chiffons
3. Hey Paula	Paul & Paula
4. Blue Velvet	Bobby Vinton
5. Louie, Louie	Kingsmen
6. Sukiyaki	Kyu Sakamoto
7. My Boyfriend's Back	Angels
8. I Will Follow Him	Little Peggy March
9. Walk Like A Man	Four Seasons
10. It's My Party	Lesley Gore
11. Surf City	Jan & Dean
12. I'm Leaving It Up To You	Dale & Grace
13. Deep Purple	N. Tempo/A. Stevens
14. Rhythm Of The Rain	Cascades
15. If You Wanna Be Happy	Jimmy Soul
16. Our Day Will Come	Ruby & Romantics

TITLE 1964	ARTIST
1. I Want To Hold Your Hand	Beatles
2. She Loves You	Beatles
3. Hard Day's Night	Beatles
4. I Feel Fine	Beatles
5. Can't Buy My Love	Beatles
6. Love Me Do	Beatles
7. Last Kiss	J. Frank Wilson
8. Hello, Dolly!	Louis Armstrong
9. I Get Around	Beach Boys
10. Where Did Our Love Go	Supremes
11. Mr. Lonely	Bobby Vinton
12. Do Wah Diddy Diddy	Manfred Mann
13. Everybody Loves Somebody	Dean Martin
14. Chapel of Love	Dixie Cups
15. Rag Doll	Four Seasons
16. Leader Of The Pack	Shangri-Las

TITLE 1965	ARTIST
1. Satisfaction	Rolling Stones
2. You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'	Righteous Brothers
3. Downtown	Petula Clark
4. Turn! Turn! Turn!	Byrds
5. Stop! In The Name Of Love	Supremes
6. We Can't Work It Out	Beatles
7. Help!	Beatles
8. Yesterday	Beatles
9. This Diamond Ring	Gary Lewis & Playboys
10. My Girl	Temptations
11. I Got You, Babe	Sonny & Cher
12. Get Off My Cloud	Rolling Stones
13. Sounds of Silence	Simon & Garfunkel
14. Help Me, Rhonda	Beach Boys
15. Tambourine Man	Byrds
16. Eve of Destruction	Barry McGuire

TITLE 1966	ARTIST
1. I'm A Believer	Monkees
2. Winchester Cathedral	New Vaudville Band
3. 96 Tears	? and the Mysterions
4. Soul and Inspiration	Righteous Brothers
5. Snoopy and the Red Baron	Royal Guardsmen
6. Monday, Monday	Mama's & Papa's
7. Good Vibrations	Beach Boys
8. Reach Out, I'll Be There	Four Tops
9. Cherish	Association
10. Good Lookin'	Young Rascals
11. Sunshine Superman	Donovan
12. Wild Thing	Troggs
13. Strangers In The Night	Frank Sinatra
14. Poor Side of Town	Johnny Rivers
15. When A Man Loves A Woman	Percy Sledge
16. Hanky Panky	T. James/Shondells

TITLE 1967	ARTIST
1. Ode To Billie Joe	Bobbie Gentry
2. Daydream Believer	Monkees
3. Light My Fire	Doors
4. The Letter	Box Tops
5. Windy	Association
6. Groovin'	Young Rascals
7. Incense & Peppermints	Strawberry Alarm Clock
8. Little Bit O' Soul	Music Explosion
9. Never My Love	Association
10. Can't Take My Eyes Off You	Frankie Valli
11. Kind Of A Drag	Buckinghams
12. All You Need Is Love	Beatles
13. Woman, Woman	G. Puckett/Union Gap
14. Ruby Tuesday	Rolling Stones
15. I Was Made To Love Her	Stevie Wonder
16. Sweet Soul Music	Arthur Conley

TITLE 1968	ARTIST
1. Hey, Jude	Beatles
2. I Heard Through The Grapevine	Marvin Gaye
3. Love Is Blue	Paul Mauriat
4. Love Child	Diana Ross/Supremes
5. Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay	Otis Redding
6. Honey	Bobby Goldsboro
7. People Got To Be Free	Rascals
8. This Guy's In Love With You	Herb Alpert
9. Harper Valley P.T.A.	Jeannie C. Riley
10. Hello, I Love You	Doors
11. For Once In My Life	Stevie Wonder
12. Those Were The Days	Mary Hopkin
13. Little Green Apples	O.C. Smith
14. Green Tambourine	Lemon Pipers
15. Cry Like A Baby	Tox Tops
16. Mrs. Robinson	Simon & Garfunkel

TITLE 1969	ARTIST
1. Sugar, Sugar	Archies
2. Aquarius/Let the Sunshine In	Fifth Dimension
3. Honky Tonk Women	Rolling Stones
4. Everyday People	Sly & Family Stone
5. Crimson and Clover	T. James/Shondells
6. Get Back	Beatles
7. In The Year 2525	Zager & Evans
8. Leaving On A Jet Plane	Peter, Paul & Mary
9. Someday We'll Be Together	Diane Ross/Supremes
10. Crystal Blue Persuasion	T. James/Shondells
11. Hair	Cowsills
12. Spinning Wheel	Blood Sweat & Tears
13. I'm Gonna Make You Love Me	Supremes & Temptations
14. A Boy Named Sue	Johnny Cash
15. Proud Mary	Creedence Clearwater
16. Green River	Creedence Clearwater

TITLE 1970	ARTIST
1. Raindrops/Fallin' On My Head	B. J. Thomas
2. Bridge Over Troubled Waters	Simon & Garfunkel
3. Close To You	Carpenters
4. I Think I Love You	Partridge Family
5. My Sweet Lord	George Harrison
6. Let It Be	Beatles
7. The Tears Of A Clown	S. Robinson/Miracles
8. One Less Bell To Answer	Fifth Dimension
9. War	Edwin Starr
10. A-B-C	Jackson Five
11. Mama Told Me (Not To Come)	Three Dog Night
12. Make It With You	Bread
13. American Woman	Guess Who
14. We've Only Just Begun	Carpenters
15. Cracklin' Rosie	Neil Diamond
16. Everything Is Beautiful	Ray Stevens

TITLE 1971	ARTIST
1. Brown Sugar	Rolling Stones
2. Want Ads	Honey Cone
3. If	Bread
4. Sweet Hitch-Hiker	CCR
5. Uncle Albert/Admiral Haley	McCartney
6. Country Roads	John Denver
7. How/Mend A Broken Heart	Bee Gees
8. I Am I Said	Neil Diamond
9. Walk Away	James Gang
10. Maggie May	Rod Stewart
11. Loving Her Was Easier	Kris Kristoffason
12. Old Fashioned Love Song	Three Dog Night
13. Do You Know What I Mean	Lee Michaels
14. It's Too Late	Carole King
15. Story In Your Eyes	Moody Blues
16. Wild World	Cat Stevens

the story of the beatles

early beatles

ROCK & ROLL MUSIC
SHE LOVES YOU
THANK YOU GIRL
FROM ME TO YOU
MONEY
ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN
YOU CAN'T DO THAT
PLEASE MR. POSTMAN
I FEEL FINE
TWIST AND SHOUT
BOYS
PLEASE PLEASE ME
I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND
I SAW HER STANDING THERE
ALL MY LOVING
HARD DAYS NIGHT

progressive beatles

NO REPLY
I'M A LOSER
BABY'S IN BLACK
MR. MOONLIGHT
SHE'S A WOMAN
LOVE ME DO
P.S. I LOVE YOU
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET
ACT NATURALLY
I'M HAPPY JUST TO DANCE WITH YOU
EIGHT DAYS A WEEK
I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL PARTY
THE NIGHT BEFORE
HELP
YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE YOUR LOVE
TICKET TO RIDE

evolutionary beatles

CAN'T BUY ME LOVE
FOR YOU BLUE
BABY YOUR A RICH MAN
I'VE JUST SEEN A FACE
NORWEGIAN WOOD
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE
I'LL FOLLOW THE SUN
HONEY DON'T
I'LL BE BACK
A TASTE OF HONEY
BABY ITS YOU
WE CAN WORK IT OUT
YESTERDAY
IF I FELL
AND I LOVE HER
IF I NEEDED SOMEONE

revolutionary beatles

NOWHERE MAN
DAY TRIPPER
ELANOR RIGBY
YELLOW SUBMARINE
SGT. PEPPER
WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS
LOVELY RITA
LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS
WHEN I'M 64
FOOL ON THE HILL
STRAWBERRY FIELDS
PENNY LANE
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE
REVOLUTION
LADY MADONNA
COME TOGETHER

contemporary beatles

MICHELLE
HEY JUDE
PAPERBACK WRITER
BALLAD OF JOHN & YOKO
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER
RAIN
DON'T LET ME DOWN
HELLO GOODBYE
LET IT BE
TWO OF US
I'VE GOT A FEELING
LONG AND WINDING ROAD
GET BACK
MAGGIE MAE
HERE COMES THE SUN
SOMETHING

beatles on their own

LENNON
OH YOKO
OH MY LOVE
IMAGINE
GIMME SOME TRUTH
HARRISON
WHAT IS LIFE
IF NOT FOR YOU
MY SWEET LORD
ISN'T IT A PITY
McCARTNEY
TOO MANY PEOPLE
THE LOVELY LINDA
MAYBE I'M AMAZED
EVERY NIGHT
STARR
IT AIN'T EASY
BYE BYE BLACKBIRD
STARDUST

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☐ 1956 ☐ 1961 ☐ 1965 ☐ 1969
☐ 1957 ☐ 1962 ☐ 1966 ☐ 1970
☐ 1958 ☐ 1963 ☐ 1967 ☐ 1971
☐ 1959

☐ story of the beatles

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☐ Progressive Beatles ☐ Contemporary Beatles
☐ Evolutionary Beatles ☐ Beatles on their own

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

More *Penthouse* converts

Congratulations to *Penthouse*. The first time I happened to read your magazine was December, '72, a simply marvelous issue, especially your Pet Lynn Carey and your beautiful calendar. Before I used to read *Playboy* . . . but decided instantly I was going to switch. I've bought each *Penthouse* since, because I think the contents are exactly what a young man expects: View from the Top, Forum, the monthly interview and the delightful Call Me Madam. Your magazine is full of freshness and well-being; reading it makes me feel as if it will always be spring, even in the coldest winter days.

I've just finished reading your April issue . . . wow! Pet Leslie Leah Burrow drove me right to the top: she is one of the most sensual and erotic women I have ever seen in my life . . . she's a real goddess . . . gee! I'm still upside down in my mind. Thank you for your delectable magazine and continue, you're on the good way. Bravo!—*C. C., Laval, Quebec, Canada*

Your magazine has become a regular with us in the past few months. We were avid *Playboy* fans until my husband decided to give *Penthouse* a try; now we only wish we'd discovered you earlier.

The *Call Me Madam* column is personally my favorite, though my husband can't take his eyes off the pictures long enough to read.

My only suggestion to you is *please* give us females a break and show us some men. Come on guys, liberate!—*C. S., Bastrop, La.*

Connecting the wires

I can't stop thinking about *The Wires* (April, 1973). John Hopkins seems to say some of the things I would want to say. I hope you will have more good fiction like this story soon.—*H. Remington, Moosic, Pa.*

Testimonial

Bravos for your clever April issue, especially the quick literary résumés in recommended readings. *The Good Life, Sexually Speaking* was great fun—a happy sex book for a change. More, please.—*Hilary Reade, Massapequa, N.Y.*

A vote for safety

Holly Bower's article *Safe and Not Sorry*, in the April issue, was a delight to read but rather hard to believe. No guy I know would have the violent reaction to the sight of rubbers that she describes. I told Miss Bower this when I recently had the pleasure of meeting her briefly in a New York department store. She replied that the attitudes of my friends and myself were different than those of the guys she'd met because we are younger (I'm twenty-six); her experiences were with people over thirty. But the sex-education teacher was still in his twenties, and since that episode occurred after August, 1971, he couldn't be too far ahead of us. Besides, I do not believe that my generation has a monopoly on enlightenment.

Miss Bower seems simply to have had a run of bad luck in the people she happened to meet. Anybody who would rather pack up his pecker and go than gift-wrap it and come, has to have a loose connection. Or something else was going on that Miss Bower didn't tell us about. The vision of that jock rushing her like a rhinoceros in heat, then recoiling from the rubber like Dracula from the cross and barreling out the door without a word defies credibility.

Of course, rubbers lack certain esthetic qualities. But if the choice is between a rubber and no sex, the choice is easy. As a matter of fact, there are other methods of contraception that are even less fun. My last girl friend had a diaphragm, but I got so tired of not knowing where she left off and the jelly began, and so sick of rolling over into a blob of that guck, that I convinced her to put it away. I hauled out the trusty box of condoms I always keep on hand and everything was fine and dandy.

Miss Bower should not generalize so much. Her teacher's statement that "I'm no different from any other guy," is nonsense; the implications of widespread male perfidy and callousness are invalid. In fact, the strongest denunciations of rubbers I've ever heard came from women. There is too great a tendency these days to categorize people by sex, age, hair length, etc., and to think of each group's members as being alike.

Someone once wrote, "The glory of creation is in its infinite diversity and in the ways our differences combine to create meaning and beauty." In the luck of the draw, Miss Bower just met a string of guys whose differences were not so beautiful.—*Mark Leinwand, New York, N.Y.*

Heavy relationships

After enjoying *Penthouse* for the last four months, I was very pleased to read (in the March *Forum*) about a preference for obese women. I, like millions of other American girls, have been overweight since childhood and taught to believe that being thin is the only way to attract men. About a year ago, I found out about an organization called NAAFA, the National Association to Aid Fat Americans, formed in order to bring fat and thin people together and to fight the discrimination we often endure. An extra service of the group is NAAFA-Date, designed to help fat people and their admirers connect. Since joining, I have not only met some great guys, but have gained the confidence in myself that enables me to meet people outside the organization. I would love to read comments from your readers who dig fat women and possibly see a photo or two of lovely plump ladies in the magazine. By the way, fat is relative—the members of NAAFA range from about fifty pounds extra to the hundreds.

P.S. The address for interested readers is NAAFA, Box 745, Westbury, New York 11590—*Sue D., Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Cornelius cured

I am Cornelius Donovan, publisher of *Girl Talk*. It was with distress that I noted in the March issue of *Penthouse* a piece referring to a new non-specific venereal disease called Granuloma Inguinale, otherwise known as Donovanaisis.

May I recommend that in Ireland—and I am an Irish landholder—we refer to Granuloma Inguinale as Guccionitis. You may take me quite clitorially in this regard, for I do feel that subject reference is a matter of gross over-genitalization. I can't expect a retraction, but I should like the vast lay citizenry—females included—who read your salacious publication to know this is one Donovan not afflicted with a namesake disease.

Egotestically yours—*Cornelius P. Donovan, New York, N.Y.*

Mystical author replies

My attention has been drawn to page 12 of the April issue of *Penthouse*, on which there are remarks made about me in a letter from someone named Richard H. Arthure.

Let me state absolutely and definitely that I do not write novels. All my books are true.

I am not an Irishman, and I have never been an Irishman.

I do not use a pseudonym. Tuesday Lobsang Rampa is my only name; it is also my legal name.

It does appear to me that this fellow Arthure is the one who has a highly developed imagination.—*Dr. T. Lobsang Rampa, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada*

Speaking their minds

Three cheers for *Penthouse* for publishing that exhilarating interview with Geraldo Rivera, the Don Quixote of modern times. I enjoyed it as much as your interview with Xaviera Hollander. No analogy intended, but they tell it like it is, a rare quality these days. The interview was a breath of fresh air after reading and listening to all the bullshit ground out by the mass media, which are supplied by bureaucratic handouts. Let us hope his youthful exuberance does not burn out for a long time. He knows that this will inevitably happen, so he must now reach as much of humanity as possible. . . .

Keep up the good work, *Penthouse*. Rivera's interview busts the goddamned windows of bureaucratic hypocrisy, and Hollander's interview busts the bars of sexual ignorance. The lion's share of credit should go to your magazine, for having the guts to print them. Tell it like it is—I hope you print this, so that my grandchildren may read it in the future and won't think their grandfather was just another old-fashioned fart. I intend to save all my copies for them.—*B. J. Buleri, Lakewood, N.J.*

The feminine view

After an extremely stimulating conversation with my sister-in-law (who is twice my age) about your publication, I picked up your January issue and have become addicted.

Your approach, photography and articles are to be commended in their untinseled presentation. What a pleasure to see a woman who looks like a woman—not just another incarnation of the American breast-and-ass syndrome.

I'm slowly getting my husband (twelve years my senior) interested in your magazine beyond

"Trapping a rhino looked like a cinch until someone handed me a lasso."

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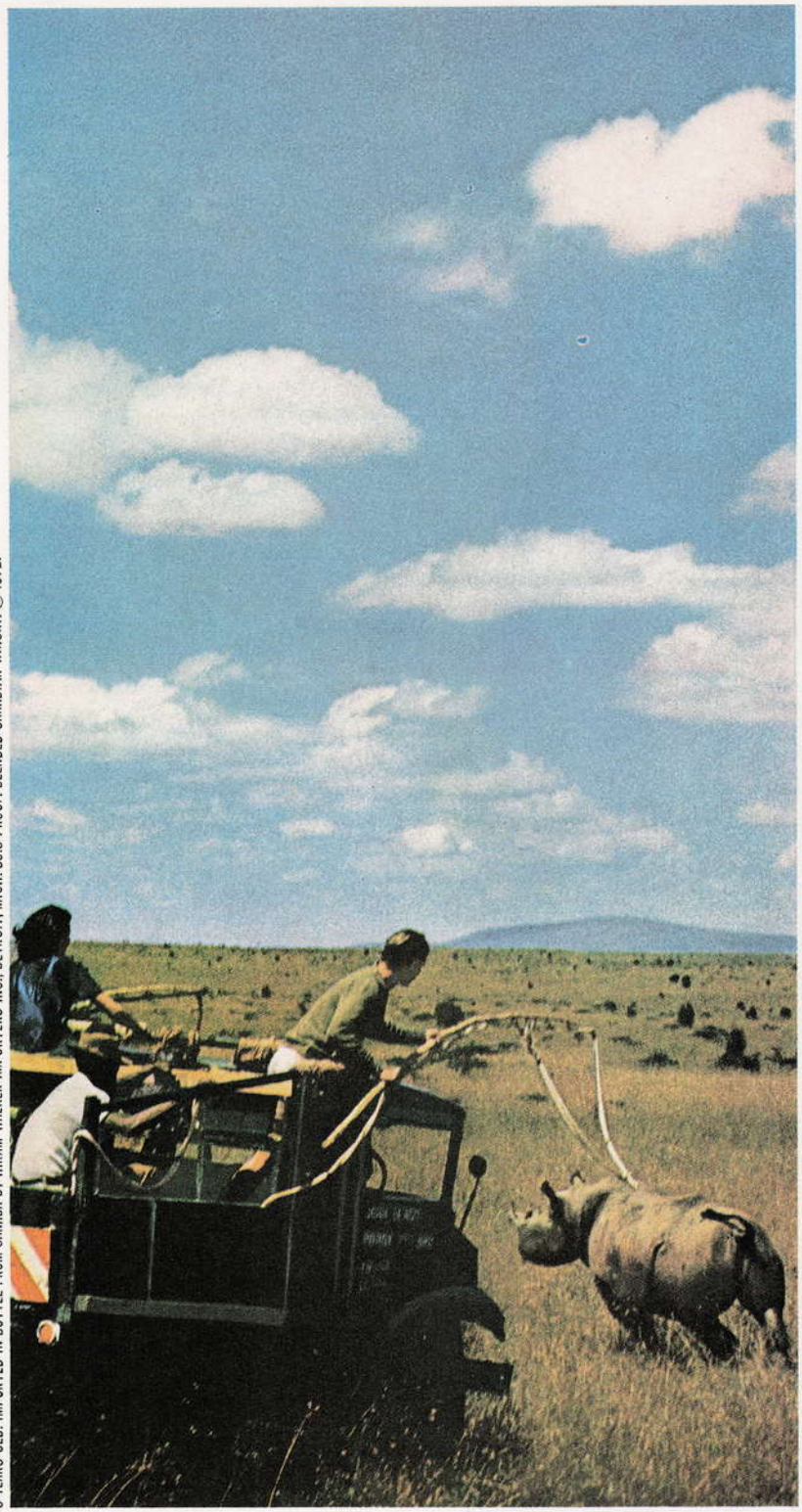
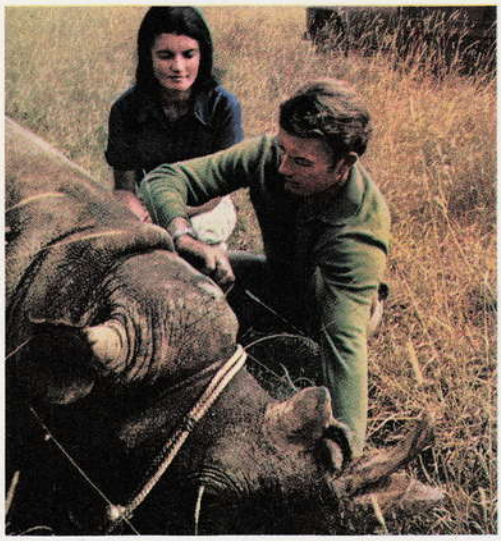


"A bull rhino should wear a Do Not Disturb sign. But we had to rope and return him to the safety of Kenya's Tsavo National Park. The job, we found, was like playing tug-of-war with a tank.

"When our renegade came charging out of the bush, he caught us with our ropes down. But three tosses and twenty jittery minutes later, he was really fit to be tied.



"What a temper! Thelma gave him his tranquilizer. And our beast was soon a sleeping beauty. Even so, we put him in the truck gently. Very gently!

"Later at the Voi Safari Lodge we celebrated our adventure with Canadian Club."
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the pictures. However, I felt compelled to write you concerning your pictorial *Pair Play* (April). The caresses, kisses and expressions of fondness were displayed beautifully. However, how realistic can the situation be if Mike never takes off his pants? (Pardon, there *are* a few scenes with him *au naturel*.) Yet, why not a little frontage of him? It seemed like another adulation of the feminine form. How much more real if on pages 100 and 101 the *illusion* of Carole's probings were better defined, as Mike going down on Carole *seems* a reality.

Since yours is a magazine for men, I can understand your reluctance to show a male's penis, but why the hang-up? After all, you can't ball without it!—*Mrs. Christine Rennell, Stamford, Conn.*

Recently on the Phil Donahue show I saw Bob Guccione and Tina McDowell. He mentioned that in October *Penthouse* was going to start coming out with a magazine for women. I was delighted, because I have often wished for a magazine for women that was comparable to *Penthouse*. Then Bob stated that there would be no male nudes, and I was extremely disappointed and angry. I'm so tired of men telling me that women aren't interested in nude males. That is not at all true! Why are pictures of the male sex organ so infrequent compared to pictures of female genitalia? As a woman, I feel offended by the implication that since men are not stripped, nudity is degrading. One lady said about the centerfold in *Cosmo* of Burt Reynolds, "Forget the forearm—let's see some foreskin." This expresses my feelings perfectly.—*K. B., Citrus Heights, Calif.*

Taxpayers' protest

I read *Letter from an Indigent Taxpayer* (March), which I thought was excellent. So good, in fact, that I hope it is possible to get copies of it, so that I can send them to my state's congressmen for their enlightenment.—*James E. Barkalow, Dayton, Ohio.*

In your March issue of *Penthouse* you have an article called *Letter From An Indigent Taxpayer*. All I've got to say is "I'll be damned." I didn't even know that our tax system worked that way. Not everybody reads *Penthouse*, but everybody should read this article.—*Kirby S. Kolek, FPO, San Francisco*

APATHY

Just gave up half way through Craig Karpel's *Apathy Now!* (May, 1973).

I had to force myself to write this.—*Dave Sanders, Pacific Beach, Calif.*

Following the scent

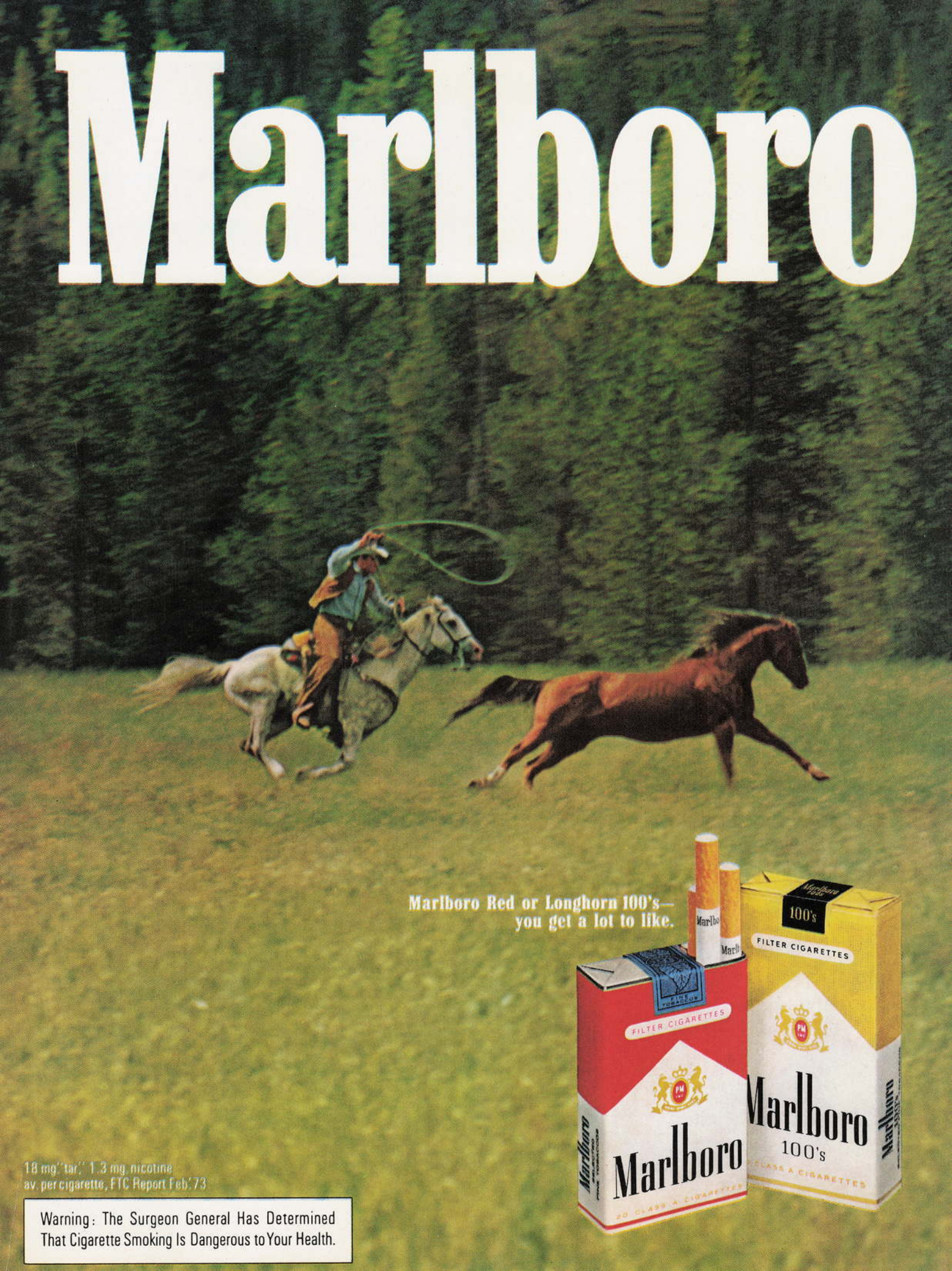
I am a subscriber and I have often thought about writing you in reference to one thing or another, but never have.

However, I just couldn't pass this up. In your May issue (*Penthouse Forum*), you printed a letter from Samuel M. Dabbe, in reference to putting a small 3M Microfragrance "scratch and sniff" strip on the edge of the centerfold. I think Sam's idea is fantastic! marvelous! sensational! What are you waiting for?

Smell would bring the girls alive. As if they were right there in the room with the reader! I have always been turned on by smell, and in my opinion this addition would double the value of your publication! Of course, the ideal thing would be to use the girl's natural aroma! Just like sniffing her used panties . . . WOW! That would really blow my mind—and a lot of other minds, too! However, that would probably be out of the question, but the perfume would make a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

Marlboro



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228585* SOUNDTRACK — BELL — GODSPELL
218750* FRANK SINATRA — COLUMBIA — IN THE BEGINNING — 1943 To 1951
211755-211756 JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR — COUNTS AS TWO — DECCA — A ROCK OPERA
216820 ROGER WILLIAMS — KAPP — LOVE THEME FROM "THE GODFATHER"
226332-226333 NEIL DIAMOND — MCA — HOT AUGUST NIGHT — COUNTS AS TWO

227538 227539 AROUND THE WORLD with THREE DOG NIGHT — ABC/DUNHILL — COUNTS AS TWO
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225862 THE MOODY BLUES — THRESHOLD — SEVENTH SOJOURN — Isn't Life Strange
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220723 FOXY LADY — KAPP — CHER
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228270* (SOUNDTRACK) — UNITED ARTISTS — LAST TANGO IN PARIS
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214650 Blood, Sweat & Tears — COLUMBIA — GREATEST HITS
221424 CHICAGO V — COLUMBIA — Saturday in the Park — State of the Union
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229310* CHARLIE McCOY GOOD TIME CHARLIE MONUMENT Orange Blossom Special
228791* EDDY ARNOLD So Many Ways/If The Whole World Stopped Lovin' MGM
219485 TOM JONES PARROT CLOSE UP
213538 PAUL SIMON COLUMBIA Me and Julio Down by The Schoolyard
222653 JOHNNY MATHIS COLUMBIA SONG SUNG BLUE
207381 TAMMY WYNETTE Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
228155 ELTON JOHN MCA DON'T SHOOT ME I'M ONLY THE PIANO PLAYER
229567* LEE MICHAELS LIVE HOLD ON TO FREEDOM
224659 DON McLEAN FEATURING THE HIT—DREIDEL
228957* JOE STAMPLEY DOT SOUL SONG
225938* MARTY ROBBINS DECCA THIS MUCH A MAN
224006-224007 ERIC CLAPTON COUNTS AS TWO POLYDOR Clapton At His Best
227025* JOHNNY CASH COLUMBIA Any Old Wind That Blows
226647* SONNY JAMES COLUMBIA SINGS THE GREATEST COUNTRY HITS OF 1972
220061 DON McLEAN American Pie
167692 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY COLUMBIA Ormandy-Phil. Orch. Bernstein-N.Y. Phil.
203539 CAROLE KING ODE Tapestry
228833* ROY BUCHANAN POLYDOR SECOND ALBUM Filthy Teddy
220335* CHUCK BERRY CHESS THE LONDON SESSIONS
230136* BILLY PAUL PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL EBONY WOMAN
227074 (SOUNDTRACK) BELL LOST HORIZON MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY Burt Bacharach
228700* SOUNDTRACK POLYDOR JAMES BROWN BLACK CAESAR
221887* LAURA NYRO COLUMBIA THE FIRST SONGS
223826 SANTANA COLUMBIA CARAVANSERAI
227322* JOHNNY MATHIS COLUMBIA ME AND MRS. JONES
227439* TAMMY WYNETTE KIDS SAY THE DARNDEST THINGS
218479 CARPENTERS A SONG FOR YOU
222125 ROD STEWART Mercury Never A Dull Moment
227793* ERIC CLAPTON POLYDOR Lovin' You Lovin' Me
222000 THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY BELL AT HOME WITH THEIR GREATEST HITS
202/96 RICHARD STRAUSS COLUMBIA Also Sprach Zarathustra Bernstein, New York Philharmonic
223115* SUPER FLY Sound Track CURTOM MUSIC BY CURTIS MAYFIELD
224469* MELANIE Stoneground Words
224758* LYNN ANDERSON'S COLUMBIA GREATEST HITS
212845 CARLY SIMON ELEKTRA ANTICIPATION The Girl You Think You Are
219782 THE BEST OF JUDY COLLINS ELEKTRA Colors of the Day
225326* POCO A Good Feelin' To Know
222406* MAC DAVIS COLUMBIA BABY DON'T GET HOOKED ON ME
223230* GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. KUDU ALL THE KING'S HORSES
196246 Sly & The Family Stone GREATEST HITS
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227199* GILBERT O'SULLIVAN MAM BACK TO FRONT
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227371* JIM CROCE ABC LIFE AND TIMES One Less Set Of Footsteps
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227447* THE BEST OF COLUMBIA MOUNTAIN
216341 THREE DOG NIGHT ABC/DUNHILL Seven Separate Fools
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224584* BOOTS RANDOLPH MONUMENT PLAYS THE GREAT HITS OF TODAY
222372* GILBERT O'SULLIVAN MAM HIMSELF
221176 ELTON JOHN UNI HONKY CHATEAU
187088 BARBRA STREISAND'S COLUMBIA GREATEST HITS
223222* CAT STEVENS CATCH BULL AT FOUR
222745* IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY COLUMBIA LIVE at CARNEGIE HALL
223164* TOM T. HALL MERCURY GREATEST HITS
217851* JERRY LEE LEWIS Mercury The "Killer" Rocks On
187666 ANDY WILLIAMS' GREATEST HITS COLUMBIA Moon River Born Free
211680* BILL ANDERSON DECCA GREATEST HITS (Vol. 2)
206573 ROD STEWART Mercury Every Picture Tells A Story

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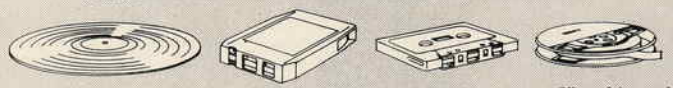

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F229/F73

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To a vodka drinker,
happiness is smoothness.
Smooth mixing.
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So make it Gordon's. And make it happy.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

very nice substitute. I have discussed this with several of the other *Penthouse* subscribers here at the prison, and we all agree that is would simply be fantastic! Put it on us man, some of us haven't smelled a female for years.

You know, I smelled my ex-wife before I even met her. I was sitting in church on a bright, warm, August Sunday out in Seattle, listening to a very dull sermon. I noticed a strange smell, not the smell of new or dry-cleaned fabric, or the smell of newly polished shoe-leather, or the smell of perfume, talcum powder or after-shave lotion, but the smell of a woman, a woman in heat! It's a very strong, unique, unmistakable and most exciting smell! I had a full erection bulging under my pants in only a few minutes, without even knowing where the smell was coming from. There were several females near me, and I couldn't tell which one it was. So, just before the service ended, I got up and moved back by the door. As everyone was leaving, I stood there and casually sniffed each woman as she walked by. When Yvonne came past me, there was no mistake—she left a trail of odors that would have driven a pack of hounds wild! I followed her out into the parking lot and introduced myself. She agreed to have dinner with me and we went to a nice local establishment. But what I wanted to eat was under the table. After dinner we went straight to her place. I soon discovered that she wasn't wearing any panties, and was she ever wet! We ate each other up and then screwed all afternoon. We were married three weeks later. I found her with my nose.

There is one other thing I would like to comment on. I have noticed with delight all the suggestions you have received concerning some pictorials of older women. I fully concur. Women in their 30s and 40s are far more beautiful and sensuous than these little schoolgirls. A little fat, a few wrinkles, and a couple of stretch marks are signs of mature beauty. I am only 27, but I LOVE older women! My ex-wife is 41 years old, and one of the most beautiful and sexy women I have ever seen. The female body is like good wine; it gets better with age (at least up to a point). I'm tired of looking at all these teen-aged dream dolls—let's see a few middle-aged housewives, mothers of three and four, and 40- or 45-year-old career women.

Even if you don't add the "scratch and sniff" strip or show older women, you still have the finest men's magazine that I've ever seen. Congratulations to you. Keep up the good work, people, your efforts are enjoyed and very much appreciated—*Grant H. Hendrick, #131851, Marquette State Prison, Marquette, Mich.*

Certified beauty

After reading the fiction piece *The Official Beautiful Person* (March 1973), from Peter Breggin's *After The Good War*, I would like to learn where I can get the book. I am stationed in Germany, so I don't expect to find it in any bookstores for a while. Would you supply me with an address I could write to?—*Charles Cozine, APO, N.Y.*

***After The Good War** is available through Stein & Day, 7 East 48th St., New York, N.Y., 10017.*

Ralph who?

Why was the name of Ralph Ginzburg omitted from the not-so-enlightening February installment of *Sexindex*? Among Ginzburg's many claims to fame is his conviction by a Federal court for "obscenely promoting" his exquisite but short-lived *Eros* quarterly—a notable conviction, since the law used against him, the antiquated Comstock Act, hadn't before and hasn't since been used against any American publisher of erotica. He

French Lessons In Love

FROM BALZAC, PICASSO, DEGAS, AND OTHER MASTERS.

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Bonnard's playful images of young lovers support and challenge Longus' Daphnis et Chloé.

Vlaminck is coupled with Duhamel. Degas with Pierre Louys. Fragonard with La Fontaine. Manet with Mallarmé.

These pairings increase your perception in surprising ways.

For example, some of the illustrations, if published alone, might be considered merely superb erotica. But set off by the wit, the wisdom and lyricism of the writer, they reach a level of pleasure-giving that is almost reverent.

An aesthetic experience so unusual demanded an unusual format. And the patrons spared no expense.

They selected an antique, laid-wove paper. The sort of paper on which a print-maker could hand-pull the lithographs of Picasso or the woodcuts of Durer.

If you held it up to the light, you'd actually see the widely-spaced chain lines and the more closely-spaced wire lines that form the paper-maker's tray.

Editions Privées were bound as books, but very unlike books you know.

They, of course, engaged all of the bookwright's craft. They were bound in linens of unusual hues. Their formats were specially designed, in keeping with illustrations by master artists.

Not unexpectedly, the original printing was quickly snapped up. Others followed.

And now an American version is being readied.

You are invited to examine the first in the series, a great favorite with the French: Pierre Louys' Mimes des Courtisanes, illustrated by Degas.

In Louys' work you explore the lights and darks, the nuances of the sensuous life, through conversations set in ancient Greece between courtesans and their lovers, passionate Lesbians, slave girls and their mistresses. And Degas' masterly drawings, complementing the text, let you observe the intimate life of the real courtesans of his 19th Century Paris.

As a special touch, four of the most superb drawings in the book are separately duplicated, to allow closer study or framing.

If you decide to keep this volume, you may do so for only $10, plus a modest shipping charge. The others in the series will be roughly that price. But you don't have to take any minimum number. Or any at all, unless you choose to.

For this new edition, the texts will be faithfully rendered in both French and English. You will be able to pick out favorite passages in the original language of Louys—or follow the French text and consult the English only when you wish.

And the formats will vary. Some will be slip-cased volumes somewhat larger than the French editions. In others, the pages will be bound in folio form, like flowers culled into a basket.

A special edition of only 500 copies (each numbered and bound in leather with exceptional elegance) will be made available to serious collectors at $80 a volume. And if the experience of other such limited editions is any guide, these volumes should appreciate in value faster than compound interest.

The pleasures commissioned for themselves by a few wealthy Frenchmen are now available to a few Americans.

You are invited to be one of them.

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Please send me the French-English version of Mimes des Courtisanes, illustrated by Degas. If I wish, I may simply return it in a week and owe nothing.

Otherwise I'll keep it and pay $10 plus shipping. And you'll reserve for me a Charter Subscription to the first eight volumes in the series and send me one about every six weeks. I may return any volume within 10 days at your expense. And I may cancel my reservation at any time.

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106

Introducing the Elegant Shave
New Rapid-Shave Cologne Scent
just gave your face a whole new outlook on shaving. Elegance. Because this Rapid-Shave surrounds your face with the scent of expensive cologne. A classy fragrance. In a classy shave cream.
So tomorrow morning, give your face what it deserves. Elegance. With new Rapid-Shave® Cologne Scent.
One more reason we can say . . .
we never met a face we didn't like.
PALMOLIVE
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COLOGNE SCENT
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scored significant publishing coups in the magazine *Avant Garde*, including some eighty erotic engravings by the late Pablo Picasso. His pursuit of the unusual, the bizarre and the unique in erotic art have made copies of *Eros* and *Avant Garde* collector's items.

If Guccione and Hefner receive photographs and inches of copy for publishing magazines that appeal to the masses, doesn't Ginzburg deserve even a few lines for losing thousands of dollars and spending months in jail because his periodicals appealed to the educated, if perverted, minority? He may be a hype artist, but the fact remains that he has fought the strait-laced, puritanical establishment for years, and fought hard.

Maybe Rudi Gernreich will give back his nine lines so the smut king of the Sixties can be immortalized. But alas, it's too late!—*Richard Harbert, New York, N.Y.*

Pubic surprise

I congratulate you. You not only publish the finest magazine in America, but you have reached the ultimate in pictorial realism.

Each month I eagerly await your magazine. This month I arrived at the newsstand at the same moment that the delivery truck did. Therefore I was the first to receive the new copy—I even cut the plastic string on the bundle. I hurried home with my new purchase and settled down to a very cozy evening of reading. I usually start and read the magazine cover to cover, but when I got to page 22 I noticed something strange. Out from the magazine, and into my lap, fell three long pubic hairs. As a follower of tongue exercises I instantly recognized them.

I enjoy this type of realism. However, please have your 'inserters' place the hair on the proper page.—*James Holland, Wash., D.C.*

Our goof! Sorry—Editor

Pet suggestion

The young ladies who appear in your magazine are some of the most beautiful in the world. To single out one or two of the many who have appeared would be unfair to them all. I would like to second the suggestion of Wayne Denker (*Forum*, May, 1973). The appearance of Tara Lee, a former Ding-a-ling sister, as a Pet would be enjoyed by many.—*Roy Kaufelt, Richmond, Va.*

A hanging matter

I don't know if Dick D. of Seattle is a weird bigot or what, suggesting that blacks' cocks "hang to the right" in the *Forum* section of the April *Penthouse*. The obvious answer is that, if you're *right-handed* your sex organ will (generally) hang to the left, and if you're *left-handed* it will hang to the right. This is simply due to the fact the "hanging" results from handling the penis (e.g. to relieve oneself or to masturbate), which "bends" it toward the opposite side. Hence left-handed guys will generally hang to the right, and vice versa. Simple, no?

Incidentally, while I applaud your lack of censorship, I take exception to making your models' vaginal area the center of attention, which is most prominently featured in the centerfold. Nothing pleases me more than to view this delicious area, but only when the models are posed *naturally* (not forced as are many of your centerfolds) and when related to the woman as a whole. Such is not the case in the current April centerfold with Pet Leslie Leah Burrow, but fortunately the one photograph on page 68 (bottom left) made up for this. Though the posing of this photo is not terribly unique, never before have I seen one that is erotic, romantic, innocent, delicate and haunting—all at once. Congratulations, Mr. Guccione (and to lovely model Miss Burrow)!—*Duffy Vohland, Clarksburg, Ind.*

Ooops!

I realize your stories that accompany the pictures of the lovelies that pose for you are ficticious (in the *Playboy* tradition).

But in your May issue page 103 is really absurd. The story reads: "swimsuits 'are a bummer'—and spends hours of every day naked." Well, the pictures certainly indicate that the only time she had her bathing suit off outdoors was in order to pose for you.

If you intend to bring us to the world of make-believe kindly make your stories and photos make-believable.—*J. M., Kinnelon, N.J.*

Hmmm

Recently, a friend of mine (age twenty) approached me with a "problem" I found almost unbelievable. He stated to me, in a worried and upset manner, that he had never heard of masturbation until three or four years ago. Since then he has tried it frequently, but usually is unable to get an erection. His only release has been through wet dreams.

This surely isn't normal, is it? I very strongly urged that he visit a doctor immediately, but he is quite hesitant to do this. I am quite concerned, yet I wonder if he might be lying about this whole thing.—*M. L., Washington, D.C.*

More monopede mania

Monopede Mania (March, 1973) has been read with considerable interest by our staff and board of directors, many of whom are female amputees.

There will undoubltedly be those, including amputees, who will object to our Association involving itself with what many people might consider a perversion or an unhealthy attitude.

To such people we respectfully point out that the loss of one or more limbs is an intense physical, spiritual and emotional experience. Ampu-

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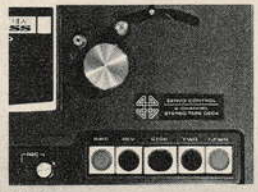

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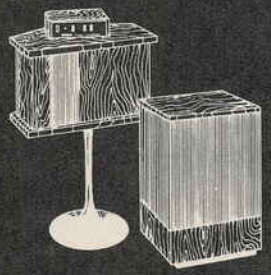

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tation can affect the amputee's sex life and anything that concerns amputees is of vital interest to us—the American Amputee Association.

The physical attractiveness of amputees to some members of the opposite sex is not unknown to us. While certainly not common, it is not all that rare, as letters from your readers seem to indicate.

We have discussed this so-called mania with several female amputees and their consensus is that while they don't quite understand it, they consider it a plus for their side.

Our studies indicate that one of the more negative attitudes that can result from amputation is that the amputee will no longer be attractive to members of the opposite sex. This is not difficult to understand. Amputees, like everyone else, seldom see themselves as others see them. Consequently they are likely to focus their attention on their stump or stumps to an unwarranted degree. They fail to remember that sexual attraction is a combination of many factors and that a physical deformity can be, and often is, overlooked or diminished in the eyes of the beholder by reason of personality, character or simply by a beautiful smile or sexy eyes.

While we have in our files instances of marriages or romances that could not survive the trauma of amputation, in the majority of cases it has brought couples closer together. We also have histories where amputation led to suicide.

Since "monopede mania" definitely does exist, and since it involves amputees of both sexes, we asked several psychologists to give us their views. We share with you what they had to say.

Please understand that we made no sophisticated or well-organized study of this mania, nor do we know of any. The observations and comments are open for discussion and conjecture.

Our learned friends say monopede mania probably stems from one of three sexual factors and that in some individuals all three could bear on the libido and produce quite profound results.

First, each of us, when viewed physically by the opposite sex is, in a figurative way, an amputee. The primary outward appearance of the male and female depends on the absence or presence of the primary and secondary sex organs. The male has a penis and testicles; the female has nothing clearly visible in that area of her body.

Conversely, the female with her breasts is displaying to the male parts he does not have. This visual difference is well understood. But what might happen if this difference sharply increased by the absence of one or more limbs? Limbs, after all, account for a considerable amount of the human form. Well, in some cases this increased difference can increase the attractiveness, which in turn makes the amputee that much more appealing in the eyes of certain beholders. We submit that this is quite an interesting theory.

Second, many women and some men have a highly developed maternal instinct. Because an amputee has a certain amount of visible helplessness, his or her appeal to maternal people may be increased.

Third, there are those who have a serious interest in that sexual deviation called "bondage," in which the sex partner is tied up and rendered helpless. Since the amputee is already helpless to some degree, people who find this appealing will find the amputee more attractive.

There are undoubtedly many other theories concerning monopede mania, and this association would appreciate hearing about them.

Ours is a relatively new organization and still in its formative stage. We are not, therefore, actively recruiting members at this time. However, if anyone is interested in learning more

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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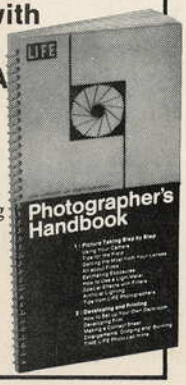

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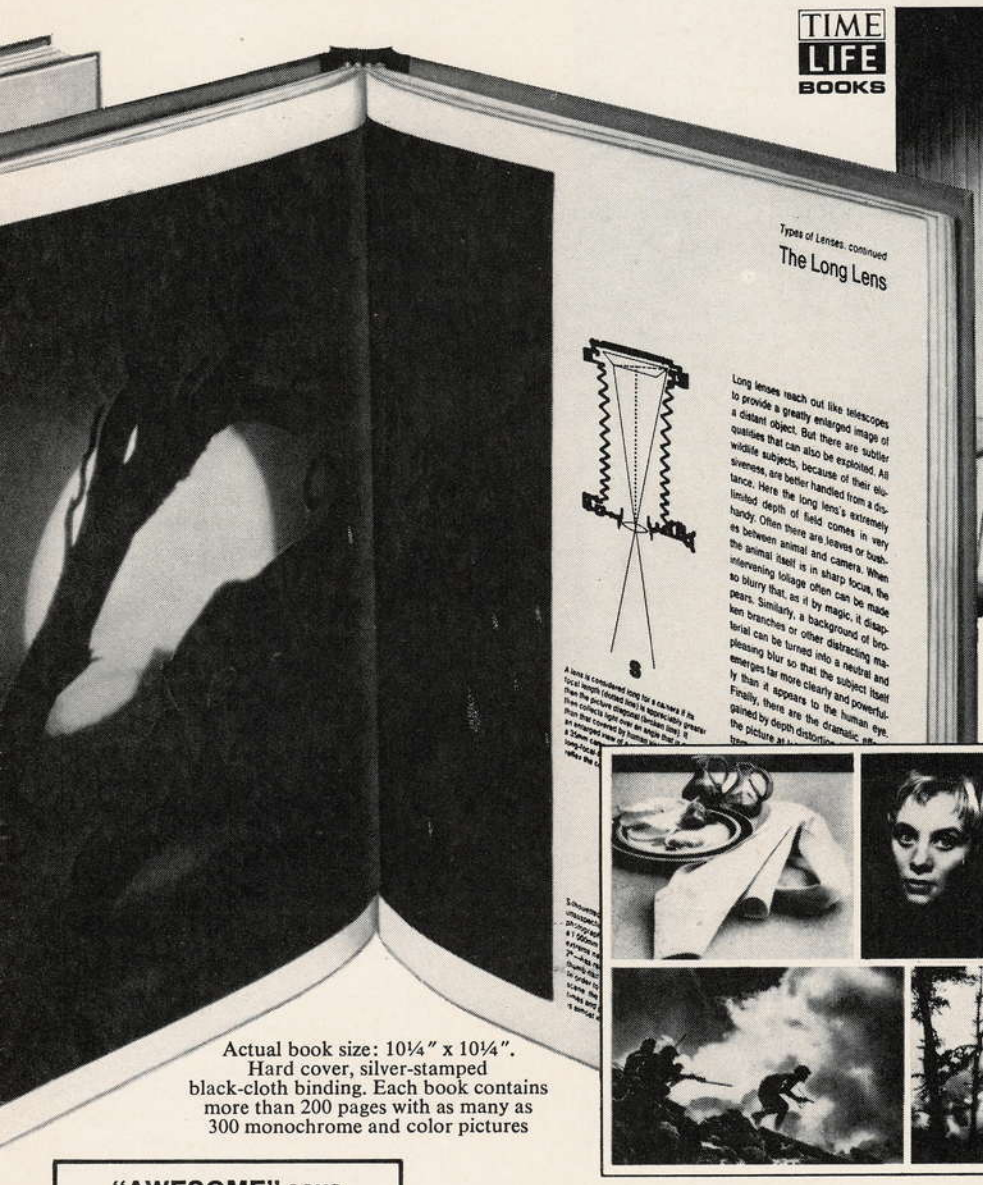

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

about our association, please make an inquiry, which will be kept in the strictest confidence.

We are busily engaged in the task of putting together the first issue of our periodical, *The American Amputee Quarterly*, which we hope to publish some time this summer. We are including in the first issue an article about monopede mania, and if the response warrants, we will make it the subject of a regular feature. We are, therefore, most anxious to hear from anyone who has had experience with it or would care to comment.

It is refreshing, at least to us, to find a publication that does not shy away from the subject of amputees, especially as it regards sex, which is as much an integral part of an amputee's life as it is anyone else's. We hope you will continue your interest—*Carl E. Gullans, Pres., American Amputee Association, 852 Lafayette Road, Hampton, N.H.*

As a steady reader of *Penthouse*, I wish to speak my mind on the subject of amputees.

I'm an amputee from war wounds received in Korea. I see nothing sexy about anyone having a member of his or her body missing. These clowns who go wild over a lady's stump are really weird. I like it here in Tulsa and I would give my name but I'm afraid that I would turn some deviate on and I can't run very fast.—*D. A. V., Tulsa, Okla.*

I write to add my comments to the interesting correspondence in your columns headed *Monopede Mania*. I am a monopede and as a result have become a student of that abnormal sexual interest in amputees and cripples.

I am a one-legged woman. I come from a good family and hold a graduate degree. I have a good job, but I make just about as much money working as an occasional prostitute. On the whole, I have found the experience to be interesting and enjoyable. Now in my late twenties, I am unmarried and, I fear, likely to remain so. Having been without my right leg since childhood, I have compensated well for the physical handicap; I am skillful at walking with one or two crutches, a peg leg or an artificial limb. But the psychological handicap is harder to deal with; a one-legged woman is unable to forget her mutilation or the painful difference between her and normal women.

I became involved in prostitution at the urging of a business acquaintance, who put it to me frankly that he would consider it a great favor if I would accommodate him on a purely business basis. He was obsessed by amputees and this frustration was beginning to have an adverse effect on his life. He loved his wife and family and wanted only to get the monkey off his back. I was no virgin, though my sex life had not been exactly crowded. I was in no sense promiscuous. This man was decent and attractive. He made no pretense about his intentions, so I consented.

It is a blow to a woman to find the most sensitive and painful fact of her life becoming the source of her attractiveness, so I can't say the experience turned me on. On the other hand, it was not unpleasant or humiliating. The man was considerate and there was a little part of me that enjoyed the attention. This man was the first of my steadies; soon there were more.

The effect on my first client of my "therapy" was dramatic and he reported to me a Renaissance of his sex life at home. He comes back to me about once every six weeks. Others without families or with less commitment at home come oftener, and there are two who are very special to me, normal men who come to me as a woman rather than an amputee. Sad for me, they are both married. I never take more than two or three men in one week, never more than one in any twenty-four-hour period, never a man whom I dislike and never a "quickie." I feel a genuine affection for my steadies; they are nice people. Most of them are prosperous—I am expert in their needs and command high prices.

Recognizing that I am being well paid to be an amputee and a cripple, I have made a study of what appeals to the monopede maniac. Each man has his special tastes, of course, but what I learn from one helps to provide variety for the others. Much is made of prosthetic devices, and I have an understanding with each man that if he pays for some special device, I can use it with my other clients. Other than that I take great care never to give out any information concerning any of my clients, some of whom know each other but others of whom remain anonymous.

It was a problem for me to overcome my feeling of repugnance at exploiting the sexual appeal of my handicap, and once in a while it still overcomes me, but mostly I have adjusted to it well enough to often enjoy the love-making that goes with it. There is, of course, much foreplay, not much of which I can enjoy, but my men are good lovers, and I often enjoy real orgasms with them. They like to see me walk and of course they want me to hop so they can see my breasts jiggling up and down (they are reasonably large, but they don't "flop") and my stump swinging. I have learned that my lameness is sexually exciting and I have learned to exaggerate it in certain ways. Being in first-class physical shape I can do a fetching one-legged dance and also a crutch dance. This is usually in the nude, of course, unless the client wants me to wear some item of clothing that he finds exciting.

One client has paid for a special foot for my limb that I can wear with four-and-a-half-inch heels. He loves to see me teetering around on them with long, black stockings and garter belt.

Prostheses interest my clients, the more so, I have noted, if they include some leather harness with formidable lacing. I have a pair of boots such as are worn by double amputees when they walk on their stumps. The left boot laces up tightly to hold my leg and foot folded back, so it appears I have a knee-length stump. My real stump being very short and small, I sometimes walk with this boot and a pair of short crutches, and other times with a boot that extends my stump to knee length. The left boot is painful and I do not wear it for long. That act fills me with horror, but some of my men love it.

One of these prosthetic devices actually turns me on. It is a special stump socket that one man thought up. He fastens it to his left thigh so I can put my stump in it, and then we walk three-legged together. This gives substance to my eternal fantasy of walking with two live legs, and I fantasize I am walking around our vast estates with my loving husband. I have padded out the weight-bearing saddle on the stump socket and can masturbate myself with it while we walk. I love it dearly.

Most of my clients are passionately interested in my stump, the exceptions being my two normal men and one who concentrates on my one remaining leg and foot. (He is still classified as a monopede maniac, since he is uninterested when there are two legs and feet.) My stump is undersized, misshapen, scarred and ugly. I wince when I look at it and yearn for a leg in its place, but to them it must have a great charm—they want to caress, lick, bite or "massage" it. One man likes to hold it tightly while I struggle to move it, and all are delighted by any genital contact with it. I have found that my stump's sex appeal is heightened by something tied or laced around it; I have a tiny corset of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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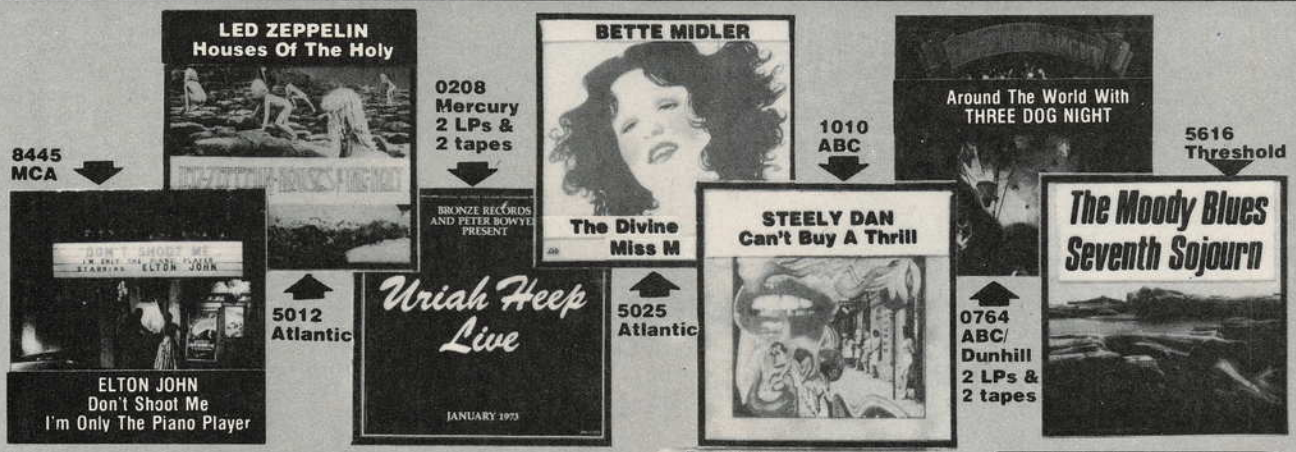

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Join Record Club of America today and you get any 6 LPs or any 5 Tapes shown here for 99c. Just mail coupon with check or money order for low $5 Lifetime Membership Fee, plus 99c for your recordings (a small mailing and handling fee for your LPs or Tapes will be sent later). Receive by return mail your recordings PLUS incredible "Buy 1, Get 2 FREE" offer on 100's of top hit LPs and Tapes. New super-discount FREE or Dividend offer every 21 days! Remember, you receive LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP (never pay another Club fee for the rest of your life) with absolutely NO OBLIGATION to buy anything ever!

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NEW SEEKERS Come Softly To Me 9312 MGM Verve

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REACH...FOR A DERINGER!
The filter-tipped little cigar.
HEY ED...HOW ABOUT TOSSING ME A SMOKE?
SURE. TRY A DERINGER.
DERINGER...A LITTLE CIGAR, HUH?
YEAH, BUT WITH A REALLY SMOOTH LIGHT TASTE.
SAY, THIS IS DIFFERENT.
IT'S A DERINGER LITTLE CIGAR... A REAL CHANGE.
THIS IS GREAT. EXPENSIVE?
NOT HARDLY-LESS THAN THE PRICE OF CIGARETTES IN MOST PLACES.
THINK I'LL START PACKING DERINGERS!
Reach...for a Change.
TWENTY LITTLE CIGARS
SMOOTH AND LIGHT
DERINGER
20 LITTLE CIGARS
FILTER TIPPED
Smoking pleasure At a low . . . low price!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

black leather for that purpose, though I leave the stump's scarred and ugly tip to protrude.

In a limited way, a stump can be an asset in lovemaking. As I sit astride a man's right thigh, facing him with no leg to come between us, I can come very close to him and use my stump to caress his genitals. I enjoy this and can become excited by it.

But being one-legged is a great handicap in bed. I fantasize about locking my legs around a man's body while he fucks me long and hard. I also dream of sitting astride my partner and taking charge of the action from the superior position, but both of these actions are totally impossible without another leg.

I have my moments of depression and loneliness, and even repugnance for the acts that I perform for the sexual gratification of my clients, but these are becoming fewer, and my life is ordinarily pleasant and interesting. Without exception, my men treat me as a lady and not as a whore, and take trouble to let me know they find me attractive as a woman and as a person. It has done wonders for my ailing self-image and I love them for it. Nevertheless, my dream remains that of being a wife and mother, and having a loving husband who sees me as a woman and not as an adjunct to a hideous stump. I keep my hopes up and in fact, receive an occasional proposal of marriage.

My hope is that this letter will add something to the valuable documentation of this and other similar sexual aberrations that *Penthouse* has made possible. This service to science and mankind has revolutionized the lives of some people by making it plain that they are not unique, perverted or immoral. I have come to understand my clients and their problems and to take pride in the professionalism of the service I perform for them. I feel that there must be a good many others like me.—*Name and address withheld.*

Coed wrestlers

In the recent issue of *Penthouse*, I read a letter from a man who said that since childhood he has been sexually aroused by seeing girls fight or wrestle. I, too, have always been turned on by girls wrestling. As a teen-ager, I had an ejaculation watching a movie of women wrestling, and I always get excited watching females wrestle on TV or in the flesh. Most of the girl wrestlers are very sexy, shapely and good looking, with beautiful, strong legs and thighs and well-formed bodies. I am sure many men and women, as well as the wrestlers themselves, must become extremely aroused by two scantily clad Amazons pitting their strength against each other.

Recently my wife and I had the good fortune to meet two attractive girls who were good at wrestling. They came to our house, and after dinner and conversation, suggested pairing off for wrestling. First, the two girls put on a match. Then each of them paired off against my wife and against me. Everyone wrestled in the nude. I was brought to climax several times during the evening, once while the girl wrapped her powerful bare thighs around my head and squeezed me until I thought my head would burst like a grapefruit; and again when one of them got the same head scissors hold on my wife; and again when my wife got the same hold on her.—*R. H., Concord, N.H.*

Sibling love

Although I never thought that I would write in to a magazine, I have undergone an experience that I feel needs relating, and *Penthouse* seems the only place to do so.

I have just ended an eight-month affair with my sister. The entire situation has affected me to such a degree that I fear I will be unsatisfied with anything but an incestuous encounter.

My sister, twenty-nine, is an attractive, dark-haired widow. She returned to our home immediately after her husband was killed in an auto accident. She went into mourning but never came out of it. She did not date, and as she had no children, led a rather empty life. I was twenty-one at the time of our first intimacy, at home for summer vacation. My parents had gone out for the evening and I had just come home from a very frustrating date. In the privacy of my bedroom, I stripped and began to masturbate my frustration away. To my astonishment, my sister barged into my room. I was terribly embarrassed and expected her to say something nasty. Instead she smiled and said, "Do you need sex that badly?" I nodded. She closed the door behind her and began to take off her night clothes.

I was speechless. As she stripped, it was as though I was seeing my sister for the first time. Her breasts were firm and well shaped and her dark pubic mound made my erection swell. I finally blurted out that what she was doing was wrong, from a religious (we are lapsed Catholics) and moral point of view. Her reply was, "Nothing is wrong if it makes us happy."

She got on the bed and began to suck me, her entire body moving with the rhythm of her mouth. My mind was totally messed up by what was going on, but it did not prevent me from coming in her mouth with complete abandon. After she had swallowed my load, she pulled me down and I proceeded to give her as complete a workout as she had given me. Her climax was unbelievable and she kept calling out her dead husband's name with each spasm.

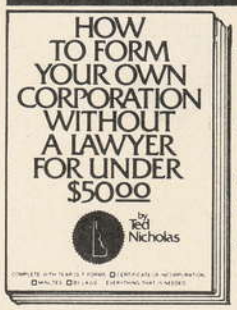
That wasn't to be all for that evening. After a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

As advertised in the Wall Street Journal, Barrons, National Observer, New York Times, Fortune, True, Money, Nations Business, etc.

How to form your own corporation without a lawyer for under $50.00

By Ted Nicholas



You may have considered incorporating. I'm sure you want to accomplish this in the most economical way. You may already be in business and are looking for ways to save tax dollars or limit personal liability.

You can benefit from this report if you are planning a one man business if you are associated with a partner or are the owner of a large company.

This exciting report shows you step by step how you can accomplish this for less than $50.00. It contains tear out forms for everything that is needed! This includes minutes, by-laws, and the actual certificate of incorporation!

It is presented in simple, clear language.

You'll learn of the many benefits of incorporating either an existing business or one that is planned.

Some of the features of the 8½ x 11, 30,000 word, 103 page report:

How you can incorporate without any capital requirement with zero capital.

The many personal tax benefits of incorporating.

How a corporation limits the personal liability for the owner(s) of a business, to the investment in the corporation. (Except for taxes)

How to actually form a corporation step by step. Included are instructions on completing the forms.

How to own and operate a corporation anonymously if desired. This assures maximum privacy.

How to form a non profit corporation. How to utilize tax "gimmicks" to personal advantage.

Find out why lawyers charge huge fees for incorporating services even when often times they prefer not to.

Learn how and why you can legally incorporate without the services of a lawyer. There is a fallacy in that most people feel it is necessary to have a lawyer to incorporate.

How to form an "open" or "close" corporation and the difference between them. Report contains tear out forms.

Sub Chapter S Corporations. What they are. How to set one up. How to operate a business as a corporation, yet be taxed on individual tax rates if more advantageous.

Learn about the many dangers and hazards of not incorporating partnerships and proprietorships.

What a Registered Agent is. How assistance is provided to individuals who incorporate. The most economical company to use. A complete section on this.

How to cut out all fees of the "middle man" normally involved in forming a corporation.

How a *"professional"* can benefit from incorporating.

How to save from $300 to over $1,000 in the formation of the corporation alone!

What a *"foreign"* **corporation is.** A State by State list of the filing fees involved in registering a "foreign" corporation.

Learn how a corporation can sell its stock to raise capital at any time.

How a single individual can be President, Secretary and Treasurer. There is no need to have anyone involved except a single stockholder although, of course, as many as desired can be included.

How to arrange for any stock sold to an investor in a corporation to be tax deductible to the investor's personal income in the event of loss. This makes the sale of stock in a corporation far more attractive to an investor.

An outline of the many situations where an individual would benefit by incorporating.

How to legally incorporate and sell stock in a corporation without "registering" the stock.

What par and no-par value stock is and which is the most practical.

How an existing, unincorporated business anywhere in the United States can benefit by incorporating. Also included are the steps to take after incorporating.

The reasons why ⅔rds of the corporations listed on the American and New York Stock Exchanges incorporate in Delaware—the State most friendly to corporations—and how you can have the same benefits as the largest corporations in America.

What to do if you are already incorporated in another state and want to take advantage of incorporating in Delaware, without ever visiting the State.

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"I was quoted a price of $1,000 each for 3 corporations I want to form! This report saves me almost $3,000!"—Business Owner
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DRAWN from the rib of Penthouse...a totally new kind of magazine for women...designed to fire the imagination and fill the needs of a new generation of readers.

VIVA will recapture the quality of dreams, fulfill the fantasies and reflect the liberated lifestyle of the woman of the 70's. The real...the quintessential woman. The woman who thinks...who is aware of the intellectual and spiritual needs of her mind as well as the physical needs of her body.

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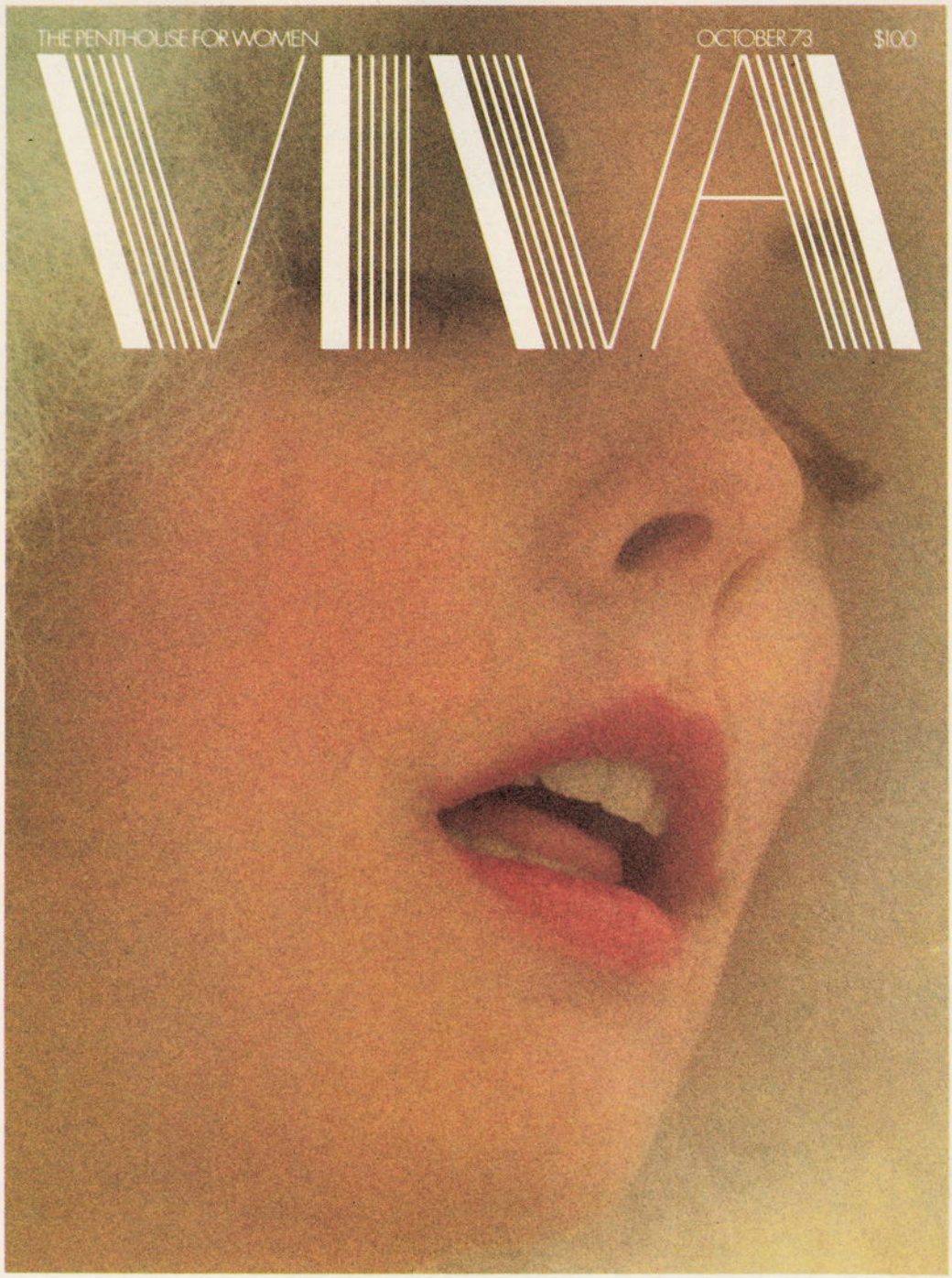
VIVA is *all* new...a decisive, unstoppable publishing concept destined to stand alone and aloof in an era it will help create...

VIVA la difference!

VIVA



EDITED BY MEN WHO LOVE WOMEN FOR WOMEN WHO LOVE MEN

on sale mid-September 1973

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COMPLETE WITH 3D GLASSES (if you dare to wear them) only 2.98

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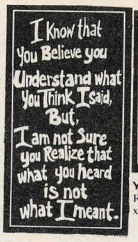
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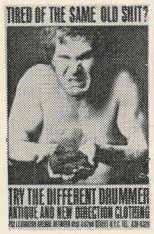

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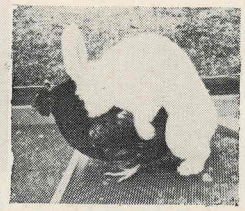

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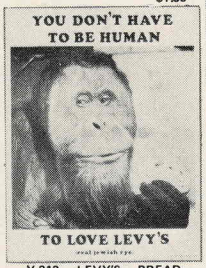

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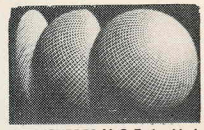

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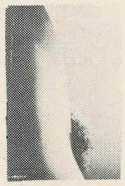

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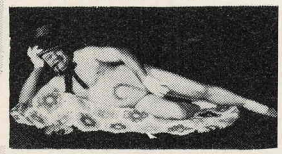

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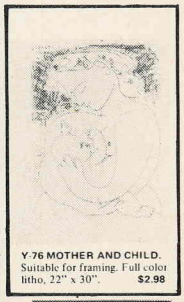

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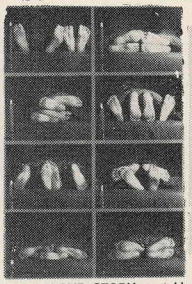

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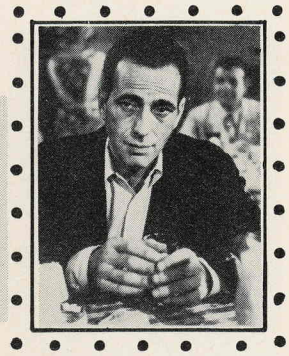

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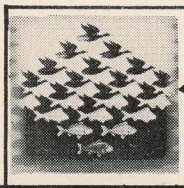

M.C. ESCHER

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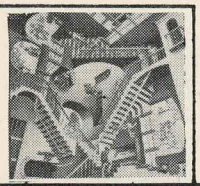

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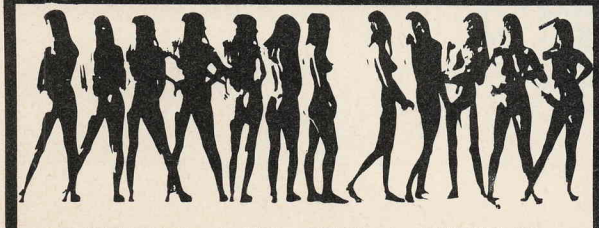

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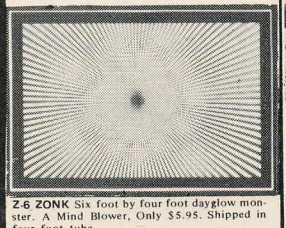

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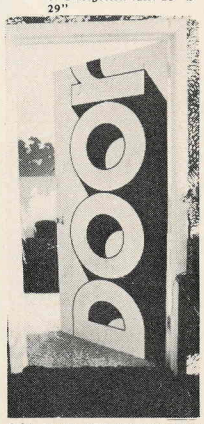

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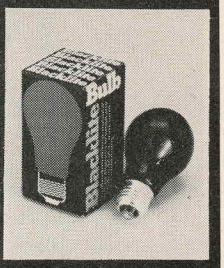

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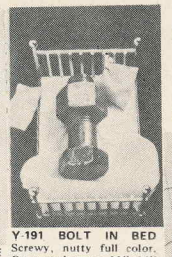

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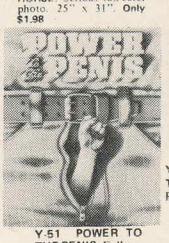

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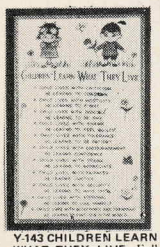

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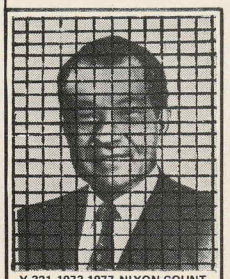

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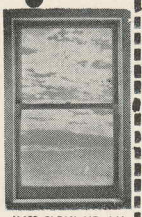

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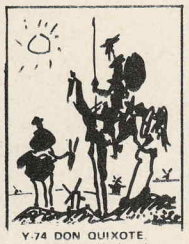

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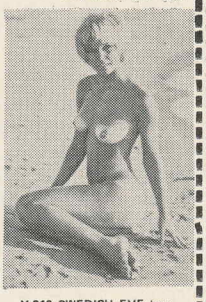

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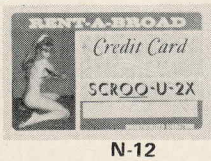

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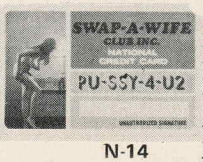

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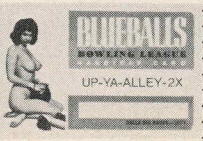

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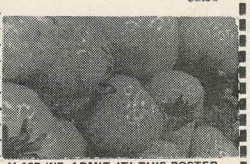

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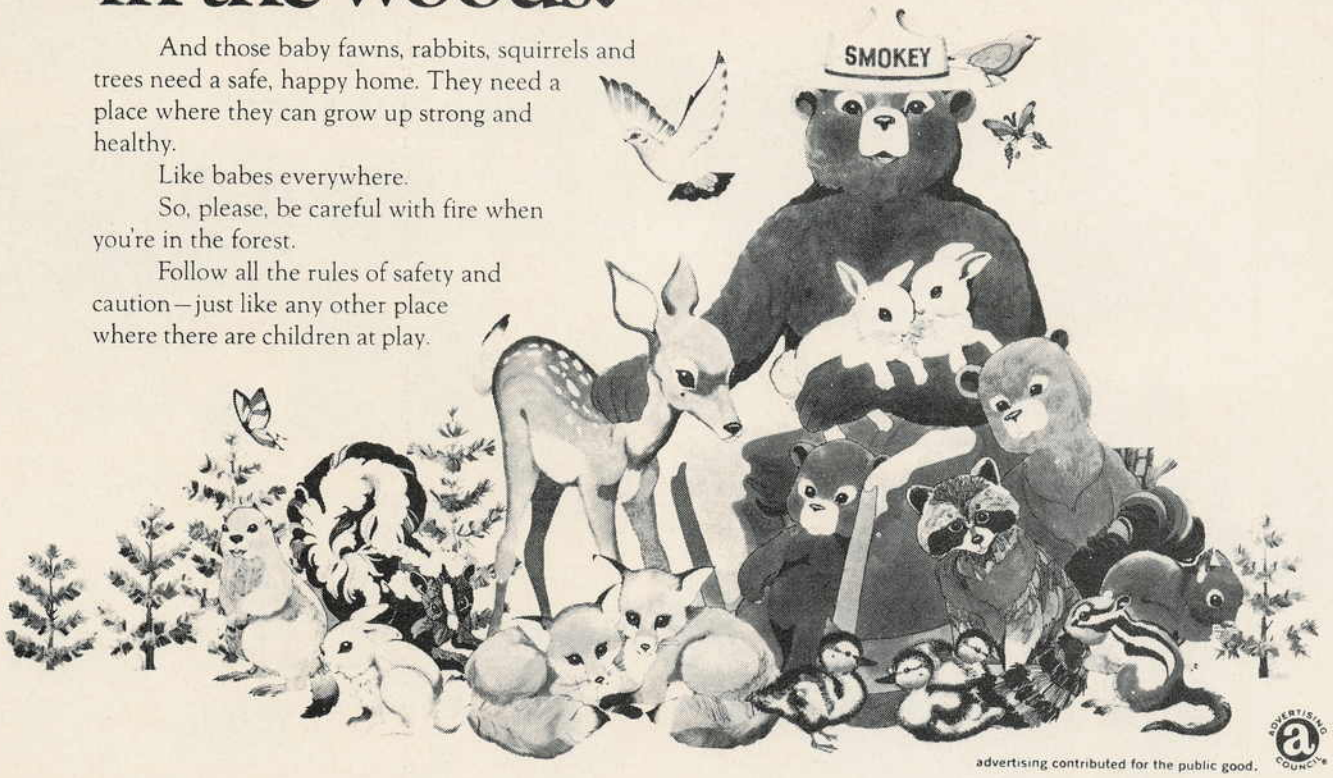

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

short rest, we made total love, from every conceivable position. As I sucked her breasts and kissed her, I began to overcome my enormous guilt, but only slightly. I enjoyed her immensely but I knew deep down that it was all wrong.

For that entire summer we made love every opportunity we had. We reached the stage where we would both pretend to go out for the evening and then go to the apartment of a friend of hers, where we would fuck the night away. Our home life continued with the normal spats between siblings. However, no matter how severe an argument we had at home, it never interfered with our sexual relationship.

When it came time for me to leave home for graduate school, I thought that our relationship would come to an end, but I was wrong. My sister came to visit me on weekends and we made love as before. It was affecting me so strongly that I gradually came to love my sister in a totally new way. I could no longer relate to any other girl. I wanted only to make love to my beautiful but forbidden-by-society sibling.

On my last school vacation, a few weeks ago, my sister revealed to me that she had met a guy and that she would no longer visit me. On the pretext of finding me a bandage, she took me into the bathroom and sucked me off for old time's sake. It seems that as far as she is concerned, everything is all right now. Perhaps that is so for her. But all I can do at night is lie in my bed and dream of her glorious breasts and cunt. I'm getting sick over the guilt and the longing. I've considered seeking professional help, but I'm simply too ashamed to discuss this with anyone. I would be interested in knowing whether any of your other readers have had similar experiences and whether they've shaken the need for incestuous love.—*E. R., Chicago, Ill.*

Special preference

A couple of years ago I was driving on Route 80 through northern Pennsylvania. Up ahead, I noticed a VW going off to the side of the road. I pulled up to offer aid. The young lady in distress had run out of gas. I suggested siphoning gas from my car to hers, since the service stations were off the road and few and far between. The only thing to do the trick was syringe tubing and I asked Debra if she had a douche bag. She was, as could be expected, rather taken aback but rummaged through her luggage.

I've liked enemas since childhood, and when I unfolded the travel syringe, I found an enema tip rather than the curved douche pipe. I also noticed that the tip and some of the tubing were smeared with vaseline. For any enema buff this is a dead giveaway. I siphoned the gas into the VW. Have you ever seen a VW getting an enema?

I suggested to Debra that she go to the next gas station and that I'd follow to make sure she got there. The town was fairly large and I invited her to dinner. During the meal, I asked her about enemas and found that she was as fixated as I was. I suggested that we share a room for the evening. She refused but indicated we might discuss enemas at greater length in *her* room. At the dinner table she described an enema and held up an imaginary bag; looking through the imaginary hanging hole at the top of the bag, she winked at me. I invited her to town, where I bought her a new enema bag. I also bought a colon tube; Debra had never seen one. Almost all hospitals use them rather than the hard plastic tips because they are made of flexible rubber and are less likely to do internal harm. The colon tube is about a half-foot long and can be used for deep insertion.

In her motel room, Debra showed much anticipation when I attached the gizmos and filled the bag with warm water. But simply holding and admiring a filled enema bag is only a still life. Trying out the new toy was a mutual desire. Debra was most willing to undergo the anal douche, but on one condition—no sex. "I'm still a virgin," she said. She assumed the knee-chest position and I inserted the vaseline-coated colon tube to the hilt as the waters flowed in. Actually, sex could not have matched the pleasures Debra derived from that enema. She moaned and groaned and, I'm sure, climaxed to the music of the gurgle of the solution.

We exchanged only enemas that evening, but Debra did relieve my highly charged state through means other than vaginal. We never did see each other again. She left in the morning before I did, leaving only a lasting enema memory.—*R. L., Detroit, Mich.*

More enemas

For many months I have read your magazine and thoroughly enjoyed most of the material that you publish. One of my favorite sections is letters by readers concerning their sexual experiences. Recent issues have contained a number of letters explaining the pleasures of enemas.

I have recently been discharged from the hospital. After having taken a test requiring the administration of nine enemas during one day, I can only conclude that people who gain sexual gratification from such an ordeal are not playing the game with a full deck. Far from producing an erotic feeling, an enema is nothing but a pain in the ass.—*E. H. (Address Withheld)*

I'm delighted to read the enema letters in *Penthouse*. My sexual interest in enemas started at age eight, when I was given one in a hospital by a pretty nurse's aide. My next one was at age twelve, when my parents toured Europe for the

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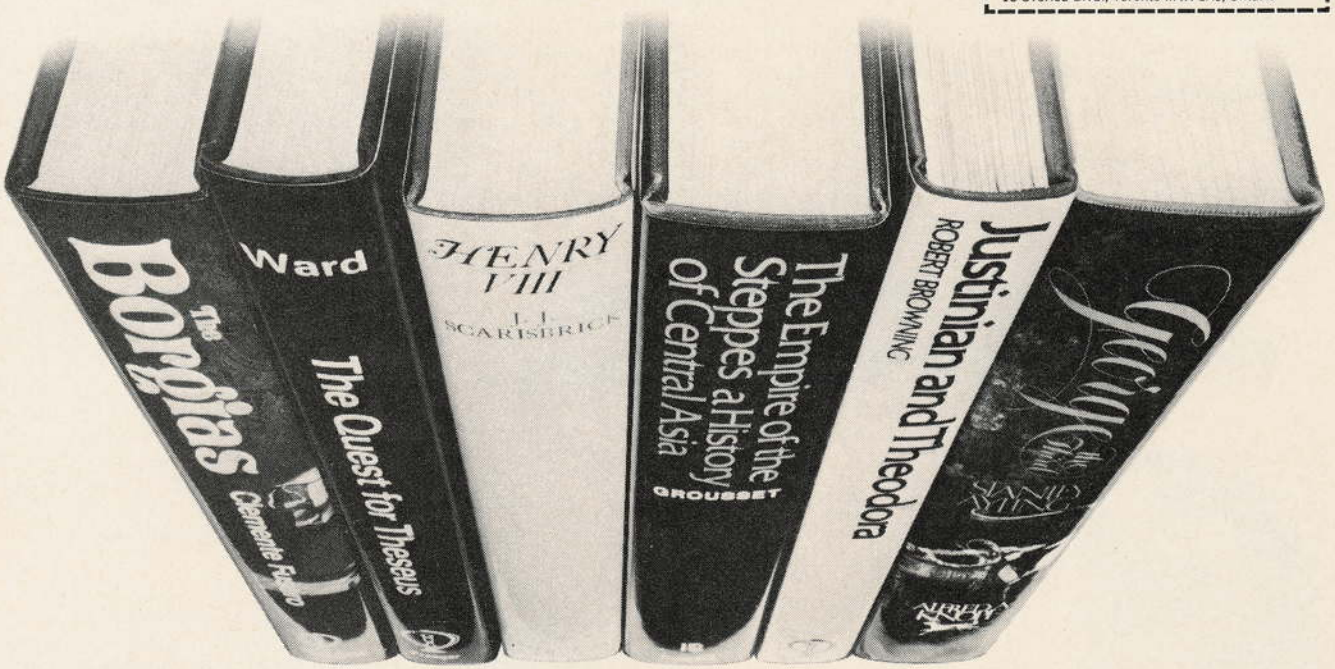

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summer and I lived with my Aunt Joan for ten weeks. Aunt Joan kept a red enema bag and a bulb rectal syringe in the bathroom. Two days after I arrived, I saw the damp enema bag drying on the towel rack and I visualized Aunt Joan giving herself an enema. I wished that she would insert that black nozzle in my backside.

I withheld my bowel movements for the next three days and innocently told her I didn't feel well. She diagnosed the problem as simple constipation. About a half-hour later she took me into her bedroom. On the night table were a bowl of warm soapy water, petroleum jelly, the rectal syringe and paper towels. She removed my pants and shorts, seated herself on the side of the bed, raised her dress above her stocking tops to avoid wrinkling and put me face down across her lap.

The warmth of her thighs, the lubrication of my anus by her vaseline-coated finger, the gentle insertions and withdrawals of the syringe nozzle, the warm enema flowing into my bowels, the sight of her pretty calves and thighs, produced the most pleasurable sexual feelings. After she had injected all of the solution, she kept me across her lap for five additional minutes to allow the enema more time to work. Then she wrapped a towel around my hips and I ran to the bathroom.

During the rest of my ten-week stay, she continually inquired about my bowel movements. If I admitted to not having had one for more than forty-eight hours, she would give me an enema.

My interest in the sexual aspects of enemas has never waned and I enjoy giving and receiving them as well as reading about them.—*Frank T., Braintree, Mass.*

I have been a registered nurse for two years. Your special preference letters induced me to write this nurse's point of view on the enema.

The enema can be a very pleasurable experience, as I found out during my first week of nursing school. After I complained to one of the doctors of stomach cramps, he told me to report at his office that evening for a full checkup.

I arrived just as the last patient was leaving. The doctor instructed me to remove my clothing except for my panties and to don one of those backless hospital gowns. The examination proceeded; after a short time he said he would give me a barium enema.

The procedure requires several preliminary cleansing enemas and I was told to roll over on my stomach. Both ends of the table were lowered until my bottom was three feet higher than my head and feet. The doctor removed my panties and placed my legs at the sides of the table, revealing my thighs and behind. A rectal thermometer was placed in my anus. I felt quite apprehensive and embarrassed. I had never had an enema before.

By looking at a large mirror I noticed the doctor assembling his equipment. He had decided on the largest rubber rectal tube he had—an inch wide and three feet long. To my surprise, the thought of this huge object being forced into my rectum excited me considerably. After lubricating the tube and removing the thermometer, he slowly inserted the rectal tube into my bottom for a good ten inches. The tube was left hanging as a solution of warm water and soap was mixed in a metal can. The can was attached to the waiting tube and the warm solution filled my rectum. To my pleasure, the procedure was repeated five times before I was ready for the barium enema.

As I was returning to the table, no longer embarrassed and looking forward to the barium enema, the doctor entered the room, accompanied by an X-ray technician at the nursing school. He explained that the technician would assist him with the barium enema.

After assuming my position on the table, minus my gown, the new arrival fitted a rubber glove on his hand and lubricated it. To my great surprise, he slipped his finger into my waiting anus and proceeded to thoroughly lubricate it until I began to quiver from the exquisite sensation.

The tube used for the barium enema was three feet long and one inch wide. On the tip was a massive soft rubber bulb, to prevent premature expulsion of the barium. The bulb was lubricated. The doctor parted my buttocks and the aggressive technician pressed the glistening bulb against my parting anus until it slowly disappeared into my rear. The end of the tube was connected to a can containing four quarts of the barium solution. The solution flowed as my stomach slowly expanded to twice its normal size. The tube was clamped and removed from the enema can, the other end remained in my bottom. The table was then lowered and I rolled over on my back, placing my feet in metal stirrups. X-rays were taken. They then led me naked to a bathroom, the enema tube still dangling between my legs. After I assumed a position directly over the toilet, the doctor reached between my legs and gently pulled the tube from its moorings. I fell to the seat, expelling the massive amount of fluid.

Since this first experience with the enema, I take great pleasure in both giving and receiving them. Using a No. 32 rubber rectal tube (available in all drugstores) and a three-quart enema can, I have the male patient remove his clothing and assume a knee-chest position on the bed. This position puts the subject's backside high in the air and his legs wide apart. I explain to him that I often use enemas myself and find them soothing and pleasurable. I lubricate his anus inside and out, using a rubber glove. Then ten inches of tubing is inserted slowly and three quarts of warm soapy water injected. As the fluid is running in, the patient's stomach is massaged to relax the stomach muscles. The tube is clamped and he is placed on a bedpan. Again massaging the patient's stomach, I slowly remove the tube.

My patients tell me they have had enemas before, but admit they prefer my method. Most nurses enjoy giving enemas to young male patients who are not seriously ill. Nurses frequently use them to cleanse or relax themselves simply because the enema, properly given, is a very pleasurable experience.—*Registered Nurse, Dover, N.J.*

Cheek kissing

I don't remember ever being moved to kiss a photograph; but just as automatically as bending to lick a cone of ice cream, I pulled the May cover of that luscious morsel and smooched the right cheek of her pretty round ass. — *G. R., Charlotte, N.C.*

Now, about reprints...

Hey! Is that the right address you gave the other month for reprints? What gives?—*J. S., New York*

In the May issue we inadvertently gave the wrong address and price for ordering back issues of ***Penthouse.*** *They are: Available back issues $1.25 each ($2.00 for December issue). Send remittance to Penthouse International, Dept. MAA, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.*

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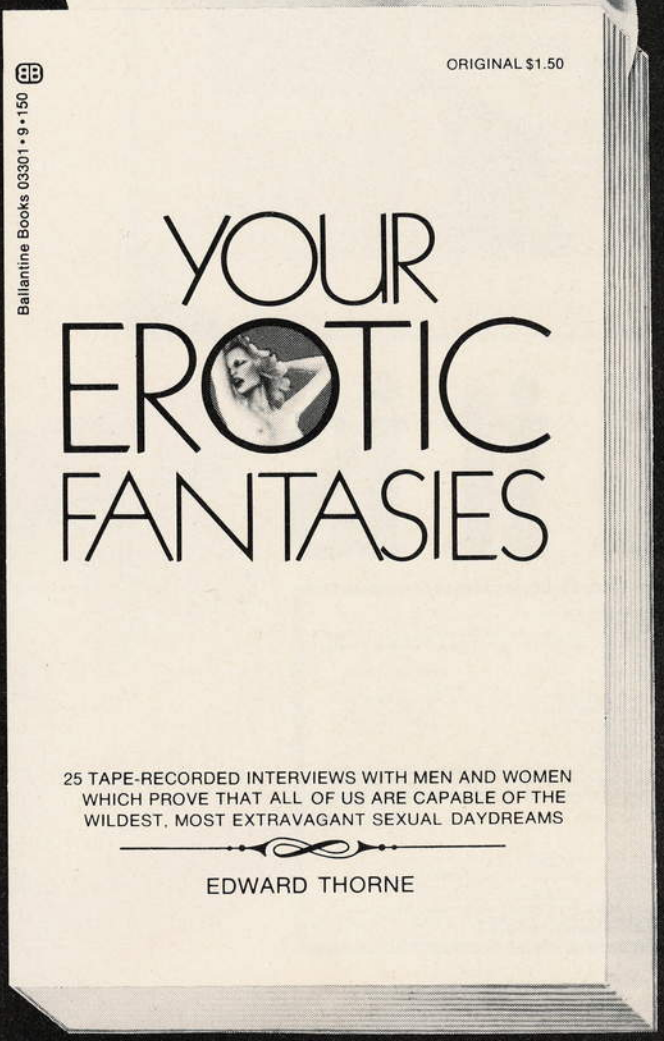
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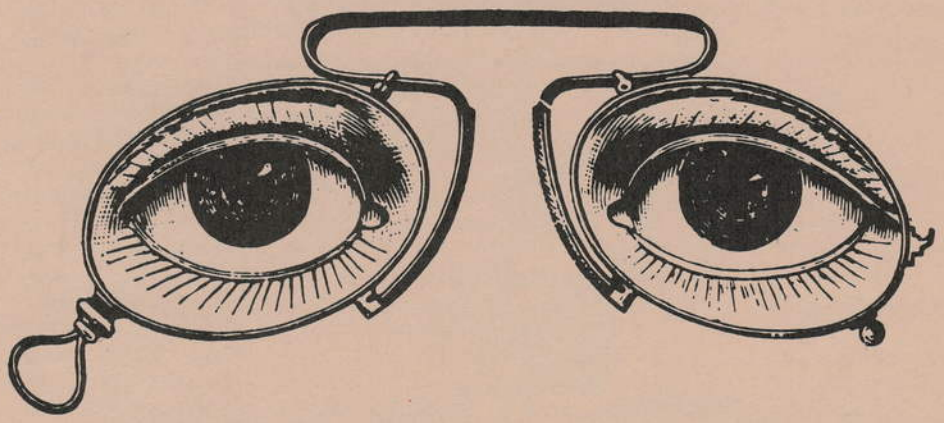


THE FADING DOLLAR

Two years ago Americans started singing a sad new tune. It could have been a parody of a melody by Melanie:

"What have they done to my buck, Ma? What have they done to my once almighty greenback dollar?"

What the U.S. Government had done was: First, in August, 1971, the dollar was "floated." That is, it was cut loose from its gold moorings. Thus Washington defaulted on its pledge to redeem the dollar any time for 1/35 of an ounce of gold. Four months later, the dollar was devalued further by 8.6 percent. And this February by another 10 percent. The expression "sound as a dollar" took on a strangely hollow ring.

Eliot Janeway, the economist, told *Penthouse* that, "We joined Chile as a member of the Devaluation-of-the-Month Club—and lost our dignity."

It was, said Janeway, paraphrasing Boulay de la Meurthe's comment on the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, "worse than a crime, it was a blunder!"

As others saw it, however, the Government had little choice. Foreigners who, unlike Americans, were allowed to buy gold, were already shelling out twice the new "official" price of $42.22 an ounce. So the dollar had already been devalued, in effect, by 50 percent. The reason, they said, was that for years, especially during the Vietnam war, the Government had already been inflating our currency by overprinting it and flooding the European markets. Some financial experts even called the process "legal counterfeiting." The dollar had been cheapened, they said, into a marker, an IOU or substitute for money of which other governments and bankers had decided they had taken enough, and which they started dumping in exchange for other, harder (better-backed) currencies.

That, of course, was not the explanation offered by the U.S. Government to its own people. The official version (about as valid as the official price of gold) was based on the conspiracy theory. We were told there were two chief conspirators: the notorious "gold bugs" of Europe, who had been systematically raiding the U.S. Treasury until it was down to its last $10 billion of the yellow metal, while $80 billion in paper was sloshing around in Europe; and those mysterious "gnomes of Zurich"—the international speculators who were out to make a bundle by "betting against the dollar" and were "bound to lose."

According to Dr. Harvey Segal, a vice president and investment adviser for First National City Bank of New York, the problem goes back to the late 1940s, when the U.S. agreed to the deliberate undervaluation of other nations' currencies to encourage their recovery from the war and build up their trade. "We sent Europe about $100 billion in Marshall Plan aid, which helped them develop efficient new capital goods. That money could have been in the form of loans instead of gifts." The devaluations are a comeuppance for past sins, he told us, "only in the sense that we are being punished for our kindness."

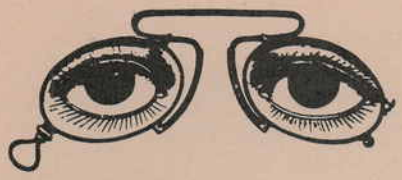
Another school of thought blames the plight of the dollar on the uses to which it is put. Often dubbed the "guns versus butter" argument, it condemns an American economy that is geared to military production, while the economies of trading competitors are based on the production of consumer goods. They come to us for jet fighters and missile technology. Or they turn to us for the protection afforded by our nuclear umbrella. But we are forced increasingly to turn to them for such civilian items as clothing, radio and TV sets, cameras, cars and typewriters.

As Women Strike for Peace puts it, "Military production is wasteful and nonproductive. It creates no new goods or services for the people. It sends billions of dollars overseas to pay for bases and troops, which takes dollars away from the domestic economy," while production of consumer goods "provides food, houses, schools, hospitals, etc. It improves the quality of life and keeps dollars circulating here for the people's use and helps stabilize the economy."

They cite a rather telling statistic: the U.S. ratio of military spending to gross domestic investment in 1967–69 (it's higher now) was 52.8 percent; in West Germany it was only 14 percent, in Japan a mere 2.3 percent. That gives them quite an edge.

One of Lyndon Johnson's more disastrous illusions was that our economy was big enough to provide both guns and butter for a long time without serious dislocation. History is full of other examples.

For instance, historians are generally agreed that, other underlying causes aside, the immediate cause of the French Revolu-



tion of 1789 was the collapse of that country's economy. It collapsed for two reasons. First, bloated military spending was brought on by a series of wars, including intervention in the American War for Independence. Second, the French tax system burdened those least able to pay. The clergy and the wealthy nobles enjoyed exemptions from taxes—what today would be called "loopholes." Louis XVI even mortgaged future taxes by taking fixed amounts from his tax collectors and letting them pocket the difference between that and all they could collect. The cost of bread in the inevitable inflation had risen nearly three times as fast as wages.

In order to deal with this situation, Louis called for the first meeting of the Estates-General in 175 years—the meeting that turned itself into the National Assembly and ended the Monarchy.

In the 20th century, the adventures of Mussolini provide another case in point. To help launch a new Roman Empire, he invaded little Ethiopia in 1935. Though it was bombers against spears, he became bogged down. Even after his victory, achieved with the aid of poison gas, it took him years to finally subdue and rebuild the new colony. There were those who grumbled that the money could have been put to better use developing backward areas in the homeland. Inflation ran rampant; the budget was wildly out of balance, despite compulsory loans to the government. Ethiopia proved so costly a rat-hole that Mussolini was forced to repeal the law on the gold reserves of the Bank of Italy. Eventually, he had to seek help in an ill-fated alliance with Hitler.

The fact that King Louis XVI and Mussolini were bad guys while we are good guys is small comfort when we are confronted with the amoral realities of economics.

Whether our sin was overgenerosity in defending others or pride in attempting to police the world, we're paying the bill for it now. And either way, the question is, can we afford it?—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

ARICA

If you think interest in mysticism has peaked, look again. We're now experiencing the second wave of fallout from the explosion triggered by recent contacts with the Orient. The effects of drug-inspired longhairs drifting to points East were nothing compared to the President's wooing of China and the stored-up experiences of the 400,000 Vietvets who were Over There.

The occult has become more accessible than a McDonald's hamburger. The best-selling issue of any newsweekly in recent memory featured a cover story on acupuncture. *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* continues to soar with its bird's-eye view of the hereafter. The most seminal group in popular music over the last year has been the Mahavishnu Orchestra—dedicated to the Inner Flame mounting heavenward. Even the revelation that fifteen-year-old "Perfect Master" Sat-Guru Maharij-ji is really twenty-two has done little to prevent the gurus from becoming as thick as flies.

These days the hottest entry in the Consciousness Stakes is the Arica Institute. The Galloping Gourmet of mysticism, Arica combines elements of Yoga, Buddhism, Sufism, and *Gurdjieff*. This combination offers fast, *fast*, relief for Western man, or as Arica proclaims in full-page newspaper ads: "Arica teaches methods in the evolution of consciousness specifically designed for man in post-industrial society."

Arica (it rhymes with freak-ah) is the brainchild of Oscar Ichazo, a forty-two-year-old Bolivian. After years of study in South America, China, Afghanistan and Tibet, Oscar (which is what everyone at Arica calls him) began to teach his system in the Chilean town of Arica. In the summer of 1970 he recruited seventy-three Americans, many of them from Esalen, for ten months of intensive training in his methods. Among them was John Lilly, a researcher on dolphins, who recorded his experiences with Oscar in the underground best-seller, *The Center of the Cyclone.*

Convinced that the survival of the world depended on humanity reaching a higher level of consciousness, Oscar brought the Arica Institute to the planet's center of communications, New York City. Half of his original students became trainers and taught three-month sessions in New York and San Francisco. The Institute quickly opened branches in Boston, Washington, Los Angeles and Miami. They offered forty-day programs and "Open Path" weekends.

At first Arica threatened to become another Scientology and drain its followers of will power and money. The $3,000 fee for three months of instruction made it available only to those with wealth and leisure. Anxious to bring its teaching to large numbers without requiring them to drop out of society, Arica streamlined its training. A forty-day extensive session held in the evenings now costs $800, a weekend is $50. With its teachings available in quickie doses and at budget prices, Arica has been drawing numerous adherents.

While the Institute has promoted itself aggressively, Oscar, who is now writing a book on Arica training, has preferred to remain in the shadows, calling himself a coach rather than a guru. To his followers, he appears anything but a picture of perfection. One characterized him as lying "with notorious impunity." But fallible as he may be, his students swear by his training.

The Arica training tries to interrelate body, mind and emotion by employing everything from Yoga exercises, chanting and meditation, to heavy doses of *Gurdjieffian* philosophy. A universe based on systems of three interacting forces can give migraine to anyone who never got past Hegelian dialectics in college. But the student is not asked to understand it, simply to accept it through experience. The courses provide a lot of group work aimed at reducing students' egos by making psychological breaks with the past. For balance, there's dancing, body awareness and camaraderie to make the training diverting as well as absorbing.

According to the system used by Faye Levine in her *Consumer's Guide to Mysticism* (*Penthouse*, November, 1972), Arica would have to be rated as *$$* (moderately priced), *30 percent brain, 30 percent muscle* and *40 percent guts*, and of *medium* difficulty.

The current popularity of Arica and other mystical teachings should be no surprise in this era of confusion and alienation. According to commentaries on the *I Ching* (one of the few occult systems not incorporated into Arica), religious rites have always been a means of uniting men: "The sacred music and the splendor of the ceremonies aroused a strong tide of emotion that was shared by all hearts in unison, and that awakened a consciousness of the common origin of all creatures. In this way disunity was overcome and rigidity was dissolved."—*Steve Ditlea*

SHOWS

A PURITANICAL COMEDY

Casual sex, if it's any good at all, doesn't remain casual for long. Just when you have the perfect uninvolved arrangement, you fall in love and want to be involved. That's life in the liberated 1970s, and it is the unsolvable dilemma confronting the sappy, love-smitten, but oh-so-recognizable pair in *A Touch of Class*. George Segal and Glenda Jackson are the twosome in this slightly puritanical comedy about fucking that shows how far we've come since Ross Hunter made those idiotic farces with Rock Hudson and Doris Day.

However, there are some important differences in *A Touch of Class*. Here the lady is the aggressor and the gentleman is the one who's afraid, at least of screwing with enough lechery and gusto to satisfy her desire for "some good, uninvolved, healthy sex." You see, she's liberated but, in the final analysis, he isn't. He has a sense of duty to his wife, his kids. Oh? you ask. Why does a dude with a sense of duty jet off to Spain with a chick for healthy sex? A good question, but one

that neither you nor he can answer. That's one of the problems of contemporary life, and this picture reflects the dilemma.

FUNNY, BUT NOT THAT FUNNY

Money, Money, Money is funny, but not funny, funny, funny, as the ads would have it. Writer-director Claude Lelouch has tried to make a whole movie out of a slender premise: because so much contemporary crime is politically motivated, crooks have to develop a *politique* to stay ahead of the game.

Lelouch, whom you may remember for *A Man And A Woman,* is apparently on to a new genre, the criminal-romantic film. *Money* is something like his stylish *The Crook* of several years ago, but in this latest film he plays with a kind of violence that is best left unromanticized. The five funny crook-heroes kidnap, in turn, a rock star, a diplomat, a Latin-American guerrilla leader and, finally, the Pope. They also rob a bank, a businessman and hijack a plane. Funny? The mob, led by Lino Ventura and Aldo Maccione, play their roles with a kind of vacant intrepidity, and they are good for a few laughs, but the laughs do not grow from their violence. For example, the best scene is on a beach when the five crooks strut, Italian style, before a group of bikini-clad beauties.

Lelouch may be on to something new, but the product looks suspiciously like the imitations of the Marx Brothers films made in the Golden Days of Hollywood's "B" movies. Lots of action. The crooks eat a lot of spaghetti, are tortured by a guerrilla leader, play Russian roulette with the kidnapped diplomat and finally finish as leftist heroes in Africa.

The gang's best-laid plans are made over Aldo's spaghetti dinners, so he carries a portable stove with him on every caper in ***Money, Money, Money***

Deborah Winters and Gary Grimes "experiment" in the library in ***Class of '44***

SON OF LOVEABLE MORONS

Do you remember those lovable morons in *Summer of '42,* Hermie and Benjie and Oscy? Well, here they are again, in *Class of '44,* and now it's the middle of World War II and they are graduating from high school. A legend over the auditorium stage proclaims: "When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,' the youth replies, 'I can.'" Ah, what nostalgia! The graduation, the graduation party, the midnight snack.

Soon the boys are off from home, Benjie (Oliver Conant) to the Marines, Hermie and Oscy to Branford College. Hermie (Gary Grimes), already initiated into sex by Jennifer O'Neil in his last picture, is no dummy with girls but he's still a nice boy when he gets a date with a nice girl, Julie (Deborah Winters). All they do is neck in the front seat of her convertible, dodging the gearshift and hitting the horn by accident. Oscy (Jerry Houser) is more of a lout: he gets caught in the dorm with one of the townies (selling pieces of her to a line of guys on the stairway!). He is thrown out of school. Yeah, they really threw you out of school for fucking in 1944. Oscy joins the Army, leaving Hermie to cope with his brothers in Phi Sigma Nu.

This picture goes for all the easy identifications, helping you replay all the emotional scenes in your own growing up. Hermie breaks up with Julie; he goes home for the death of his father; he gets drunk for the first time and then finally he's back at Branford—and Julie's there at the station waiting in the front seat of her car. Awww.

FLINTY-EYED CLINT

High Plains Drifter starts just like *Dirty Harry.* The Stranger (Clint Eastwood) kills three desperadoes without moving from his barber's chair or even blinking. Then, when a local Jezebel bumps him provocatively in the street, he drags her to a nearby barn and gives her just what she was asking for. Hours later she returns with a blazing six-gun; he wonders out loud what took the lady so long to get mad. "'Cause you didn't go back for more," is the answer.

Well, nobody in the little town of Lago (the movie, filmed on the shores of Mono Lake in the California Sierras, has an unusual amount of water for a Western—a feature that I liked) wants to press charges against the Stranger. You see, they want protection against three gunmen who were sent to the territorial prison for a year. Their time is about up and the folks just know they are coming back for revenge.

The Stranger, without blinking, accepts a commission to save the citizenry. He proceeds to deal high-handedly with everyone. He appoints the town midget mayor. He makes a poor Indian family rich by giving it free goods from the trading post.

When the Stranger has the townspeople armed and ready, he rides off and leaves the people to their fate. Which is pretty bloody. The vengeful felons kill off the town's baddies. The Stranger then returns for his vengeance, without blinking. He uses a gun, a whip and a lot of dynamite, too.

FEMINIST DOCUMENTARY

Year of the Woman is a documentary by Sandra Hochman, a renowned member of the feminist movement. A poetess, she took a film crew to Miami last summer for a raid on the Democratic National Convention. For about half the movie, Miss Hochman and her crew look in on the media heroines of the movement: Betty Friedan, Gloria Steinem, *et al,* and record movement clichés about "the niggerization of women." The other half is devoted to celebrity-baiting around the convention. Her encounters include John Kenneth Galbraith, John V. Lindsay, Frank Mankiewicz, Gary Hart and Charles Evers.

"Who we gonna turn to when we're down?" Evers asks of Miss Hochman. "We men gonna turn to each other?"

"Don't you realize that's what kept women down?" she cries. "You're a sexist."

Evers smiles indulgently. "O.K. If you say so." Miss Hochman wins no battles in this picture. She turns next to Norman Mailer. "Oh, Norman," she gushes, "you acknowledged my poetry before anyone." She tries to give him the ultimate accolade. "You're a sister!"

Mailer smiles. "You're a bitch," he says and walks away.

Miss Hochman and her crew of camera people and cheerleaders, led by Flo Kennedy, an articulate attorney, are a lot of fun, especially when they intrude on a staff meeting of CBS News and assault Mike Wallace, John Hart and Roger Mudd, charging them with ignoring candidate Shirley Chisholm. The women, one of whom wears a crocodile mask, line up and chant with tears in their voices: "We're not freaks, we're women with dignity, we're not freaks, we're women with dignity." The news stalwarts, Wallace, Hart and Mudd, who have faced down almost every newsmaker in the land during their combined careers, try to keep a straight face. You don't have to.

But don't feel superior to Miss Hochman and her crew. It took guts not to snip some unlovely glimpses of herself from this film, to dare show us what kind of an ego trip she's on, and to give us an insight into her anguish in the face of a world too taken with what she calls "all this cockery and cuntery."

Billy Curtis helps Clint Eastwood when he visits a barber shop in ***High Plains Drifter***

PORNO MORALITY FLICK?

From the makers of *Deep Throat* comes *The Devil In Miss Jones.* Like *Throat,* this is a porno flick with a ghost of a plot (always a pleasant surprise) and maybe some "redeeming social value," Miss Jones (Georgina Spevlin) commits suicide at the beginning of the picture and arrives in Hell suffering from a nagging disappointment: it is her suicide that has condemned her to the nether region. Damn! she says, I should have had some lusty times at least. So Lucifer lets her go back.

She makes it with: a man, a woman, with two men, with a man and a woman, with a snake and, alone, with the varied contents of a bowl of fruit. For "redeeming social value" she returns to eternal Hell closeted with a man who hates sex.—*Robert Blair Kaiser*

WORDS

NO NEWS IS BAD NEWS

"All the News That's Fit to Print" doesn't include news about many of the most interesting and best-selling books being published. *The New York Times'* Victorian slogan—long an embarrassment to its news staff—must be the justification for its *Sunday Book Review* to ignore, for fifty-one weeks of the year, books published first in paper covers. Maybe cheap means unfit? Whatever the slogan means in this regard, it is upheld by the *Times'* competitors, too, so that Americans are not getting some of the best news I can think of—the publication of many exciting new books.

Plenty of them are published as originals by the mass-market paperback companies, which are usually thought of as reprinting hardcover volumes. Original paperbacks are becoming comparable to hardbacks in variety and quality. True, there is plenty of schlock in paper, but as the distinguished hardback houses concentrate more and more on the "hot property" to be promoted on television talk shows, the schlock is spread pretty evenly over hardback and paperback alike. In fact, big-promotion hardbacks are aimed at the paperback reprint market.

When I asked paperback houses for new originals being neglected by reviewers, I was swamped. Out of the pile of books I got you could conclude most anything you wanted about paperback publishing, but this is certain: more books than I can mention here are worth having—and they're all to be had for less than two dollars.

I wish some of them were available in hardcover, so that they'd keep a long time. There's a good new *Dictionary of Music* by Theodore Karp, published by Dell. There's a fresh and meaningful anthology of the poets who are now talking to us, called *Shake the Kaleidoscope*, edited by Milton Klonsky and published by Pocket Books. There's a surprising book of photographs and text made by a group of ghetto teen-agers with teachers Joanna Matturri and Hy Dales. The title is *Inner City Reflections in Black and White* (Pocket Books). There is also a book that should be preserved by something more than hard covers: it should be burned into the conscience. *The Yellow Star*, by Gerhard Schoenberner (Bantam), documents with many formerly unpublished photographs the horror of the German Jews. The reminder is no less shocking than the original disclosure.

There's no dearth of paperbacks of enduring value, but the fun is in the froth where new talents are bubbling up. The most exciting book in the pile is *The Tides of Lust*, by Samuel R. Delany (Lancer). It is best described by its dedication: "This is an artificial, extravagant, and pretentious book. . . . But it is honest before its artifice; and in this age of extravagant expressions, honesty is the last pretension." I couldn't put it any better.

It's a sexual fantasy; the sexual activity is almost continuous, and it is all lust, no love. But the book doesn't fall into the rut of mechanical porn, which is only good for giving you an erection and readable only as long as the erection lasts. It would, in fact, be damned hard to maintain an erection through some of the ugly sex in the book, but it would be just as hard to stop reading. Delany is a fine story teller, and he is writing about the finest character in literature, the Devil.

His Devil is the lusty skipper of a small coast trader crewed by brother and sister slaves who happily serve him and each other sexually. Delany's Faust, an artist-physician-anthropologist named Proctor, tells the Captain, "I am simply pondering the fact that man and the Devil share equally in the rewards to be gleaned from their enduring relationship." What is the base of the relationship? "The obviation of the knowledge that both are going to die."

Proctor believes that the apocalypse will begin the day the Devil comes (sexually) seven times. This is the story of that day. A hell of a story.

THE NEW BEST OF FORUM JUST PUBLISHED

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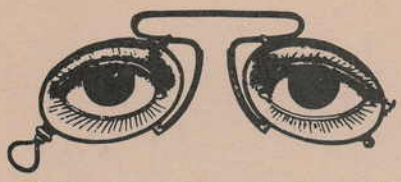


Fantasy has pretty much replaced the sort of science fiction in which scientific and technological speculation matter as much as the story. In a fantasy such as *The Tides of Lust* there is no machinery to set up the fantasy; events are simply stated as happening, which is real enough for its purpose. In a more delicate fantasy, *Ardor on Aros* (Dell), Andrew J. Offutt restores the machinery but takes it back to science fiction's ancestor, Edgar Rice Burroughs, who sent his heroes to other planets to free himself from the restrictions that earth puts on a writer. Offutt's story is a sexual fantasy, but gentler than Delany's. In the course of it he has fun with all the stock characters of the genre, from the mad scientist with his time machine and beautiful assistant to the equally beautiful witch on an alien planet. He gently satirizes—or, more accurately, teases—not only Burroughs and science fiction but Tolkien, trade unions, sex and ultimately himself. A nice apéritif before bathing in *The Tides of Lust*.

In straight fiction, paperback originals display hard and often first-rate writing: action, violence, suspense, brittle dialogue, sex (of course) and more cynicism than compassion. They are designed for the reader who reads for his own amusement and not because he is afraid to have missed a cultural event. A couple of the best in my pile are both from Bantam. *Sweet Marpessa,* by George Revelli, is a well-spun yarn about a rich and beautiful heroine who starts with incest and comes to a bad end. *Going for Mr. Big,* a more complex job, is by Robert Gover, who scored with *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*.

A number of good writers are turning to paperback originals to bypass the hardback publisher's cut of paperback royalties. A paperback is the obvious way to publish "novelizations" of movies. You may want to know that *Last Tango in Paris,* billed as the first big-star pornographic film, is in Dell paperback. The book, by Robert Alley, is not pornographic. It's rather touching, but thin.

It is in timely, journalistic books on serious subjects that paperback originals make their biggest contribution. There have been a number of good quick summaries of big events such as the Six-Day War. And it's a real service to have such official reports as Signet's *Marihuana,* the official report of the National Commission on Marihuana and Drug Abuse. That's the one that upset President Nixon because his commission recommended eliminating penalties for smoking—though not for selling—pot.

In longer-range current affairs, paperbacks also do a great job. *Don Carlo, Boss of Bosses,* by Paul Meskil, is as good as, or better than, any of the Mafia hardbacks we rounded up here a while ago. Meskil reveals some things about Carlo Gambino's long reign over the largest Mafia family that clarify the sources of his power—through intricate diplomacy and through importing new blood from Sicily to replace the Americanized mobsters who are falling away from the old blood-oath society. "They are like animals on a leash," a Federal agent says of the newcomers. What will happen when the old man dies and they are unleashed?

One of the best books on Angela Davis is a paperback original of that title by Marc Olden, in Lancer's line. An impressive inside story of political terror in Brazil is told by exiled Marcio Moreira Alves in *A Grain of Mustard Seed: The Awakening of the Brazilian Revolution,* an Anchor original.

Some books ought to be published in paper because they are too ephemeral to be in hard covers. These include annuals such as Pocket Book's excellent *1973 Consumer Buying Guide* and the mystery and adventure series such as Pinnacle's *The Destroyer*. Some books are simply one-time jokes, worth a couple of bucks of fun and tossed away. Such is *Jonathan Segal Chicken,* by Sol Weinstein and Howard Albrecht (Pinnacle). This preposterous parody of the equally preposterous but unfunny *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* will make you laugh even as you cringe before its heavy-handedness. Jonathan is Jewish, and his story surely has some of the worst ethnic jokes and abysmal puns ever perpetrated. Try this one:

"Oy," said Moses [at a heavenly celebration in honor of the Jewish chicken], "this noise is giving me such a headache."

"Take two tablets, my son," the Voice responded, "and if that doesn't work, check into Mount Sinai."

I'm writing from Mount Sinai Hospital's psychiatric wing.

RECOMMENDED READING

IF I DIE IN A COMBAT ZONE BOX ME UP AND SHIP ME HOME, by Tim O'Brien (Delacorte, $5.95). This is the only other book I want to recommend this month. It's a beautiful work dealing with the unbeautiful subject of the Vietnam War. Now that the war is over for a while, we can look back to see what it was really like. Only a writer as sensitive and perceptive as O'Brien could tell us, and O'Brien is a brave, intelligent and compassionate man. He uses his intelligence to probe the meaning of courage, and he had ample experience to probe—watching his buddies die, facing his own death many times. He wrestles with the question of moral courage, fighting a war he could never believe was right. He doesn't merely analyze his experiences, he lives them in this book with a warm and witty appreciation for the men who lived them with him. O'Brien sees everything clearly, and he tells it honestly. This may be the foot soldier's best personal account of America's worst war.—*Norman Hoss*

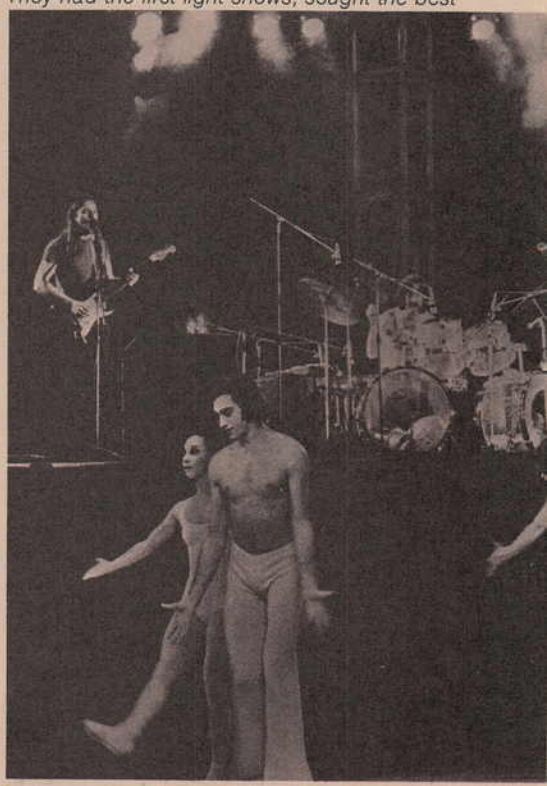
SOUNDS

WEBSLINGER NETS FRANTIC FANS ON FIRST SHOT

In a small room somewhere on Manhattan's East Side, Peter Parker, Marveldom's only superstar with an acne problem, is studying for his finals, but his mind is elsewhere. "If only I could do something that would impress Barbara Ann, make her pay attention to me! She couldn't care less about my daily battles with uglies like the Vulture, King Pin, the Chameleon, the Beetle, the Smasher, or the twelve million comics I sell a year for Magazine Management. If only I could cut a *record,* like . . . well . . . like Mick Jagger!"

Petey's Daydream: Outside a large midtown department store, after the release of Spiderman's smash hit, 10,000 pubescent girls press their lips against the windshield, a mother is actually laying her child on the hood in an automotive sacrifice, the department store guard has swallowed his whistle in the panic, 47th Street has been closed, for Petey's sake! "This is wilder than the time I saved that kid on acid outside the Village Theatre, but it sure beats a hug from Dr. Oc!" Spidey is

Pink Floyd at New York's Radio City Music Hall. They had the first light shows, sought the best



saying to his genius producer, mastermind Steve Lemberg. "They love ya, kid," Lemberg says encouragingly. Pete Bennett, ex-Beatles/Stones bodyguard, exclaims, "Haven't seen a riot like this since '66!" Dream on, Webshooter! But you've got a date with the Green Goblin, remember? Little does he suspect it will be his LAST!

Okay, literature lover, now that you've struggled through one of the longest intros on record (sorry about that one, a slip of Petey's pernicious punning pencil), would you believe that our webby wallclimber's daydream actually happened? Well, brace yourselves, Fearless Front-Facers, 'cause it's the fershlinginer truth! Would scrupulous Stan lie to you? We were kidding, of course, about the pubescent junior misses (you know that comic book code!). Sheesh! It isn't enough that he has the top-rated kids' TV show in Gotham! Soon he'll be telling Romita's roving rapidograph to give him sideburns and platform shoes! 'Nuff said.

P.S. In case we've been too subtle, Spidophiles, what we're trying to tell you is that Spidey's album *The Amazing Spiderman,* A Rockomic (Buddah BDS 5119), is great. Grab it!—*David Dalton*

PINK FLOYD'S AZTEC AIRWAYS

On a gusty night last March, New York's cavernous Radio City Music Hall, that brave remnant of the Thirties, became the site of one of Rock's classic concerts. Radio City's Atwater-Kent grille interior had echoed before to the strains of rock-'n'-roll, but the likes of Mountain, David Bowie and James Taylor had never taken full advantage of the Hall's audio-visual riches. Radio City, with its mock-heroic murals and *Art Deco* furnishings, had been created to house the movie and stage show—the mixed-media mass spectacle of its day. The musical and technological mastery of England's Pink Floyd finally made the Hall yield its potential.

sound reproduction and developed the first quadriphonic P.A. system

Pink Floyd made a stunning entrance. They rose up slowly to stage level, surrounded by jets of steam and watched over by a mysterious orb swathed in a red corona, all the while playing their rich, pulsating music. Throughout the evening, as their notes trickled into gentle brooks or swelled into raging torrents, sound and light harmonized perfectly, creating a symphony of moods.

The concert was the culmination of all the attempts to join rock musical and visual energies, dating back to the first Trips Festival in San Francisco nearly a decade ago. The spirit of acid-rock had finally come of age, but it seemed almost as great an anachronism as Radio City itself.

While the Byrds and the Grateful Dead had gone country, the Jefferson Airplane had gone berserk and other bands had simply burned themselves out, Pink Floyd had always remained faithful to its psychedelic origins. Seven years ago they had changed from just another British blues group to an avant-garde quartet that has experimented with extended musical forms, bits of *musique concrete* and ambitious sonic effects.

Beginning with strong Oriental and Middle Eastern influences, Pink Floyd's eclectic music has, over the years, evolved to the more melodic and accessible progressions of jazz and R&B. All along they have maintained their allusions to space, beginning with their early masterworks, "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun" and "A Saucerful of Secrets," to their latest album, *Dark Side of the Moon.*

Inspired by the travails of life on the road, "Dark Side of the Moon" is a landscape of estrangement and futility. Alarm clocks ring, airline terminals hum with activity, an old codger asserts, "I know I've been mad, like most of us have." Yet the music carries on; it provides help for enduring and transcending the damage inflicted by modern society.

With three of its members trained as architects, Pink Floyd has always sought transcendence by taming technology. Early on they integrated one of the first light shows into their concerts. They also sought the best sound reproduction, developing the first quadriphonic P.A. system almost five years ago. At their Radio City concert, maniacal laughter, cash register noises and bird songs became entertaining apparitions as they wafted around the hall. In addition to their unique sound setup, Pink Floyd also haul with them a trailer truck full of beams and girders that become light scaffolds and special-effects machinery in their spectacular stagecraft. The huge globe, borne aloft by pillars arranged into a cross, can transform itself from a dull red star into a bright revolving reflector containing four lasers.

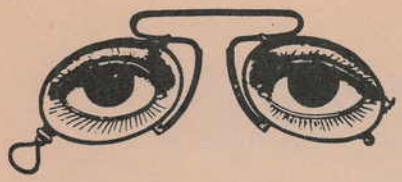
Hong Kong movie companies use Pink Floyd's music for Kung Fu film sound tracks, dozens of Japanese groups copy their style, and the French rock press still debates whether they or the Rolling Stones are the greatest. But it is only recently that Pink Floyd has gained acceptance in the U.S. The group is finally attaining the mass following it deserved years ago.—*Steve Ditlea*

DÉJÀDELIC

What do these names conjure up: Sky Saxon, Nazz, the Shadows of Knight, the Thirteenth Floor Elevators, the Chocolate Watchband? Nothing? What about the Remains, the Vagrants, the Electric Prunes, the Amboy Dukes, the Buckinghams, the Blues Project? A glimmer, perhaps? No? Then where were you between 1965 and 1968? Actually, you probably recognized at least one of these groups, however dimly. Maybe the names and songs should be put together, just a slash away: Count Five/"Psychotic Reaction"; the Castaways/"Liar, Liar"; the Standells/"Dirty Water"; the Barbarians/"Riot on Sunset Strip"; the Seeds/"Pushin' too Hard." It's coming into focus, right? If you ever really dug any of these beauties, you could probably pin it right on the nose, such as: "Night Time," by the Castaways, spring of '66!

That's the thing about time. It's just a blur until you activate the synapse that lets it all come pouring out in reckless detail. The reason some of these groups and songs are a little hard to remember is that, until now, there was no place for them. They weren't San Francisco Sound or Invasion Rock—if Freddie and the Dreamers are in focus, why not Cannibal and the Headhunters? It's simply that they were everything in-between, and until Greg Shaw and Lenny Kaye, the genre did not have a name. By consensus, this amorphous, regional teen-tough sound has been labeled "Punk-Rock." The designation has a satisfying ring, but it's not too accurate.

It's true that some of these groups had a teen-macho thing going on stage, but the Vagrants, the Blues Magoos, the Seeds and even the Shadows of Knight were not really punks at all. The punks of the ferocious 1950's, Eddie Cochran or Gene Vincent in black leather, must have been hair raising by comparison.



Maybe a slight variation, such as "Punkadelic," would be more apropos for this miasma that preceded the "psychedeluge" of 1967, or perhaps "Remainder Rock," or even "Cop Rock," since almost all of these groups were trying to be the Rolling Stones of Sioux City or the Beatles of Bakersfield.

But let's not quibble over a mere name for this large segment of rock that has finally found a home in a delightful two-record set called *Nuggets: Original Artyfacts From the First Psychedelic Era 1965–1968* (Electra 7E-2006), cleverly compiled and wittily annotated by Lenny Kaye.

I cannot see how you can deny yourself the pleasure of this package. Just think of "Moulty" (the Barbarians' drummer) and his sad tale with the happy ending concerning the loss of his hand; "It's a Happening," a beautiful, obscure psychedelic classic from the Magic Mushrooms; "Tobacco Road," by the Blues Magoos and on and on spinning back into the vinyl past . . . —*David Dalton*

SHORT TAKES

This month's party honors must go to Warner Brothers, which produced two of the splashiest media bashes ever, one in Philadelphia to kick off Alice Cooper's tour and *Billion Dollar Babies* album, the other a white-tie extravaganza in New York's Plaza Hotel for Procul Harum and friends. The engineering of all this glorious nonsense takes bread and both events reportedly ran WB well over $10,000 each, though it's only a drop in the bucket compared to the profits of a monster-selling album. And *Billion Dollar Babies* (Warner Bros. BS2685) is just that. Out for only a month as of early April, *Babies* was No. 1 with a bullet, and Alice's saturation tour of the States had barely begun. This shows that massive hype pays, especially when tied to an exhaustive road tour. Of course, none of it would be possible without the music to back it up, and Alice supplies it—strong rock-'n'-roll out of the Jimi Hendrix-Who mold. Compare Alice's "No More Mr. Nice Guy" with the Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again" and you'll see what I mean. The trappings of Alice's tour are Barnum and Bailey carried to the nth degree. The Alice Cooper phenomenon is supremely ballsy showmanship—outrageous, cynical, triumphant.

Now to David Bowie, a far superior artist whose work has often mistakenly been compared to Alice's, chiefly because both use make-up and theatrical gimmickry. It is interesting that Alice's sleazy sex-role travesty has always been easier for the general public to take than Bowie's androgynous mime image. Bowie has recently been a major candidate for an endless debate (most of it ludicrous) on "gay" or "bisexual" rock, an issue that has little, if anything, to do with what Bowie is finally about. Some major urban radio stations are so uptight on the "gay" issue that they refuse to play any of Bowie's records. The reason is not offensive lyrics; Alice's are ten times ruder and cruder. It's Bowie's maddeningly indecipherable image, which the media machine has decoded in a hundred different, contradictory ways. Unlike Alice, Bowie is unpredictable. The proof of the pudding is his new album *Aladdin Sane* (RCA LSP-4852), a fascinating masterwork that should blow a lot of minds. It is a chilling, futuristic glimpse of future social disintegration. Whereas Alice exalts and panders to decadence, Bowie is its fatalistic prophet. He sees the way things are and where they're going; his commentary is not an apology but a warning.

The music of *Aladdin* is a marked departure from the super-glossy wall-of-sound rock that characterized the magnificent *Ziggy Stardust:* It is ragged, fragmented and dissonant, with frenzied piano arpeggios riffling through an intermittently heavy rock beat. The album's ultimate statement, "Time," is an exacerbated evocation of boredom and morbidity that fuses the influences of Brel, Brecht-Weill and rock in a completely unique way. *Aladdin* may alienate a lot of people who expect reruns of "Suffragette City" and "Space Oddity," but it is a major advance over Bowie's previous work and further evidence of his artistic integrity. Though by no means an easy album, *Aladdin* is a great one.

In contrast to The Next Big Thing and The Big Thing, nostalgia for The Past Big Thing apparently has reached its full crest with a long-awaited 4-LP Beatle retrospective, *The Beatles Greatest Hits* (Apple SKBO 3403-4), from "Love Me Do" to "The Long and Winding Road." The first 2-LP set, covering the years 1962–66, is the more interesting compilation because it embraces the period of Beatlemania, a phenomenon that a new generation knows only as legend. The simplicity, joy and vigor of the early Beatles are as refreshing as ever, which cannot be said about their somewhat dated psychedelia, brilliant as it is.—*Stephen Holden*

NEW AND RECOMMENDED:

Incredible String Band, *No Ruinous Feuds* (Warner Brothers MS 2139)

David Blue, *Nice Baby And The Angel* (Asylum SD 5066)

Eagles, *Desperado* (Asylum SD 5068)

Johnny Winter, *Still Alive And Well* (Columbia KC 32188)

Dr. John, *In the Right Place* (Atco SD 7019)

Bob Seger, *Back In '72* (Warner Brothers MS 2126)

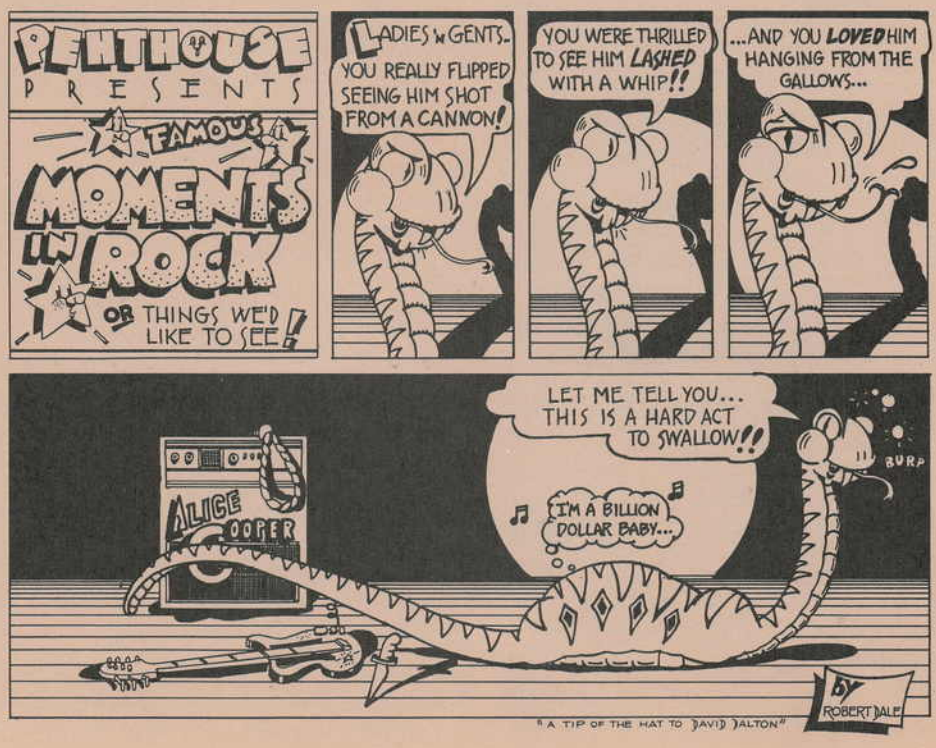
Thomas Jefferson Kaye, *Thomas Jefferson Kaye* (Dunhill DSX-50149)

Argent, *In Deep* (Epic KE 32195)

Jose Feliciano, *Compartments* (RCA APDI-0141)

Electric Light Orchestra, *Electric Light Orchestra II* (United Artists UA LA 040-F)

—*Stephen Holden*


PENTHOUSE PRESENTS
FAMOUS MOMENTS IN ROCK
OR THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE!
LADIES 'N GENTS... YOU REALLY FLIPPED SEEING HIM SHOT FROM A CANNON!
YOU WERE THRILLED TO SEE HIM LASHED WITH A WHIP!!
...AND YOU LOVED HIM HANGING FROM THE GALLOWS...
LET ME TELL YOU... THIS IS A HARD ACT TO SWALLOW!!
BURP
I'M A BILLION DOLLAR BABY...
ALICE COOPER
"A TIP OF THE HAT TO DAVID DALTON"
BY ROBERT DALE

WHY IS THE BRASS MONKEY STILL IN HIDING?

New inquiries suggest some nasty realities in the story behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.

On a foggy night in Macao in 1942, a name was whispered into the darkness. "Rasske! H.E. Rasske!"

Was this simply the cover name of an Allied spy—code-named the Brass Monkey? Or, was it also the alias of a Japanese agent?

Lately, some of our mail has suggested a startling new theory to resolve the contradictions in the Brass Monkey legend. Is it possible that Admiral Kokura, head of Kempeitai Counterespionage, and H.E. Rasske were both double agents—and that *each* was protecting *the other?*

The Story As Originally Told.

The "facts" as leaked so far, revolve around a notorious club allegedly operated in the port of Macao. A small brass figurine squatting in a niche at the door gave the place its name, and the sunshine yellow drink they served, its renown. Both were known as the Brass Monkey.

We are asked to assume, perhaps too conveniently, that only our operatives knew that the drink was the key to a spy. That by scratching out the words, "No Evil" from the coaster under the Brass Monkey cocktail, then eliminating every letter from "The Brass Monkey" that didn't match those in "See, Hear, Speak," the name of the contact—H.E. Rasske—would be revealed.

Secrets of a Bar-Girl.

Is it possible that none of these coasters got into the wrong hands: even though members of the Kempeitai no doubt infested the place? Surely they pumped every likely employee for information, especially the club's bar-girls. These girls routinely tempered their own intake of liquor by mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Even with this stratagem, is it possible that none of these girls, however innocently, ever let slip a single piece of information? Or, that all of them successfully resisted the temptation to sell out? Possible, but unlikely.

Incriminating Evidence?

How then was the Brass Monkey spy ring able to perform so cavalierly right under the nose of the enemy? Surely, it was more than dumb luck.

Kokura was quoted as saying, "The Brass Monkey is worth two aircraft carriers in the Coral Sea." Was this ambiguous remark a guarded admission that Rasske was more valuable to Japan alive than dead? Or, was his value to Kokura himself?

That would solve the riddle of the all-too-accommodating suicide of the Macao Kempeitai section chief *and* the closing of the Club itself at about the same time. Both events could have been engineered to cover Kokura, if the section chief was about to un-mask him as a double-agent.

Behind the Mask.

The possibility that the Brass Monkey himself was "doubling" (with headquarters' approval, of course) is too logical to discount. But why is the Brass Monkey still in hiding? Has he secrets still too dangerous to divulge? Does a former Japanese admiral still vow revenge for his betrayal? Or, could certain of Rasske's own ex-functionaries believe to this day that he deceived them?

Will the Brass Monkey ever show his face again? We don't know. Mr. H.E. Rasske, if that *really is* your name—will you?

What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight. If you've got a long evening ahead of you, try mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Especially if you have your own secrets to keep.

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

The face in this photograph is said to be H.E. Rasske, the man we think was the Brass Monkey.

Heublein Brass Monkey®: 48 Proof. Made with Rum, Smirnoff® Vodka and Natural Flavors. ©1973. Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 06101.

לעולם לא עד?

They first hit the headlines in a variety of ways: by robbing banks, hijacking airplanes, blowing up mailboxes. Often they seem just to be making a lot of noise. But each terrorist group has its own style, its own territory. In Uraguay, the Tupamaros kidnap and murder; in the Middle East, Al Fatah and Black September kill Israelis and anyone else who gets in the way; the Provisional Irish Republican Army in Northern Ireland shoots down British soldiers and other Irishmen; in the U.S., the Black Liberation Army assassinates policemen, while the Weathermen make bombs. They are all in the same game:

THE POLITICS OF DEATH

BY ERIC NORDEN

Al Fatah (Area of Operations: The Middle East.)
Headquarters: Beirut (political); Dera, Syria (field headquarters).
Leader: Yasir Arafat, *nom de guerre*: Abu Amar.
Membership: 3,000-4,000.
Growth Potential: Fair.
Background: Al Fatah, an acronym for Haarakat Tahrir Falastin (Movement for the Liberation of Palestine), began its operations in 1965, with a commando attack on an Israeli irrigation installation. The group came into its own after the Arab-Israeli war in 1967. Its members are recruited from the teeming camps that house most of the three million Palestinian refugees. Arafat and his associates believe the defeat of the Arab regular armies and the subsequent Israeli occupation of Arab territory opened the door to a guerrilla struggle, a strategy predicated on gaining the sympathy and support from Arabs in the occupied territories, particularly Gaza and the West Bank of the Jordan River. Funded initially by the oil-rich rulers of Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf shiekdoms—but now primarily by Libya—Fatah suicide squads of *fedayeen** raided Israeli-occupied territory from bases along the Jordanian, Syrian and Lebanese borders.

Unlike other Palestinian terrorist groups, Fatah is pledged to operate only against Israel and disavows responsibility for skyjackings or assassinations elsewhere. However, the top-secret security and intelligence arm of Fatah, Jihaz al-Rhsad, covertly funds and directs Black September, the bloodiest of all the Palestinian groups.

Fatah avoids a rigid ideological line and is to the right of such rival Palestinian organizations as the Marxist-Leninist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. Fatah preaches a *jihad* (holy war) against Israel rather than a Marxist "war of national liberation." But Fatah is open to collaboration with leftist guerrilla groups in other countries. In the past these have included the Weathermen in the United States, the Red Army in West Germany and the Irish Republican Army, whose members have received training in weapons and explosives in Fatah camps in Lebanon and Syria.
Achievements: Despite the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars and the loss of thousands of *fedayeen* killed or captured by Israel, Fatah commandos have succeeded in killing less than

*From the Arabic *feda*, or sacrifice: "those who sacrifice themselves."

+11

500 Israeli soldiers and civilians since their all-out military campaign began in 1967. Fatah's "stormtroopers" (their own designation) are generally brave to the point of suicide, but they are outgunned and outmaneuvered by the superior Israeli troops. In recent years, and especially since King Hussein drove them out of Jordan, Fatah has had few military successes. They have been increasingly restricted to laying land mines, attacking isolated Israeli kibbutzim and an occasional ambush of an Israeli army patrol. The sympathy of Arabs in the occupied territories has not meant concrete support for the guerrillas because of draconian Israeli measures against those who have fed or harbored *fedayeen*. The reprisals have included the dynamiting of entire villages and the arrest, and often deportation, of Arabs accused of collaboration. Fatah propagandists have exaggerated their rare successes into major victories and, by inflating Israeli casualties and understating their own, have managed to keep alive their popular reputation as invincible freedom fighters. Thus, despite a generally poor military record, Fatah has maintained its hold on the imagination and support of the Arab masses, even while antagonizing and alienating many Arab governments. Some of Fatah's most celebrated exploits include the bazooka ambush of an Israeli school bus, which killed ten children and two teachers; the bombing of an El Al airlines office in Athens that took the lives of two ticket clerks; the planting of bombs in supermarkets, cinemas and housing developments in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem; and the skyjacking to Algeria of an El Al airliner.

Black Liberation Army (Area of Operations: U.S.A.)
Headquarters: No known headquarters, but has cells in New York, San Juan, Philadelphia, Atlanta, St. Louis, Miami, Chicago, Kansas City and Denver.
Leaders: Chain of command is secret.
Membership: Estimated at from 100 to 500.
Growth Potential: Good.
Background: The BLA was founded in the late 1960s after a split within the Black Panthers. The "East Coast" faction, then technically headed by Eldridge Cleaver from exile in Algeria, broke with the "West Coast" faction, led by Black Panther founder Huey Newton, because the Western group was insufficiently militant. The most radical elements within the Eastern faction subsequently divided into cells and formed a loosely knit national network of urban guerrillas pledged to assassinate policemen as an exercise in "revolutionary justice." Their targets have also included supporters of Newton. He himself charges that Cleaver has ordered him killed. One of the BLA's first victims was Sam Napier, a West Coast Panther leader, whose charred and bullet-ridden body was found in a Panther office. Last May 21, four BLA members pleaded guilty to a reduced charge of attempted manslaughter in the second degree for the Napier murder. Another activist, Andrew Jackson, was still being sought.

Instead of a formal hierarchy, the movement seems to have an interlocking directorate of small units in major cities across the country. Thus, a BLA member wanted for murder in New York will travel to Denver or Atlanta or San Francisco, contact the local cell and receive shelter and forged documents. This mobility is the principal reason that most identified BLA assassins have remained at large, despite nationwide manhunts. Reputedly the most prominent members of the BLA are Herman Bell, Twyman Myers, Fred Hilton, Avon White, Melvin Keraney and Joanne Chesimard—all wanted for the murder or wounding of policemen. Some law enforcement officials believe that twenty-six-year-old Miss Chesimard is the unofficial leader of the BLA. On May 2, Miss Chesimard was seriously wounded in a shoot-out with state troopers on the New Jersey Turnpike. A brilliant student at the City College of New York, she had been with the BLA since the Panther schism. Police have said that she was a member of the assassination squad that machine-gunned two New York City patrolmen in 1971. During a bank robbery she coolly hurled a hand grenade at pursuing policemen; when shot in the stomach during a subsequent holdup, she said she was happy she had been hit, because now she no longer had to fear "pig bullets."

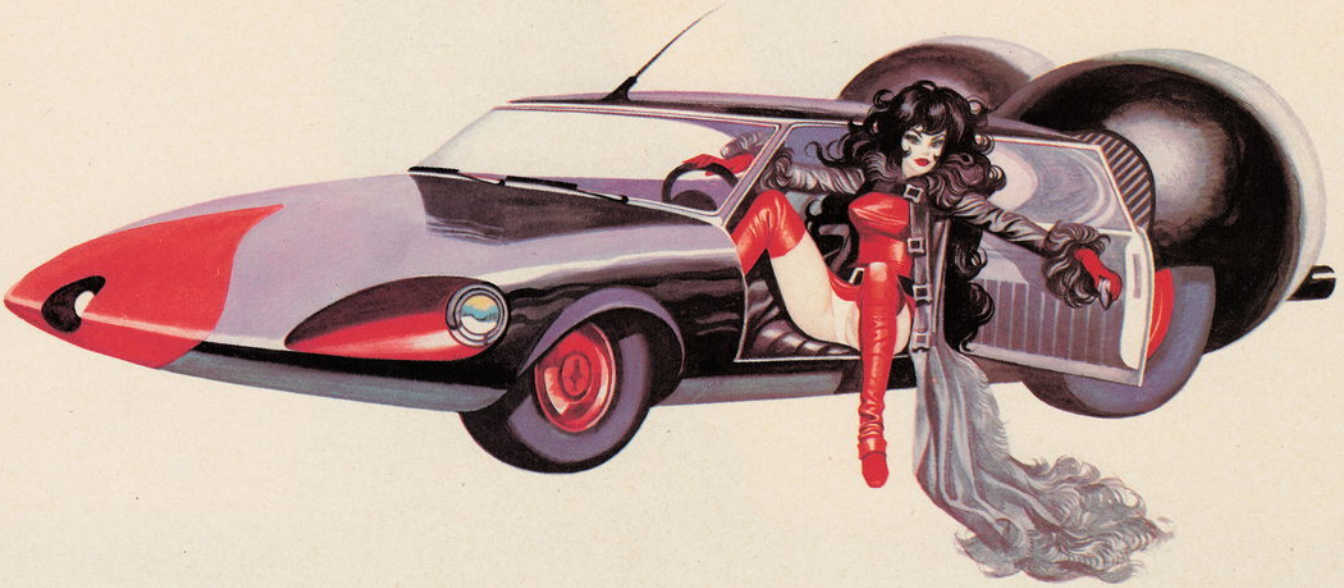
There has been speculation, though no hard proof, that Mark Essex, the young black New Orleans sniper involved in the death last year of twelve people, was affiliated with the BLA.
Achievements: The BLA finances itself through bank robberies, stickups and an occasional kidnapping. To date, the BLA has been credited by police authorities with the murder of thirty-four policemen across the country and the wounding of several dozens more. Its most spectacular exploits have been the machine-gunning of two cops guarding Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan's home (he had brought charges against twenty-one Panthers for conspiracy to bomb department stores and police stations); the murder in Harlem of Patrolman Waverly Jones and Joseph Piagentini; the killings in lower Manhattan of two policemen, Gregory Foster (a black) and Rocco Laurie, both of whom were mutilated after death—Foster's eyes were shot out and Laurie's genitals were blown off; and the machine-gun killing of two St. Louis cops. In January, 1973, after New York police shot and killed BLA members Woody Green and Anthony White in a Brooklyn bar, four cops were wounded in machine-gun ambushes within a seventy-two-hour period.

Black September (Area of Operations: International.)
Headquarters: Beirut.
Leaders: Salah Khalef (code name: Aby Ayad) and Ali Hassan Salamah (code name: Abu Hassan).
Membership: Approximately 400.
Growth Potential: Good.
Background: Black September was founded in early 1971, taking its name from the bloody suppression of the *fedayeen* movement in Jordan by King Hussein in September, 1970. Black September has been formally disavowed by Al Fatah, the largest and most influential of the Palestinian resistance movements, but in fact is a secret "action arm" of Jihaz al-Rhsad, Al Fatah's security and intelligence service. Black September's two leaders are both high in Fatah leadership. The movement, generously funded by radical Arab leaders, has resources estimated as high as $150,000,000. Fund drives are occasionally supplemented by air piracy—in 1972, a skyjacked Lufthansa jet brought in a ransom of $5,000,000. Black September's main benefactor is President Muammar al-Quaddaffi of Libya, who provides an annual subsidy of $30,000,000. In 1972 he gave Black September a $5,000,000 bonus for its attack against the Israeli team at the Munich Olympics. Libya also gives arms and false passports to Black September assassination squads and the group's European operations are directed from Libya's embassy in Geneva.

Black September operations are broken down into four main geographic units, each with its own command structure: Europe, the Middle East, North and South America. In the U.S., Black September operates through the underground June 5th Movement, which recruits among the 12,000 Arab students here. The membership is divided into activists (assassins, saboteurs) and supporters. All operate under a loosely knit cell structure in which each unit is ignorant of the others' existence. Unlike Al Fatah, Black September never directly attacks the Israeli Army on its home territory, but concentrates on Israeli diplomatic missions and commercial and cultural institutions abroad. Its strategy is political, rather than military: by engaging in terrorism around the world, Black September hopes to keep the plight of the Palestinians alive in the popular imagination and, most important, scuttle any tentative moves toward an Arab-Israeli détente.
Achievements: Black September first erupted into prominence in November, 1971, when it assassinated the Premier of Jordan, Wasfi Tal, in his hotel lobby in Cairo. Tal was Hussein's closest adviser and the architect of Jordan's crackdown on the *fedayeen*. After the murder, one of the three young assassins, 29-year-old Mounzer Khalifah, told police: "I always promised myself to drink a glassful of Wasfi Tal's blood. When he fell after I shot him, I kneeled over his body and drank more than a glassful of his blood, because he was bleeding profusely. His blood stank." Fatah promptly disavowed responsibility for the killing, but the director of the operation was actually a Fatah central committee member, Muhammad Yusuf an-Najjar, alias Abu Yusef, who was killed by Israeli commandos in Beirut last April 10.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

WICKED WANDA IS COMING NEXT MONTH!



SEPTEMBER PENTHOUSE

DUNE WHAT COMES NATURELY

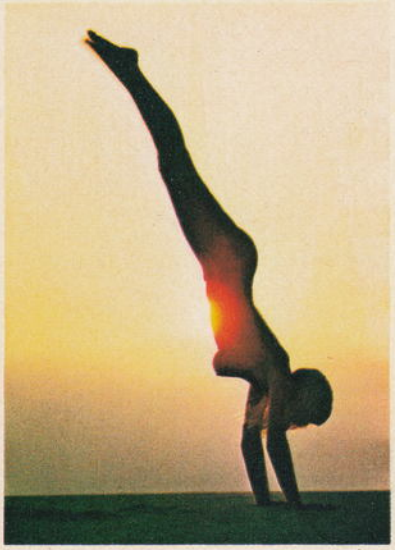
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERNOT PLITZ

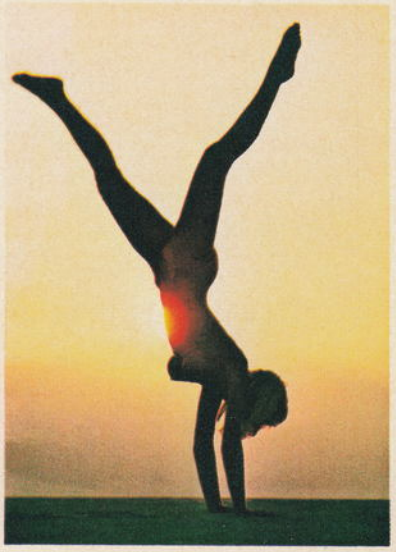
"My mother brought me up to believe that a woman's work is to please her man, and I can do that," says Anne Kaurin, a statuesque Scandinavian who believes that pleasure is where it's at in life.

Cool-featured and green-eyed, she gives you a deeply penetrating look that vibrates with awareness. "I like to belong to someone. I prefer to have one man."

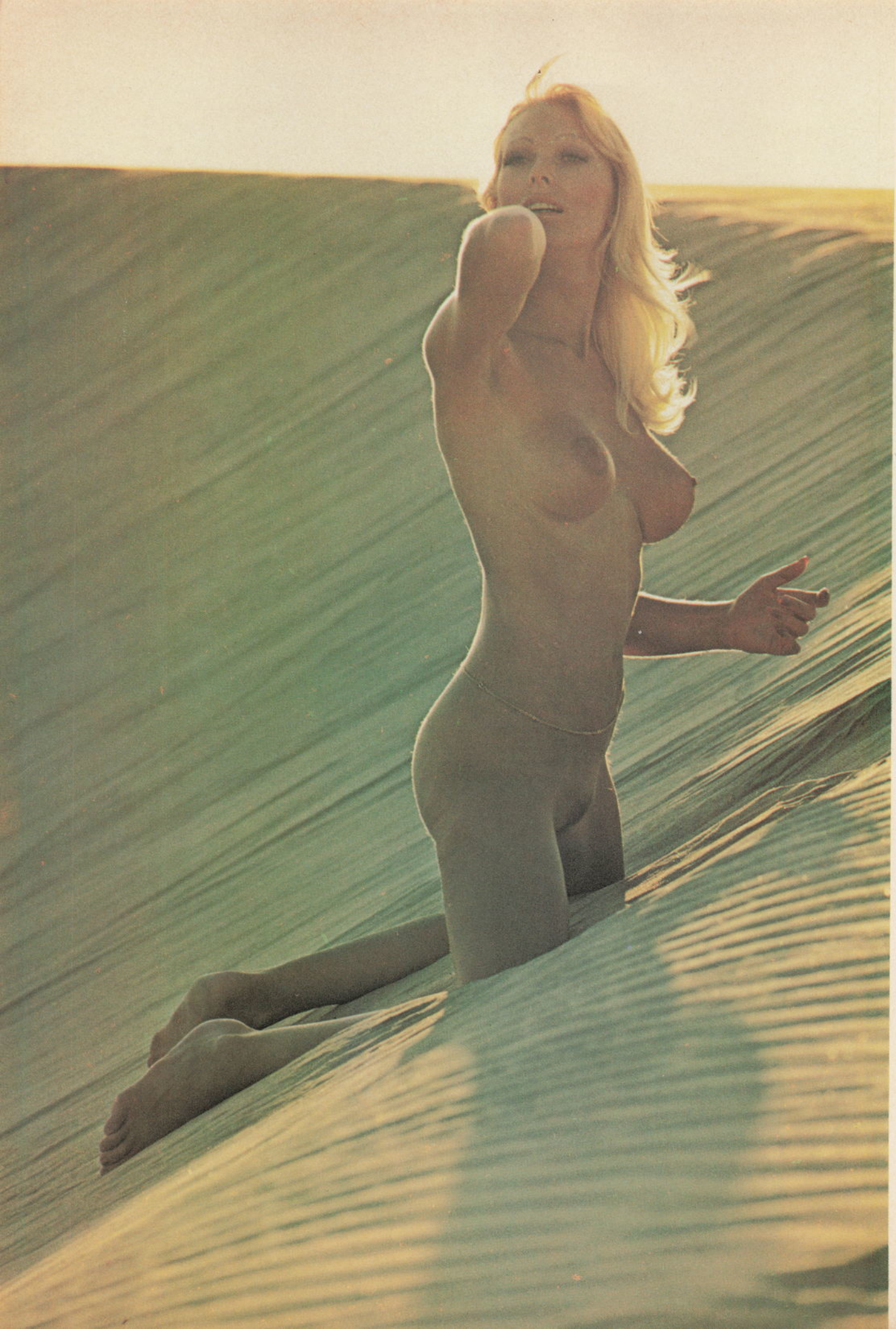
Naturally blonde Anne was born in Kristiansund, Norway, twenty-four years ago, and raised there. At twenty she decided to go away from the land of the midnight sun and the cool Scandinavian men—"They're afraid to say I love you to their women," she says—to see what the rest of the world looked like. Leaving her father, a prominent Norwegian attorney, and her brother, the youngest captain in her country's world-famous navy, she set out across Europe and then came to America for a short vacation. "I'm still on vacation," she laughs.

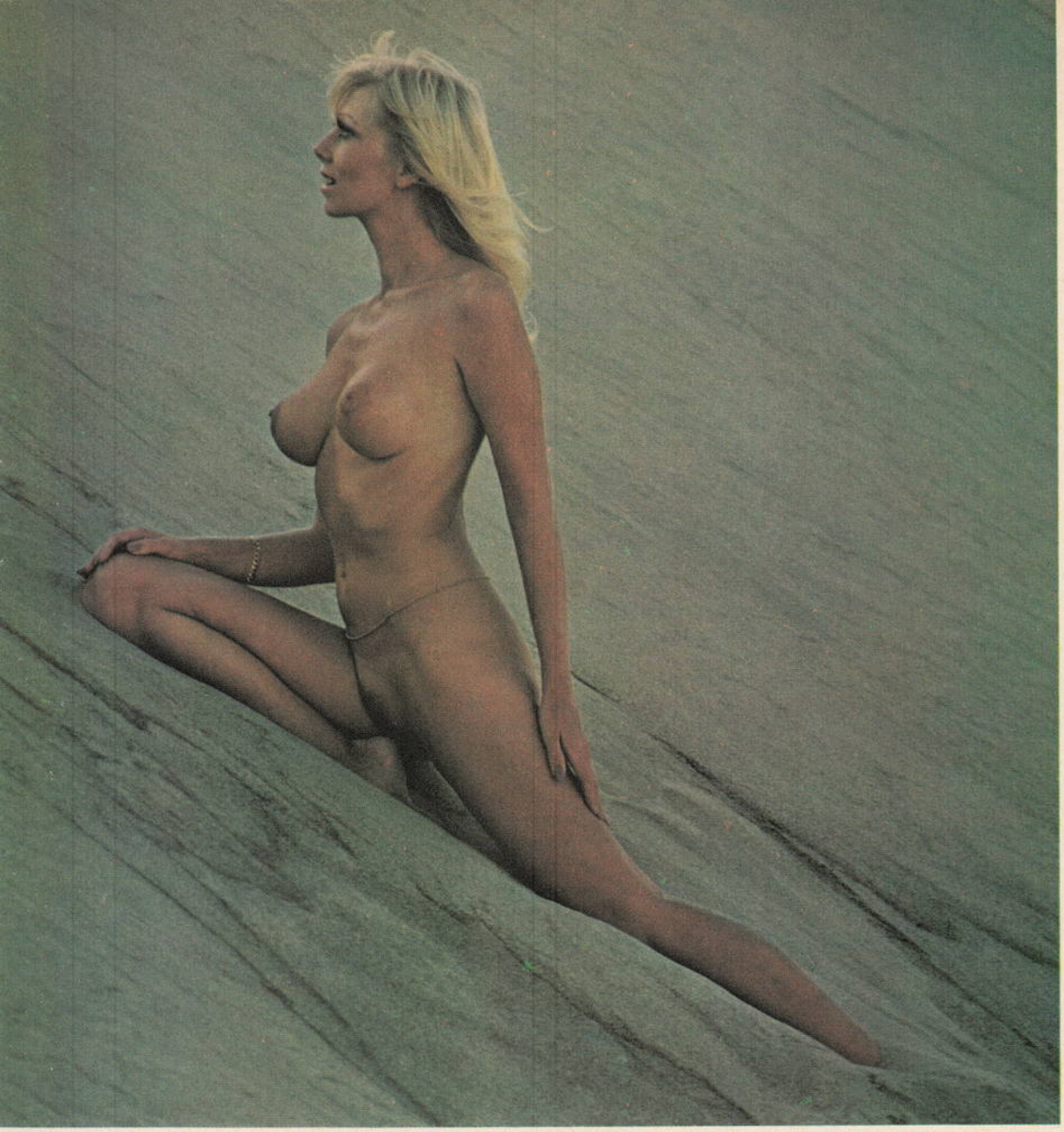
This not-so-little lady (38-23-36) had five years of modeling and acting experience in Europe, and while "on vacation" she's racked up successful TV appearances with Sammy Davis, Jr., Sonny and Cher, Bob Hope and Johnny Carson. "I like my work," Anne says. "I wouldn't want to be tied down to a regular job. A woman should be free, you know."





Does that freedom apply to the way she feels about her undeniably fantastic (5'8", 124 lbs.) body? "When I was a child, we were always very open. It was nothing for me to see my uncles and cousins completely nude. Nudity was a very natural and beautiful thing. And I'll tell you, if I ever have any any children, I'll raise them exactly the same way. It gives a person a sense of freedom, and I would want my children to have that." Her green eyes flash. "Nudity is quite different in Europe





than in America. People in America seem to stare and be a bit embarrassed if they see a nude body. In Europe the nude body is considered beautiful. After all, you were born with it."

Our unabashed Anne makes it her business to visit Europe at least twice a year, seeing old friends and gathering in the rays on the famous beaches of St. Tropez. There, at a very private bamboo beach, she can doff her clothes and open herself up to the warmth of nature.

Still, she always returns to the U.S. "Italian and French men are very romantic, but American men...When I came to America, I could hardly speak English, but now I speak four languages fluently. I love America and American men." And American men love dune buddies.

HOW TO FLY WITH JUST THE LEFT WING

Appraising Richard Nixon in a most exclusive interview, the Founding Fathers 'make things perfectly clear'

by Henry Morgan

As of 1976, the United States of America will be 200 years old, which isn't true. The original vote to get the hell away from Great Britain was taken on July 2, not 4, 1776, and the little fracas that followed lasted until 1783, so in 1976 the country will be 193 years old . . . go fight City Hall.

The new baby had a number of daddies, known as the Foundling Fathers. (This may be misprinted as "founding," but authors expect careless treatment, so don't worry.)

The Daddies were not your run-of-the-mill steerage jockeys, but were educated men. One of their great ideas was to split the government of the Colonies into three parts—legislative, judicial and executive. This is vastly amusing today, when, despite the maunderings of a senile American cartoonist in these pages, the government now consists merely of the executive branch. The incumbent exec is a man who has the Marine band play for him and his bride at dinner, declares war and peace unilaterally, refuses to spend money the Congress has appropriated, has coerced the news media into fits of self-censorship and has the benighted citizenry over a barrel.

The Emperor Dickie makes personal calls on his (almost) equals. He deals with the leaders of China and Russia on a one-to-one relationship, as befits a monarch. He sends arms to Greece, planes to Israel and is known to have helped arm Hindus, Cambodians, Bolivians and dissident Nicaraguans.

In view of these and other nauseating facts, the author feels most fortunate in having been able to interview a few of the framers (!) of the Constitution. Messrs. Madison, Jefferson, Washington, Franklin and I were chasing a few beers. Since Mr. Jefferson did the actual writing of the Declaration of Independence, naturally we addressed most of our questions to him. I may be a bit hazy on the wording of the questions, but the answers are in their actual, recorded words.

Penthouse: Mr. Jefferson, sir, it has been said that Mr. Nixon wanted to be President so badly that he devoted most of his first term to running for the second. Do you—

Jefferson: Whenever a man casts a longing eye on public office, a rottenness begins in his conduct.

Penthouse: Well, some people feel sort of rebellious. The President has put that down to leftist tendencies. Is the thought of rebellion sort of . . . well . . . treasonous?

Jefferson: A little rebellion now and then is a good thing.

Washington: If I may add to that . . . the basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitution of government.

Penthouse: Geez, keep your voices down! Now, the President thinks that he gets a bad press. He'd like to stifle radio and newspaper criticism because he—

Jefferson: When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.

Penthouse: But he sent out Spiro Agnew to threaten TV, he keeps his policies to himself, he doesn't want to discuss anything,

Lane Yerkes

he says everything is "top secret," he claims that he alone knows what's going on, and that the people aren't to know what he calls "matters of import."

Jefferson: I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves.

Penthouse: But the President says—

Jefferson: If we think the people not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion.

Penthouse: But he says the newspapers–

Jefferson: If I had to choose between a government without newspapers and newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.

Penthouse: Let's try something else. Mr. Nixon is the commander in chief of the armed forces. You were, too, weren't you?

Jefferson: Oh, yes. And I have the consolation to reflect that during my period of administration not a drop of the blood of a single fellow citizen was shed by the sword of war—or of the law.

Washington: Is that some kind of funny insinuation?

Jefferson: Not at all, but I reflect that Mr. Nixon is now in favor of capital punishment. That's why I put that in about the law.

Franklin: If I may, gentlemen. There never was a good war, nor a bad peace.

Penthouse: We might remark that the Daughters of the American Revolution have backed every war we've had, including the most recent.

Jefferson: The earth belongs to the living, not to the dead.

Penthouse: But shouldn't we maintain strong armed forces?

Jefferson: Oh, yes. But we should confide in our strength without boasting of it. We respect that of others, without fearing it.

Penthouse: May I bring up the question of the Watergate scandal?

Franklin: Three may keep a secret—if two of them are dead.

Penthouse: Did you make that up?

Franklin: No, but I get the credit for it.

Penthouse: Would anyone care to sum up?

Washington: I would say, about the matter of censorship of the press and TV: if men are to be precluded from offering their sentiments on serious and alarming matters, reason is of no use to us; the freedom of speech may be taken away, and, dumb and silent, we may be led like sheep to the slaughter.

Penthouse: Mr. Jefferson?

Jefferson: I understand that many people feel unconcerned with not being told about what their government does. May I say, if a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never shall be. Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just.

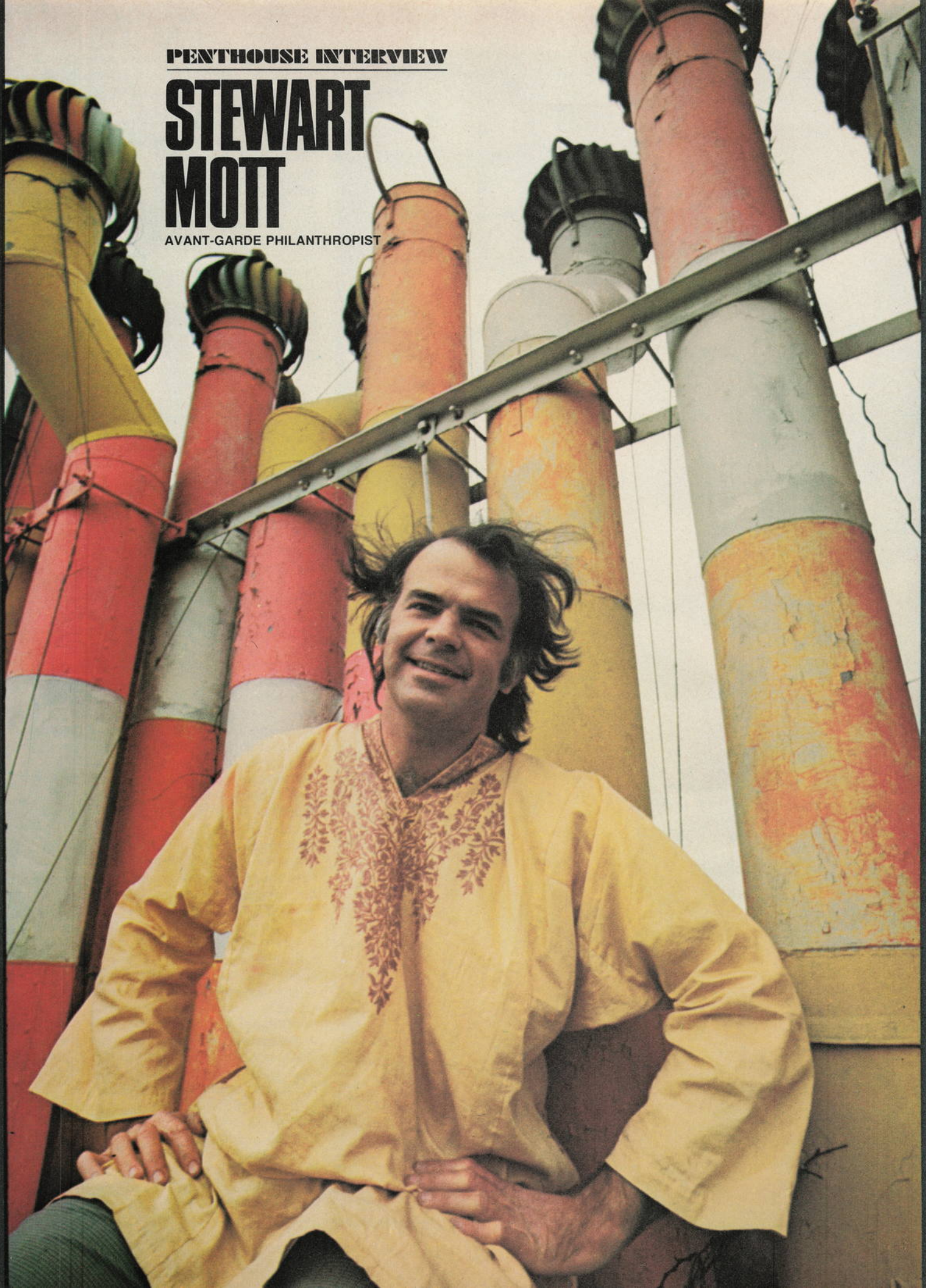
Penthouse: Let's have another round, but for God's sake, keep your voices down!

(Note: Mr. Madison didn't say anything.)

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

STEWART MOTT

AVANT-GARDE PHILANTHROPIST



The Gloria Steinems of this world are tied up weekends all through the year with their kinds of concerns and have very little time for simple social intercourse . . .

Stewart Rawlings Mott is thirty-five years old, unmarried, has an income of more than a million dollars a year and lives in a sixteenth-floor Park Avenue penthouse. He likes girls, good food and drink. He is over six feet tall and borders on being handsome. By all the laws of God and man he should be living it up like crazy. But he is not.

Instead, he works sixteen hours a day at the business of giving away his money and making *more* money to give away in the future. He is a self-described "avant-garde" philanthropist who has contributed more than two million dollars to various causes, chiefly birth control and disarmament. His gift of $400,000 was the single largest contribution made to the presidential campaign of George McGovern.

An expert at raising funds, Mott feels that, if he lost his fortune tomorrow, he would still be able to make at least $30,000 a year as a fund raiser. As a matter of fiscal discipline, he tries to hold his personal expenditures under that $30,000 mark.

He was born December 4, 1937, to the richest family in Flint, Michigan, a town sometimes referred to as "Mottsville." Flint has a Mott Avenue, Mott Heights, the Charles Stewart Mott Library and, most important, the Mott Foundation—which gives the city about $10,000,000 a year.

This is all the largess of the late Charles Stewart Mott, who once owned more General Motors stock than anyone else in the world and who died this year at the age of ninety-seven. He was three times mayor of Flint and once made an unsuccessful run at the governorship. Stewart was the fifth of his six children. Stewart's mother was Mott's fourth wife.

Young Stewart attended public schools in Flint and later went to Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts, where he took considerable punishment for his bookish ways and his contempt for organized athletics. During vacations he worked on a pecan and goose farm in New Mexico, as a machinist, and as a stock boy in one of the department stores controlled by his family.

Mott attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and then switched to Columbia University where he studied business administration and comparative literature and graduated *cum laude*. He also did graduate work in English. For a time he lived on a Chinese junk in the Hudson River, but he had to abandon it because it kept sinking.

At twenty-one he interrupted his schooling and made his way around the world on fifteen hundred dollars, an experience he still rates as among the most memorable of his life. By that time he had already taken command of a lump sum of $5,000,000 and was collecting a million a year from his trust funds.

When Mott returned to America he almost got married, thought better of it and decided to finish his studies. Upon graduation he became involved in family enterprises and when he quit he wrote a fifty-page criticism of the entire operation. Then he taught English at Eastern Michigan University for a year. He quit there, too, and publicly denounced the institution for giving instructors impossible workloads.

He offered to become a director of the Mott Foundation, promising to devote most of his time to the work if his ideas would be considered seriously, but he was turned down. He returned to New York and didn't speak to his father for a year.

Stewart soon created his own foundation—Spectemur Agendo, which is the family motto and which loosely translates as "Let Us Be Judged By Our Deeds."

He helped organize the First National Conference on Abortion Laws and he has been active in the National Association for the Repeal of Abortion Laws. He is also a former executive-board member of Planned Parenthood. He used to wear a contraceptive coil on his key chain and would distribute contraceptive foam at parties. He doesn't do that anymore.

Mott is a classical music lover and was a patron of the now defunct American Symphony Orchestra and New York's Pro Musica, a group devoted to antique music. Despite his distaste for rock, in 1970 he sponsored the Summer Festival for Peace—a twelve-hour rock show at New York's Shea Stadium that featured Janis Joplin and Richie Havens. It lost him $12,000. He also lost most of the $62,000 he put into *Ramparts* magazine.

In addition to the $400,000 contributed to the McGovern presidential campaign, he gave financial support in 1968 to the presidential efforts of Senator Eugene McCarthy. For a brief period in 1968, he backed New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller for the Presidency. He has also sponsored fund-raising parties for many people and organizations, including the Chicago Seven and union leader Cesar Chavez.

Although Mott is violently opposed to Richard Nixon, he still retains the President's old law firm of Mudge, Ross, Guthrie and Alexander. He sought them out when he first came to New York and he thinks this was possibly a subconscious gesture to appease his father and compensate for his rebellion. At any rate, he considers them good attorneys.

Because of his father's death, he was reluctant to discuss the frustrations of their relationship. Nor would he talk in detail about his mother. But the emotional carnage caused by his failure to reach them has occasionally burst into print.

In 1971, in one of the lengthy newsletters that he sends, at irregular intervals, to friends and associates, he wrote: "Parental problems still continue to plague me. Why should they at age thirty-three?" He went on to recount his attempt to organize a family reunion that would have included fifty-two people. He was midway through the arrangements when he received a veto from his father. Wrote Stewart: "He just couldn't bring himself to spend a whole week of his time in a once-ever family reunion. That decision certainly says something about his sense of priorities . . . often it has seemed to me that material wealth is the only kind of wealth that he has known how to give."

Mott is vain about his intelligence (I.Q. 135, Phi Beta Kappa) but his speech is often pedantic. He discusses love in almost clinical terms. He sometimes displays a distant attitude, but it alternates with genuine sensitivity and compassion. But he is intolerant of mistakes and impatient with fumblers. When the interviewer's tape recorder clogged, Mott became annoyed and muttered that one's tools should be kept in proper working order.

Mott's home is more an office. It is cluttered with furniture of various periods, boxes, file cabinets and large plants fighting for *lebensraum*. He has even been known to keep sacks of fertilizer in the living room.

He has no house servants but he does employ three part-time gardeners to maintain the 2,000-square-foot roof "farm" on which he grows 460 varieties of vegetables, flowers and other plants.

At his midtown Manhattan office, five people are employed in the management of Mott's various financial interests, which bring him an additional income of about a quarter million a year, well above the market average. Four other people work in his apartment, primarily on philanthropic and fund-raising projects.

Interview Editor Richard Ballad held three sessions with him, wedged in between Mott's frequent trips—one to Washington and another to Flint when his father died last February.

Lynn Goldsmith

Penthouse: You could be living an idyllic penthouse existence. Why do you lead a relatively Spartan life?

Mott: I've been plagued, in part, by the curse of a puritan conscience that says leading a life of luxury is a waste. This apartment cost $100,000. But by New York standards this is a cheap co-op. Most people with my income would spend a lot more. I live in comparative simplicity. I travel economy class. I don't want all the trappings of wealth.

Penthouse: In the course of a month, how many people ask you for money?

Mott: Oh, I guess several hundred. Virtually 100 percent of the mail requests are turned down. We try to be helpful. We try to point them in the right direction and extend courtesies. But I find the whole thing an exercise in futility. I really resented it when reporters characterized me as a kind of Michael Brody [the late oleomargarine heir who gave away money indiscriminately] or Santa Claus. That's not my style of philanthropy.

Penthouse: Your primary interests are birth control and disarmament. But you do contribute to other areas.

Mott: Yes. For example, in the area of investigative journalism I observed what happened in the Watergate story. I saw the need to find out about campaign financing. Having previously worked with Ernie Fitzgerald, I knew the problems he faced after he blew the whistle on the Pentagon in regard to the Lockheed C-5A scandal. I realized the need to encourage and protect government employees who would speak out. I also saw the need for developing more investigative journalists.

I found that the news media didn't have the time, nor the resources, nor the willingness of the editors to really get in and dig. It's a rare occurrence when a newspaper is as free as the *Washington Post* was with Bob Woodward, Carl Bernstein, and Barry Sussman. They will probably receive a Pulitzer Prize for their reporting of the Watergate story, and they deserve to win it. [*Editor's note: The* ***Washington Post*** *won the Pulitzer.*]

I'd like to form an Institute for Investigative Journalism that would have a multiple purpose. It would employ two or three experienced journalists, probably in Washington, to act as a kind of permanent faculty with people such as Nader, Anderson, Sy Hersh, Clark Mollenhoff (*Des Moines Register & Tribune*); Jerry Landauer (*Wall Street Journal*); and Carl Bernstein, Bob Woodward, and Barry Sussman as visiting scholars and seminar leaders.

We'd like members of the faculty to be free enough to be able to pursue their own long-term investigations and prepare magazine articles and books. We'd like to bring in maybe twelve or fifteen "interns" from various newspapers on a rotating basis for periods of, say, six months—that is if we can get the newspapers to cooperate.

Jack Anderson is also interested in publishing a serious magazine of investigative journalism that could come out bi-monthly or quarterly. I'm charged with the job of following up on these ideas. I have to test the willingness of other people to support them. We will then start looking into mechanisms for publication, possibly through the acquisition of an existing magazine or by starting a new one.

Penthouse: You're not simply a contributor. You're a solicitor, too.

Mott: When I come into a new project I knock on the doors of people who are similarly interested and bring them together so we can create something. That's how my philanthropy works. I try to support projects that are not fundable either through broad-based, popular support or by the major foundations because of the project's controversial nature.

Penthouse: Can you cite an example?

Mott: For example, last year I assisted the delegate-selection process to encourage more blacks and young people at political conventions. For another example, I'm financing, along with a couple of other people who are like myself, unusual philanthropists, the suit involving milk producers. A lawyer in Washington assembled the facts about the dairy producers' contributions to the Republican National Committee. It illustrates how the milk producers, in turn, got a $500,000,000 handout from the Federal government, in the form of a price rise on milk products. That suit, so far, is costing $45,000, of which I am putting up a third. That is an example of how you can direct a lot of public attention to an issue that is important and that reaches into every home on television and in every average newspaper, not just the left-wing newspapers.

Penthouse: What do you do for fun?

Mott: I spend about six to eight hours a week on a tennis court. Tennis and gardening are my only hobbies, so to speak. I ride a bike around New York, and I drive a VW, which I use only occasionally. I tend to lose patience with parking problems; I prefer to use taxis.

Penthouse: What about romance?

Mott: In the last four years there have been two women in my life who have figured importantly; consecutively, not simultaneously. We've been very close to each other and have lived together for a good part of that time. Right now I'm sort of in transition; out looking. I don't expect to get married; don't expect to have children. I enjoy very much the company of a woman and my attitude is that so long as it can be good and tranquil we'll be together. If that turns into a common-law marriage after seven years, or a lifetime, okay. But I haven't come across just that woman yet.

Penthouse: Do you go for any particular physical types?

Mott: I prefer a relatively slender woman on the taller side, let's say five-seven to five-nine. And I like long hair and a minimum of make-up. The natural look. But within that definition they range from the freckled Irish to the Mediterranean bronze skin.

Penthouse: What do you enjoy doing with women, outside of the obvious?

Mott: It's a real plus if a woman happens to play tennis well because, as well as an interest in gardening, that's one of my most enjoyable activities. But there's no part of my life that is, so to speak, off limits to the woman I'm with. In fact, I welcome that kind of shared participation in politics, in investment analysis, or in whatever activity I might be spending my time.

Penthouse: Could you name one particular woman who appeals to you?

Mott: Gloria Steinem is one of my idols. But the Gloria Steinems of this world are tied up weekends all through the year with their kinds of concerns and have very little time for simple social intercourse. They're probably as compulsive in their work habits as I. It's easy to come across nice, sweet girls who may be intelligent, who may be socially motivated, but who are not undertaking their own defined goals in life, and who are not creators. It's very hard to groove with a woman who is on her own and accomplishing things in her own world.

Penthouse: You once underwent psychoanalytic treatment. Why?

Mott: It was not what is ordinarily thought to be psychoanalysis, a complete long-term routine that lasts for two or three years. I had analysis for five days a week, an hour a day, for about five months with a top-notch guy in Boston. That was partly an outgrowth of having had an unhappy love affair and a bad relationship with my parents and, as a consequence of that, continuous headaches, which were undoubtedly psychosomatic. I decided I was really interested in psychoanalysis and wanted the experience of it. Physical need and intellectual curiosity led me to do it. It was terminated by my departure for a trip around the world. But I kind of wish that I had gone into it longer and more deeply, and with a top-notch person here in New York, because I recognize that I have a good many psychological hang-ups that might have been worked out if I had had a full psychoanalytic experience.

Penthouse: What hang-ups?

Mott: Sometimes I wish that I weren't so compulsive about my work. I'm at the point now where I could stop all the inflow of outside mail and telephone calls and spend the next six weeks or two months just working with what's on my desk. The kinds of things I'm into are, to me, very fascinating and very worthwhile and I want to be really well informed about all the parameters of any issue I'm focusing on. So I wind up with too much work. It's not a normal job for any one person. If my office and way of life were a foundation there might be three or four staff people dividing up the workload that I'm carrying myself. I do it because I enjoy doing it. I don't find it easy to delegate.

Penthouse: What's the happiest moment you can remember?

Mott: I was twenty. I'd bought a car in Paris and had driven it as far as Teheran and sold it. I had resolved to continue on a trip around the world. I got up early one morning and packed my bags, a scruffy little rucksack and a satchel. I was ill-equipped for any serious traveling. I had a pair of sandals, fifty dollars in my pocket, and about as many words of Persian. I took a taxi to the edge of town for ten cents and looked for a highway—a track leading off to the east. I had a map of Iran that went about halfway across the country. I knew the town I was headed for in eastern Iran was called Mashad. And I'd heard about this almost mythical country named Afghanistan, that lay further to the east. The dawn was just coming up, the sun was warming the chill off the desert, there were mountains in the background, and I sat there by the edge of the road for about an hour with no traffic except for American Army people coming in from somewhere; it was one of my most thrilling experiences.

Penthouse: Are you concerned about drugs?

Mott: I don't perceive drug abuse as a major epidemic, as a good many people do. In terms of human deprivation and tragedy it's probably less of a problem, numerically, than poverty in America or unwanted childbirth. I think we clearly need to look into expansion of the use of methadone and of maintenance programs. Although I haven't studied it closely enough to comment very knowledgeably, I gather that we've got a lot of inhibitions and very ancient attitudes about solving the problem that could be changed by a sympathetic government.

Penthouse: Have *you* ever tried drugs?

Mott: Marijuana, that's all. I'd be interested in an LSD experience—under proper clinical supervision. Someday I might do that. That's about as far as I would go.

Penthouse: In 1968 you contributed money to New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who

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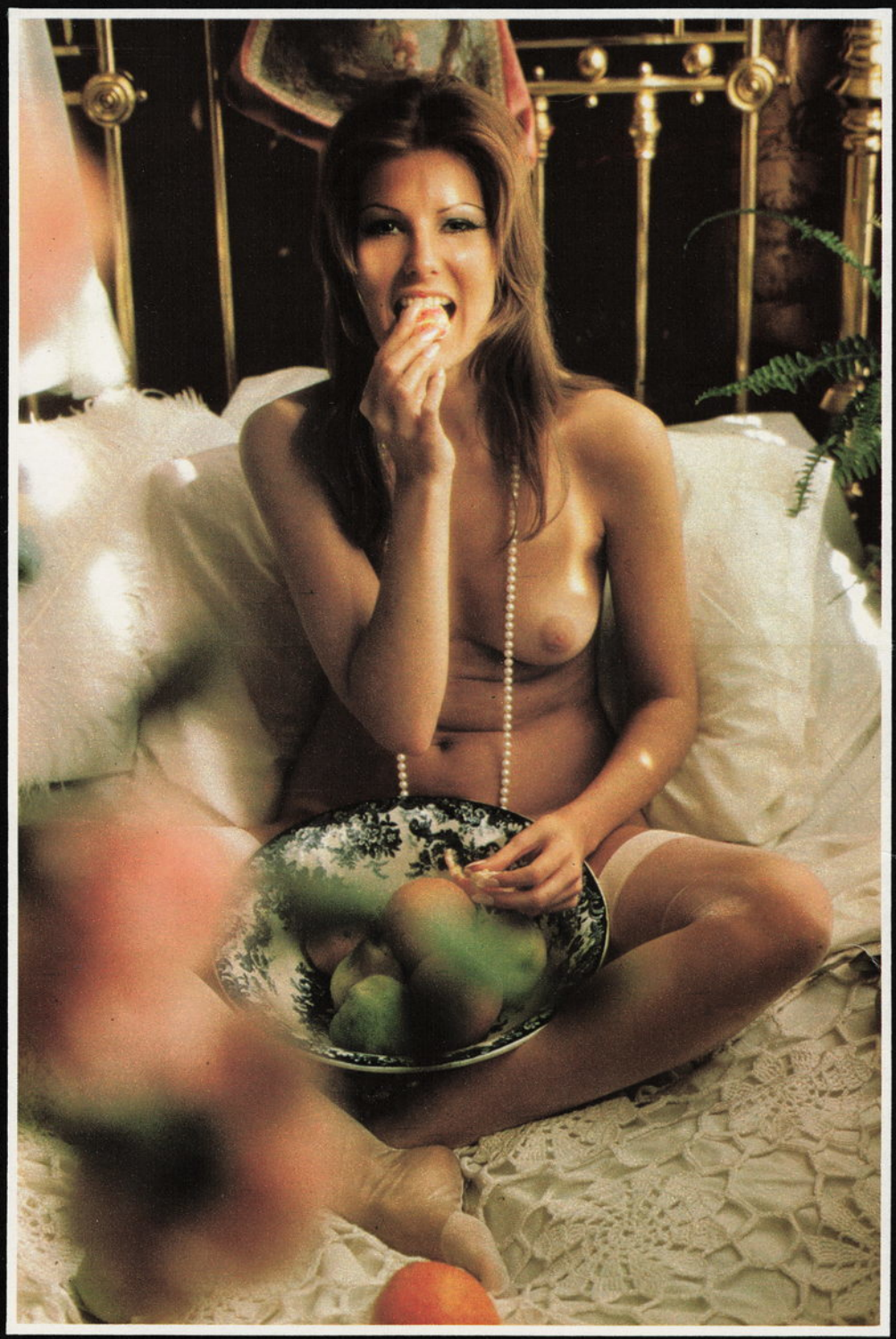


Lane

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"What would you do with all that valuable insight . . . would you exchange it for one carnal touch of that impeccable ass?"

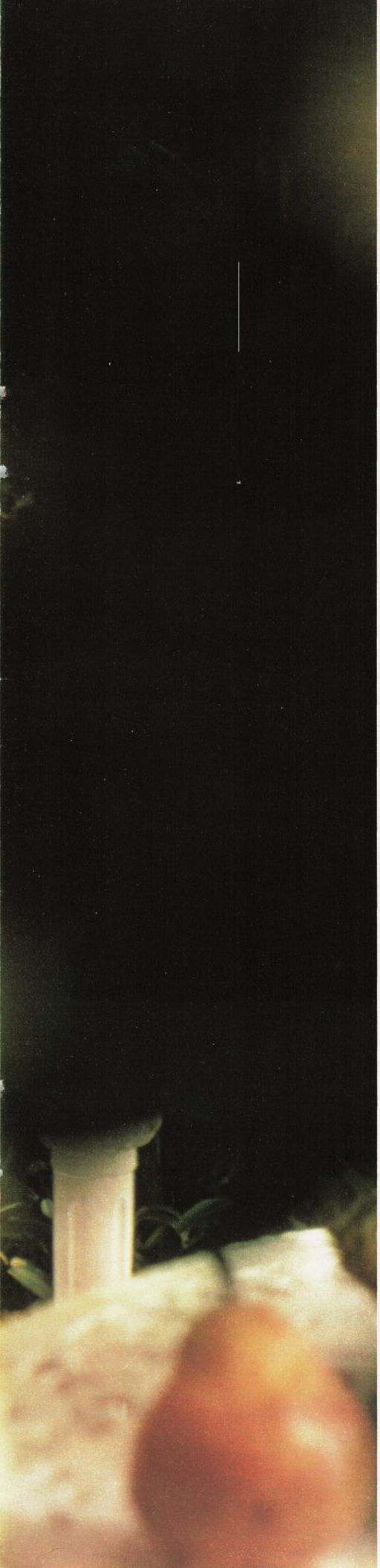
IT'S A LONELY LANE THAT HAS NO YEARNING

"My body is one thing and my mind is another. You can touch my body or photograph it or do anything you want with it, but my mind is something private and apart." Spiritually, Lane Jackson Coyle, born twenty-one years ago this month in Wilmington, Del., and currently residing in London, is an inhabitant of both worlds and a native of neither. Lane is a girl who moves as

the spirit within her moves; as the chemistry of her youth and the inexorable quest for beauty and truth direct her.

"I'm very touchy about my mind and my thoughts and all of the personal things that go with being an individual. The modeling was an alternate personality. I don't mind being photographed, but I hate to be probed. It's possible to be two people in one. The body is something material... the house in which you live. The house is expendable, but the *you* is not."

Lane's philosophy devolves from her embattled belief in the fundamental freedom of the human spirit. "I hate our times and I hate the present state of society. Everything is so petty, as if evolution had suddenly ceased. Look at the courts and the crotchety laws and nit-picking attempts at censorship.



You can't collectivize the human spirit. You can't discipline the mind through law, or institutionalize it. That's bullshit! The whole meaning of life is knowing your *own* place in the universe. It's a mental attitude... it's spiritual and esthetic rather than organizational. It's free flowing; everywhere and nowhere... everywhere because the universe is unlimited; nowhere because you can't put a signpost on it."

The duality of Lane Coyle's place in the real world is difficult to understand. She is a quiet and unobtrusive revolutionary. Her dissidence is controlled and seldom verbalized. If she appears shy, it's because Lane Coyle, or her inner reality, is not at home. And how real, after

all, is the soft machinery which propels that exquisite form, which manipulates those amorous arms and legs, taut thighs and well-muscled buttocks.

Lane's physical presence is quickly and acutely felt. Her sexuality is almost primal in its radiant effect. "Love of anything is the inspiration and the pleasure of life. Sex is so many different things, so indefinable as a single expression of human feeling. You can be turned on in a million little ways, but love is divine. I'm in love with someone right now, and we fuck all the time. It's really great, and I simply do not feel like fucking anyone else." In purely finite terms, our perceptive Pet is 5′7″ in her bare feet, weighs

118 lbs. and computes out at 35½-24-36. She moves with the supple musculature of a cat and, caught at the right time, her body is alive, warm, wet and unashamedly responsive. In those moments she is very much at home. The spirit behind the eyes is vividly present. "You can do anything you want with my body ...you can touch it or photograph it, or...." Lane refuses, however, to answer any direct questions about herself. "I'm whatever you want me to be... that's your business. Ask me something out there. Don't get inside my head. What kind of men do I like? Okay... strong, romantic, aggressive men. What are my hobbies?...the

love of painting, music... the arts. What kind of people do I dig? ... Andy Warhol and Ultra Violet. I love the Warhol scene and I wish I could be with him. Ultra Violet is great... a great actress. *Lonesome Cowboys* was one of my favorite films. Andy Warhol...." When she begins to talk, you leave her alone. Somewhere along the line she realizes you're *really* listening and she stops. She doesn't trust you and perhaps she's right. What would you do with all that valuable insight? Would you exchange it for one carnal touch of that impeccable ass? And if she lets you, would you really take it without all that metaphysical clockwork that makes it tick?

MISS LANE COYLE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

> The terror bombing of North Vietnam was just about the most outrageous thing to happen in my lifetime

was then making noises about running for the Presidency. What possessed you to contribute money to such an enormously wealthy man of Governor Rockefeller's persuasions?

Mott: Well that was in 1968. At the time I contributed to him it appeared that there were only two choices for the presidency: Johnson and Nixon. I put my support behind Rockefeller in early March of '68, at the point where Romney had withdrawn from New Hampshire and it didn't appear that Gene McCarthy would get anywhere. Bobby Kennedy had declared himself a non-candidate and George McGovern hadn't been heard from. Nobody knew that Humphrey would be the Democratic nominee. My support for Rockefeller was conditional upon an early announcement, which he didn't make, and upon his clarification of [his position on] Vietnam, which he also never made. I quit the Rockefeller activity about the middle of May, in disappointment, and I swung into full-time work for Gene McCarthy.

Penthouse: In preparing for this interview I talked with a colleague who commented that the money you spend for good government is overpowered by the money poured in by special interests. He said, "They can buy them off faster than we can elect them." Do you ever feel that way?

Mott: Well, one recently elected senator sat here in this room telling me how appalled he was by the offers he received from one or two special-interest groups to pick up his campaign debt after his election. He just didn't want to be beholden to those particular groups. That is a typical *buying up* of a candidate. The smart money waits until the candidate is in office. Also, the smart money helps to pay some of the costs of maintaining the office.

Penthouse: What do you feel about Nixon?

Mott: Well, I am so appalled by most of the major things he has done and stands for. In the recent election I felt so closely allied to the values that George McGovern stood for, that I saw the difference in terms of night and day. The terror bombing of North Vietnam was just about the most outrageous thing to happen in my lifetime. I find that there is absolutely no justification for Nixon's pursuit of the war for the past four years.

Penthouse: Arms control is one of your major interests. What is your criticism of the government in this area?

Mott: What I've been doing is trying to get the public to rethink the need for all the armament the Pentagon says we need. I doubt that we need to be prepared to fight a major war in Asia, another major war in Europe, or handle a minor outbreak somewhere else—South America, for example. That is what the Pentagon wants. I doubt the need for a three-to-two arms ratio over the Soviet Union.

Penthouse: Let's talk about the source of your wealth—General Motors. When "Campaign G.M." was waging war against the company on various issues you didn't join in on the environment attack. Why not?

Mott: Well, as I recall, I was in favor of the proposals to add blacks and women to the board and to executive positions in the corporation. I spoke out against General Motors' involvement in defense production for Vietnam, which I don't believe was mentioned by the dissidents. I chided the board for being namby-pamby on population control—which Campaign G.M. did not. Those are my recollections. Of course, Campaign G.M. was very strongly oriented toward pollution control. That just was not one of the things I wanted to focus on.

Penthouse: You are not *interested* in it? You don't think it's an important issue for the largest auto company in the world?

Mott: I am *concerned* about it, as most people are, but I haven't taken the time to develop expertise and to study the problem and to be well briefed on it. Let's not overemphasize this. I didn't decide to go out to Detroit for that meeting until the day before it started. I hadn't dwelled on the problem of management at G.M. at any length. At best, I put in a few days on the subject. That was the end of it.

Penthouse: Is there no way you could divest yourself of the G.M. stock?

Mott: No, the trustees who manage the portfolio have the prerogative to sell the G.M. and invest in something else. Of course, the trust would have to pay capital gains on whatever appreciation would be realized. And they could be open to some criticism for subjecting the assets to that kind of taxation. On the other hand, I don't see G.M. being an important growth stock in the next thirty years. It would be better if they cut the assets by 25 percent, by realizing the profits and paying the tax, and then getting into some investments that would grow faster than G.M. But I don't vote the stock. The trustees vote it. The trustees are my brother Harding and—I've forgotten now—two other people in his office. But until my father died it was of no consequence who the trustees were. My father maintained firm control.

Penthouse: You have said that Detroit is sadly out of touch with the real transportation needs of America. What should Detroit be doing?

Mott: I've seen very little evidence of Detroit using its research talent and urban studies to focus on how to build transit systems that go one step beyond what the automobile provides. For example, an integrated, self-propelled vehicle and central collecting points for mass transit. They're already in the locomotive business in the electromotive division; it's not as if dealing with rail transportation is far afield for G.M. They make diesel and electric motors; yet I'm not aware of any G.M. bidding on mass transit contracts for new cities or for new installations like the Washington, D.C. transit system or BART in the San Francisco area. I think they're missing a good bet, just in economic terms. I wish that one of the American automobile manufacturers had a plain car that was designed for compactness and safety and the proper bumper systems, and for short-distance use in an urban environment.

Penthouse: Until his death, earlier this year, your father drove a Corvair. Was this a conscious effort to say, "By God, it is a good car and all this Nader nonsense is wrong?"

Mott: Partly that. He liked simplicity in his cars. He didn't drive a Cadillac, although he did own one back in the thirties. But in recent years he was happy with a Chevrolet, and the Corvair is the simplest, smallest Chevrolet. In a way it approached what I was talking about: a simple, urban, short-distance travel car.

Penthouse: Do you think that you are like your father in any way?

Mott: Sure. I came across some of his belongings when we were cleaning house in Flint. I found a handout card he used when he was running for governor in 1920. He'd served Flint as mayor for three terms in 1912, 1913 and 1918 and he had printed, on this tiny little card, how he had given up his job in industry for $25,000 a year, which must have been a colossal sum at that time, to take a position as mayor of Flint for $300 a year.

Penthouse: What was your father worth when he was at his peak?

Mott: That depends on how you compute it. If you add up what the Mott Foundation was worth and what was in my mother's name, his children's names, his grandchildren's names and so on, then the total figure would be about $800 million. If you consider what he was worth upon his death—his own personal fortune—I guess from about $50 million to $100 million, somewhere in that range.

Penthouse: You have invested in oil drilling, mining, real estate. Do you consider ecological factors when making investments?

Mott: I'm going to sound suspicious and corny but "what's good for the companies I invest in is usually good for the communities in which they live"—to coin a phrase. My younger sister was giving me a hard time as to how we were developing and planning six hundred acres I owned on Long Island and another twenty-five hundred acres in Virginia. I pointed out that in both instances the development plan that most aptly used the contours of the land, the lake in Virginia, and the shoreline on Long Island, was cluster housing. In one case, we're thinking of a retirement community where it would make sense to have communal-type facilities and common maintenance of gardens and a large open area. That is very much in consonance with proper land use and is now a selling factor. Also, we have set aside 100 acres as a natural wildlife preserve. I don't see that my investments are terribly out of tune with what is ecologically wise.

Penthouse: Why have you created a country atmosphere in New York City? Why don't you just simply move your home and offices to an estate in the country?

Mott: I dislike having to function in several places at the same time. I started in New York with an office in midtown and my home here, but I tend more and more to be working at home. I've got a tie line to the office where my financial staff works. I've got a country environment here—there's just no need to go to the country to enjoy some greenery and have vegetable crops.

I'm planning a new apartment and creating my own penthouse design on top of a building that's going up. It will be very heliotropic. Everything will be arranged with an orientation to the sun and mostly all glassed in. It will be a greenhouse in the sky for home use. That reminds me of an amusing incident. When *Penthouse* magazine first came out, I thought it really had something to do with penthouses, architecturally. I remember writing a letter to the address listed at the time, saying "Just great—I'm delighted that you exist; are you going to be writing about penthouse gardens? I was feeling proud of this place and in the note I said, "If you want to do a story on the most complete vegetable farm and penthouse in New York City, I am willing to cooperate."

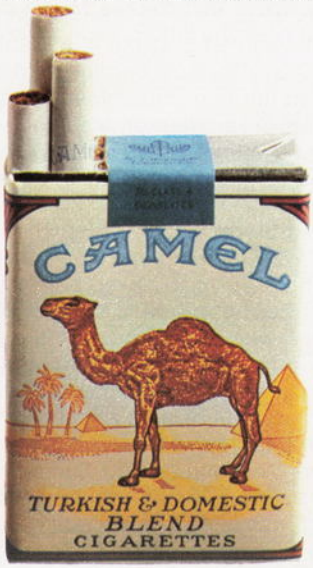
Penthouse: Did we ever reply?

Mott: No. I wish you'd look into that.

Penthouse: We certainly shall. Thank you very much, Stewart Mott.

Today, a man needs a good reason to walk a mile.

Start walking.



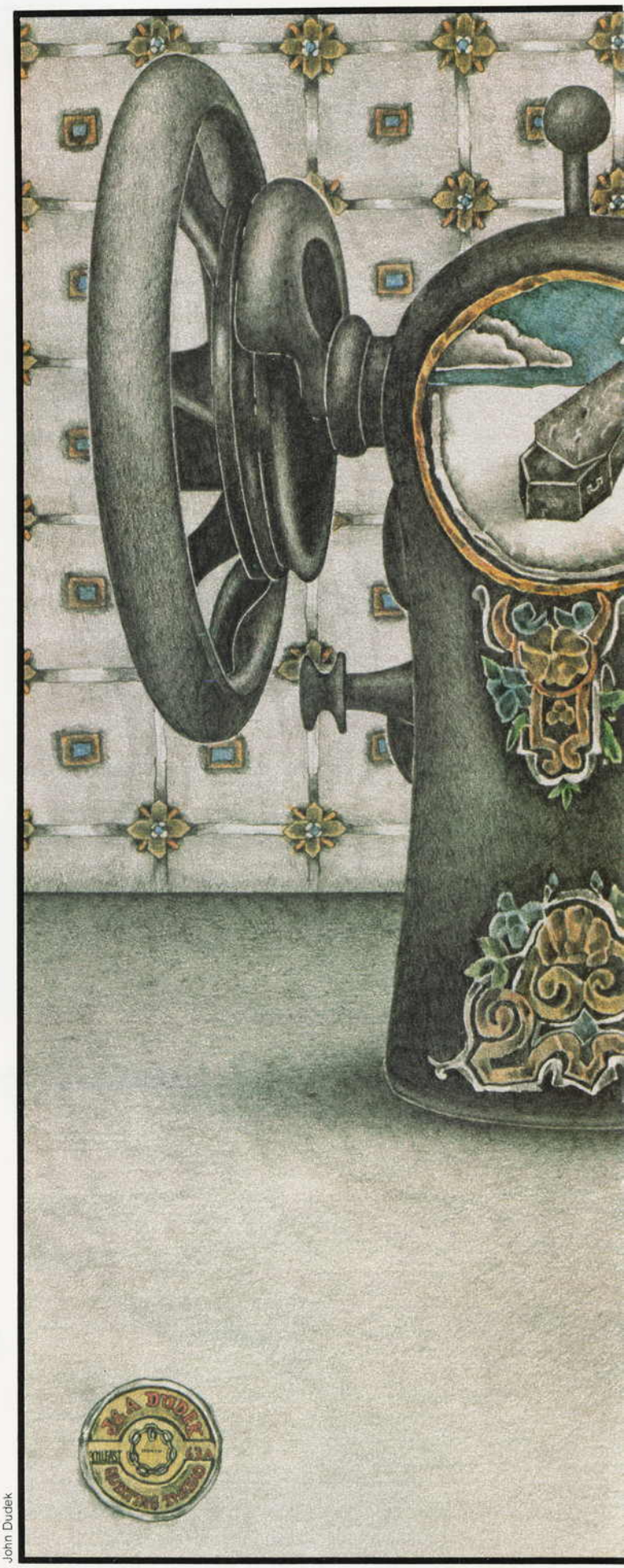
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

25 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

Swiftie the Magician

Swiftie was one of the Beautiful People, part of the Camelot Karma. She was some kind of champion, but the fate of champions is to be deposed . . .

By Herbert Gold



John Dudek

My newest lady, Kathy, wanted me to meet her best friend, Swiftie Dixon, so I went along. "Oh, come *on*," I said when the evening was done.

"No, I mean it," Kathy said. "Nobody understands her."

I looked at Kathy and thought: a child, an innocent, a sad little beauty who thinks a Swiftie is a human being; and so partly out of pity, I fell in love with Kathy's perfect soul. I said: "Perhaps I should cure you or perhaps I should wait."

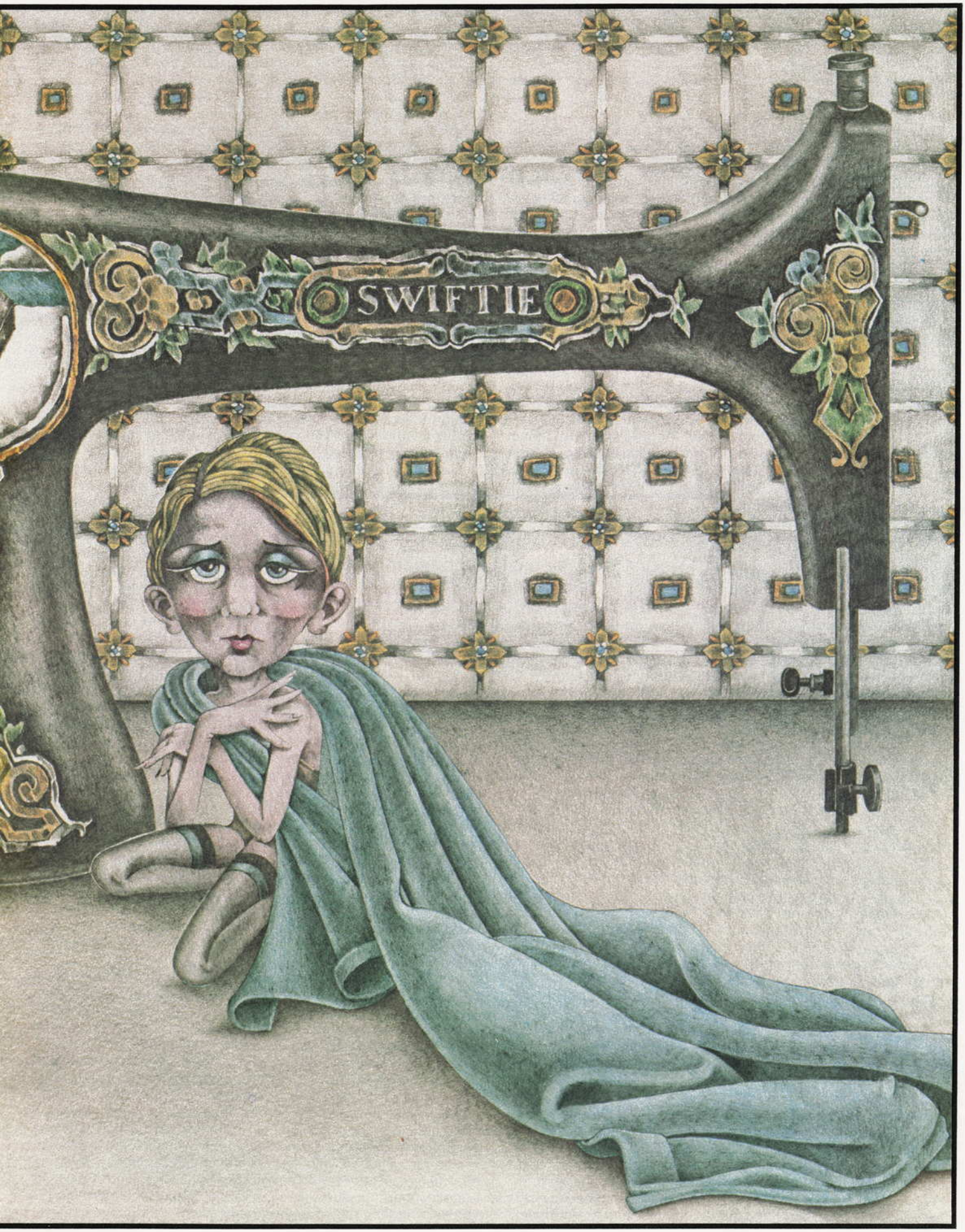
"Honest, you're hard on people," she said.

"Let's go back to your place and discuss." I had a Manhattan anxiety cold coming on. I felt my own breath hot, spice-ridden, a bit feverish. But I very much desired this innocent creature who thought Swiftie her friend.

Swiftie had the idea she could be this great pop singer, a night club magician, or at least, and in her spare time if necessary, a fantastic international courtesan. Her voice was harsh, tuneless and grating, though loud (unnecessary volume, due to modern electronic amplification); her paws and claws scraped over each other, and she could barely hold the cards at bridge, much less make rabbits appear and vanish; in the sack, according to those who knew, she emitted a constant static of approval, telling her partner about his great good luck. She cried real cologne, she bled real borscht, she wanted to make it in Manhattan and the world.

Nevertheless, burning wild eyes, a desperate hot skinny body, a perturbing determination—she was some kind of woman. Her little dress shop on Madison, Jolie Personne, brought in the rent, but even better, her designs came to the attention of Mrs. Camelot, the reigning President's stylish wife. Swiftie Fits Jackie. Swiftie the Queen of Casual Frocks. Once again *Women's Wear Daily* was first to do a major piece.

Well, her medium turned out to be not song or magic, but clothes, which are also linked to sex, and it gave Swiftie plenty of time for her hobby, which was "getting involved." The quality of men who were delighted to share predatory bedtimes with a favored and Now dress designer was exceptional, although not high. A confused and ambiguous duke, a pipe-clutching speechwriter who had published a novel and written an unproduced screenplay, an impotent recent congressman now laboring as a lobbyist for the Mayonnaise and Salad Dressing Institute. Swiftie soared in the very early Sixties. She was part of the Camelot Karma. Her loft was filled with twittering Cinderellas, treadling their machines to fill Swiftie's commissions. She had a way of insisting on wrinkles across the belly, up the rump, and de-emphasizing the breasts,


SWIFTIE

and when the Twist came in, and everybody went to dance with Chubby Checker at the Peppermint Lounge, the girls who would later be linked with Mike Nichols were usually wearing Swiftie's things. She even made money at it.

She was one of the first of the Beautiful People to go off diet pills and onto injected speed. "Gimme my vitamins," she said to her doctor, "I love the rush."

"And now," he breathed, pulling the needle close, breathing into her face, "and now"—timing it exactly—"you feel . . . *better?*"

"Oh, my," she said, sounding all at once like a little girl.

At that very moment, I was telling Kathy I didn't understand her choice of friends, and she put her troubled, pretty, pale head down and said I just didn't understand, and my heart was pounding as I said, No, but I respected her stubbornness, and I was glad about her loyalty; and anyway, since Kathy and I were floating, too, I had no right to be so bossy. It was as if we were staying together forever, and who had mentioned forever?

Whatever her claims on the attention of men, Swiftie knew she really couldn't make it in that world she imagined of tenderness, lust, desperate clinging for a very long time, "the lovers, their arms 'round the griefs of the ages." No man needed her for anything but special pleasures and a thousand laughs. She kept a lot of leather goods hanging on her walls. She was the last stop before female impersonation. If a fellow didn't want to be caught by his friends with a transvestite, he could get almost the same kick with Swiftie, her straps, her shackles, her methamphetamine sulphate giggles. Not that she didn't really desire sweetness and silence with a man. Perhaps every girl does. But she knew she couldn't find these things. Raucous, angry, squealing and cutting, a living scissors, she was made to slice no matter what she would have preferred.

So the next best thing was to get close to the delicate birds of Madison Avenue and the Village—the unformed soft chicklets whom men really desired to form, to bury their boyish heads in. That was how the frocking and dressing came along. She knew how to drape simple things on simple things. If you think of Merimakko, you get the style—but American, and a little more openly sexual. These were not milkmaids smelling faintly of cream. These were girls from Bryn Mawr and Hollins College. Kathy. She could hear their troubles, and later meet their fellows.

> She was the last stop before female impersonation. If a fellow didn't want to be caught with a transvestite, he could get the same kick from Swiftie . . .

It was that time in the early Sixties when the hush of the Eisenhower years was just giving way to the Pill. Fucking was respectable, but it still had a certain doubt and expectancy about it. Swiftie was in on the beginnings. "Wanna meet Tally Brown? Tiger Morse? Barbara Howar? Wanna meet something interesting? Or you just like my pretty little things come into the shop, hah?"

My girlfriend was one of those innocent scholars—wellborn, pretty and quite lost in Manhattan. Swiftie took her up in a speed rush. She loved to hear about her loves, which now meant me, so suddenly I was dragged to bridge games in a room lined with mirrors. Swiftie spent more money than she had. She tried to make herself and everyone comfortable. I saw clearly enough that she needed the slaughter of the innocents because she was living on human blood, but it didn't seem to be costing me anything. I went along because the evenings were to kill anyway. Before I met Kathy, I went anywhere, just looking; and now we did it together, going even to Swiftie's, out of momentum and because Kathy was a loyal lost bird.

Under the bridge table I searched for Kathy's cool hand, and when I gripped it, she squeezed back and moved her knee next to mine. *"Later,"* her lips moved silently, *"I rilly want. . . ."*

Her eyes were cool and her lips were slightly parted, and I could see the white buds of teeth, the family orthodontist's perfect harvest. How could I not treasure her? Love and beauty were mysteries (still are), and the skillful, discreet orgasm of a well-behaved beautiful girl was a mystery I had never anticipated, it was something very strange. It was strange without tricks. There was no fakery. She cared about me, even if she needed Swiftie to frame our life, and I thought: be patient, don't hurry, we have the whole half-century ahead of us.

But later; what did Kathy want? Should I have told her what to want, I wondered, so she wouldn't need Swiftie to tell her how to pass the time? I felt like an immigrant in the society of grown-ups. They seemed to know something, but what did they know? Beauty and style seem a sort of understanding, to be verb and noun, for those who adore beauty and style; and maybe they are only adjectives and modifiers. I was less than an immigrant in this world. So far I was a mere visitor with a work permit.

Once, late in the evening, when Swiftie flung a series of rapid little omelets in a pan for her guests, and they came out with mushrooms or preserves, sweet and sour, little fluffs of eggs and surprise, I caught a glimpse of her charm for Kathy, Jackie, Diana, Andrea—she managed, she made them smile, she fed. She wanted to please. She wanted it to be magic hour in Manhattan, just as it used to be, and some mockery of pride made her completely the friend they needed for those lonely at the top of the heap, filled with pride, with centers that do not hold. A hostess of spendthrift exuberance, threatening women with nothing, she was ready to put her stamp on a time. Since she was ugly, she knew enough to work toward *jolie-laide*. Since she was intelligent, her narrow imagination drove her toward extreme fantasy. Since the decade of pop needed tyrannical clowns, she would put her claws, her screech, her burning eyes to work in a face contorted with expression that said nothing.

Despite my dread of all this, I was deeply interested, as later I would keep my eyes fixed on Mick Jagger twitching to be Jumping Jack Flash while others were watching only the Hell's Angel stabbing, stabbing, stabbing. It was the decade which unleashed sex and fun in me and many solemn young men, and how could I do other than pay attention to those who helped by breaking all the rules?

Not that Swiftie was sexy or funny for me. She was only sexy and funny for others, such as Kathy, Jackie, Diana, Andrea and her husband.

Swiftie had a husband sometimes. Often he was recovering from his suicide. As we played bridge—something I've never done before or since, though I was distressingly adept at it—I counted the people at the tables with scars on wrist or neck. They were like East Side badges of sensitivity. Fixed smiles on the faces, those American going-out-and-having-fun scars. Many had invisibly taxed kidneys—barbiturate ducts. The mouths said thin and drawn and no fun, but the wrists said suffering and grief. One couple kept a stomach pump for Estelle B.; they were tired of hustling her off to the hospital; and when that couple, the Grodins, separated, the question Sam was asked was: who gets custody of the stomach pump?

Sam Dixon was reputed to have been clever and capable. What was left in the purplish mirrors of "Swiftie's Bridge Room" was a wan facetiousness. He did make me laugh; I'd pass the time between hands with kidding and buffoonery. He made others laugh. That was all he was needed for; his money mostly gone. I looked at him and thought: strength, beard, tough hair like black needles on his knuckles, and a character wiped out by events (his mother? the times?), and I shuddered. (His wife? Trumped; but it's not so easy.) When he disappeared, I thought maybe his last attempt was successful, but it turned out he had only run off with one of the girls who sewed for Swiftie. A skinny Italian wife, aged nineteen, with the rice still in her hair from a wedding on Thompson Street. And magic hands, Swiftie said. Sam and Angela were on a dude ranch in Idaho, both of them getting divorces, and then they bought a ghost town—one gas station—in

Butte County, California, and settled down to dry out in the sun. Not dead yet. With a bit of Jergens Lotion they could be happy. Even if their skin grew leathery, they had each other. Still alive.

Swiftie was taking magic lessons.

Swiftie was taking singing lessons.

One day I happened to see a bill from Swiftie on my lady's desk—$110 for a flimsy green cotton dress. I liked the dress, but noisy righteousness was set off like a clock radio. I made a scene. The starving children of Haiti, the suffering Indians, the poor of our own city. This silly woman, this silly life.

"All she does is take from you!" I said.

"I like her," Kathy stubbornly insisted, her pretty and shapely little head bent. That golden hair gleamed. She was lovely.

"You're wasting your life with creeps!" I said.

"I'm spending most of my time with you."

"Okay, that's smart. Let's part with you having the last word."

"All right, good-bye, Fred," she said.

And oddly enough, over this silly matter, I split up with the shadowy sweet person with whom I had huddled after parties and to whom I had said *I love you* twice—during a snowstorm, during an electricity blackout. When the world was suddenly all there, in emergency, she seemed to be there, too. I needed her there, then. She was pretty and nice and passive. I loved her prettiness, I was healed by her niceness, I thought we would come to know each other through friendliness plus silent, cloacal sex. There was triumph in that. She would do anything. We didn't know each other. She didn't know herself except as a shy and distant other, and that was how I knew her, too—a shy and distant sweet other who, during a snowstorm, during an electricity blackout, suddenly burst with sweat on her fine sheets. It made her cry. There was triumph, and then loneliness, and then it was as if she had never been—no toast and marmalade, no rapid shy undressing in front of the closet mirror, no abrupt cleaving with claws leaving light pink traces, no Kathy.

I went home and puzzled for two days. On the third day I found someone else, who asked, "Have you lost weight lately?"

"I always buy my clothes a little big," I answered. "Come look in my closet and see."

"Haha," she said.

"You ever hear of a girl named Swiftie Dixon?"

"No, no," she said, "can't say that I have. Did I read an article about her?"

"That's good enough," I said, "though I'd rather you didn't even remember the article."

"Was it in the *New York Post* weekend? *Mademoiselle* or *Glamour*?"

"Quit while you're ahead. Come look in my closet, like we were planning."

"I know I've heard of her someplace," she said, suffering the Manhattan itch to be in the know, but we went home anyway. Something made me decide she was the one to put a space between Kathy and whatever came next. I remember a stain on her front teeth. Good girl. She was trying to give up smoking. She read the *New Statesman,* too. She tried to drink tea instead of coffee, because coffee made her want to smoke. I would feel no peculiar fatherly pity if I made her come. If I didn't call tomorrow, she could take up smoking. But probably I'd call. That was a touching stain on her tooth.

That's the only name I can give to her now—Girl With Stain On Tooth Who Sees Loss of Weight Over Kathy. Isn't much of a name, I suppose, if you're not an Indian.

The girl with the Indian name was from the Village. She didn't get above 14th Street very often. I hoped to find true love away from the East Side now. She tottered down Eighth Street under the burden of an old sheepskin coat, during an age before animal skins were considered to be heartless exploitation. It was her mother's coat.

I sought the truth I needed. I avoided Swiftie, and only read about her in *Cosmopolitan,* the weekend edition of the *Post,* the *Village Voice,* and Igor Cassini. She was seen someplace with Togo Svengali, the 18-year-old son of J. Lincoln (Linc) Gresham. They were making a film with Mr. Andrew Warhol, official portraitist for Marilyn Monroe. Togo has changed his name to indicate he is self-created, not a mere son of man. Swiftie designed Togo's costume for the movie, and also a set of weekday and Sunday clothing, including a vinyl cape for church (J. Lincoln Gresham is a vestryman at Park Avenue Episcopal) . . . Pierre Salinger and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. also present.

Before she had a chance to fade from wistful girlishness into Manhattan spinsterhood, the lady Kathy died. Pretty little slim things who look as if they have just left Smith or Bryn Mawr don't usually suffer sudden thrombosis, nor should her body have been worn out, although she was getting early fine lines around the eyes and mouth. I didn't need to have my curiosity satisfied. She behaved so well in that smooth, expensive Manhattan that no man had found it necessary to say I love you, I love you, again and again, until she could believe, until they could both enter belief, and instead she made a skillful, discreet exit. At least she hadn't bored her friends with telephone threats and long-run games with stomach pumps. For once resolute, Kathy.

Her mother arranged a memorial service for her. Helpless, like all mourners, I sought to help myself by going. An old Episcopal priest with white hair tufting from nose and ears, inaccurate shaving, r's dropped into w's in the Kennedy–St. Mark's–Boston–babytalk fashion, talked about the beautiful young life that had been snuffed out, despite God's infinite mew-see, and the chapel was filled with beautiful young lives, beginning to hair over, beginning to divorce out, fidgeting, weeping, dropping r's into w's despite the mercy of God. More were weeping than weep at a sad movie. Bruce, Fred, George, Jules—how many of them had bedded with her?—and girls with whom she gossiped and older ladies with whom she took tea and the friends of her family who had tried to find her something better than Bruce, Fred, George, Jules, and usually only found soft, curvy art historians or three-piece-suit-wearing MBA's, the solidest men among them either married Frenchmen or Italian noblemen with proof of their rank sewed into their cashmere jackets. Or Bruce, Fred, George and Jules, who found her all by ourselves, and to our great astonishment, to our amazement even, to our deep disappointment—a really educational experience—discovered that extraordinary, angelic beauty does not suffice.

> I remembered her cry of come
> when her back suddenly
> exploded into my wet hands . . . I thought,
> Frigid is best
> if you can finally break through . . .

She knew it all the time.

What a kind girl. The kindness of beauty and style. She arranged it so that every man chose to leave her. No jealousy, no rage, and everyone good friends.

Perhaps she knew all along that when the right time came she would kill herself.

I had trouble remembering her voice, her movements, anything but a few opinions. A pair of green slippers. A silver letter opener ("Is Tiffany a hotel?"). I remembered her cry of come when her back suddenly exploded into wet in my hands, and I had thought, Frigid is fine, Frigid is even best if you can finally break through; what gratitude, what a surprise; and my pride was foolish and extreme. But I hadn't seen her in nearly a year.

All those men who left her coolly, with regrets, as gently as they could, with a warm feeling of friendship, now felt unexpected tears surging behind their eyeballs, burning and hurting, stale tears stored in Manhattan. Their eyes suddenly exploded into wet. My first thought at the burning was: *I should be tested for*

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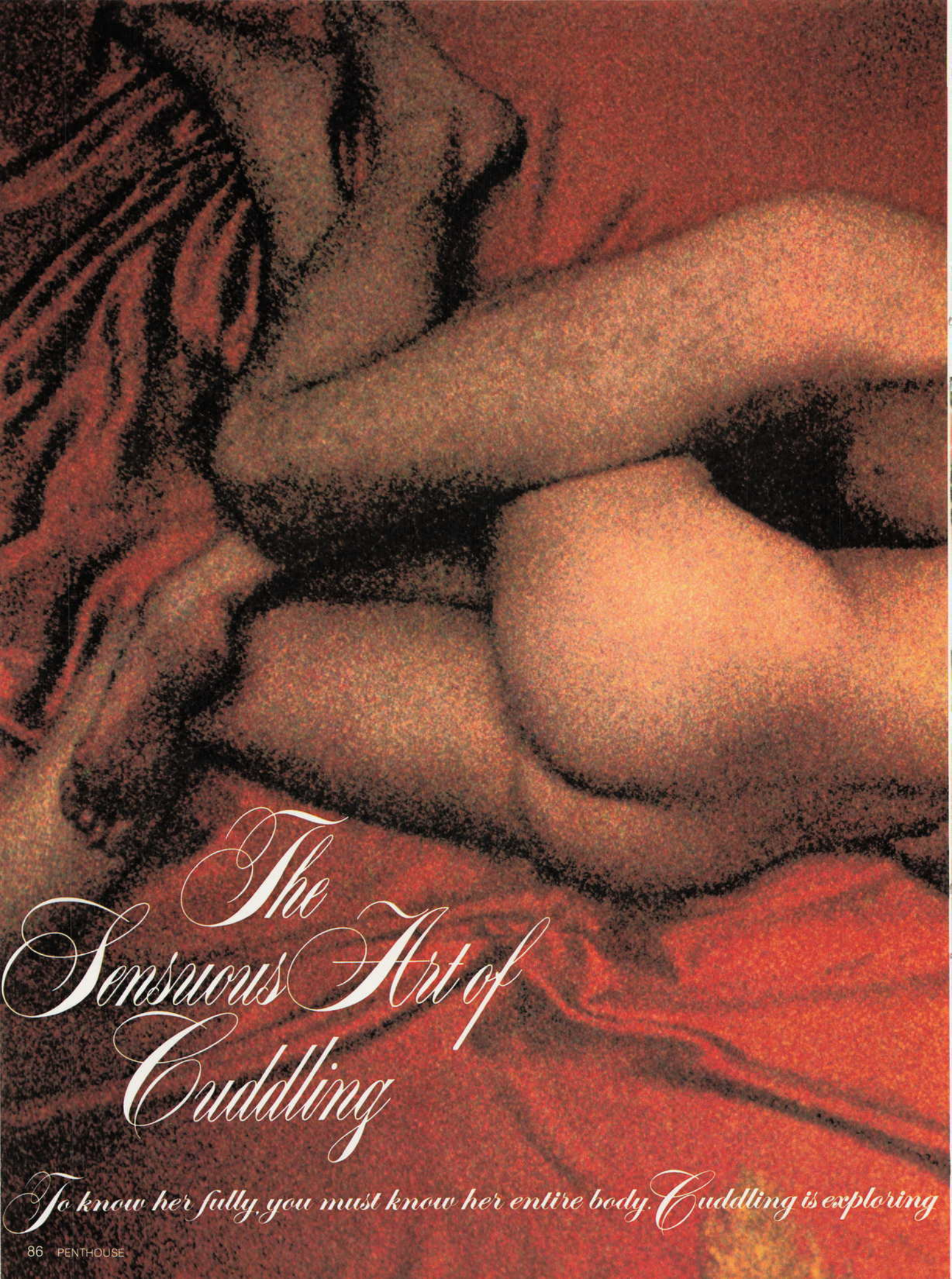

The Sensuous Art of Cuddling

To know her fully, you must know her entire body. Cuddling is exploring

through touching: before sex it will stimulate, after sex it is blissfully relaxing...

Position Two

Position Four

Photographs by Roy Volkman

Position Three

Text by Russ Rueger

In the course of a day, we are bombarded by fleeting bodily contacts with strangers and associates. It is no surprise that these random contacts can be highly stimulating. Society has developed a fairly permissive standard for looking, but touching is prohibited. Zoologist Desmond Morris made note of this in *The Naked Ape:* "Body-to-body contacts have . . . become such an important part of sexual behavior that these too have to be damped down during the ordinary daily routine. A ban has to be placed on physical contact with strangers in our busy, crowded communities."

The fact that random contacts still occur attests to our need to touch and be touched. But the main avenue of sustained contact is sex. And while sex does reduce the visual overstimulation built up during a busy day, I don't believe it does a complete job. Much of our sexual activity is directed toward reaching a climax—and such bodily contact is merely a means to that end.

But to know your lover fully, you must know his or her *entire* body. And though everyone is aware of the primary touching methods of sexual stimulation, there are other, more subtle, touches that do not lead directly to arousal. Exploring your lover's body through touching is called cuddling.

Morris has described man as a naked ape. Among all the primates, we alone lack a thick coat of fur. Our flesh is covered with countless numbers of tactile nerve endings, all excitable by the soft touch of another person's skin. Cuddling should not be reserved for infants, because these nerve endings do not become numb as the child grows to adulthood. Adult cuddling can bring relaxation, heightened sensitivity and profound sexual communication.

I have devised a technique for bodily intimacy and contact that I call the "sensuous art of cuddling." It is a series of comfortable, relaxed positions that a nude couple can practice in bed. Each position is a different way of holding your lover so that, when the cycle is completed, most of the body has been stroked and caressed.

From my own and my partners' experience, I can say that cuddling is exquisitely beautiful. Everyone I know who has practiced it regularly has developed a "cuddling drive." And, yes, cuddling fits in perfectly with sex. Before sex, it will stimulate—slowly. After sex, it provides a blissful relaxation that leads easily to peaceful sleep. Even without sex, cuddling can be an expression of total union with someone you love.

Cuddling is also effective in easing the uptightness in our daily life. When every inch of the body is pressed gently against the soothing flesh of one's lover, the tension melts away—almost as if it had been absorbed through the lover's skin. Unlike sex, which is governed by natural rhythms, there is no beginning or end in cuddling—engage in it until your body is loose, limp and relaxed.

The Positions

In all cuddling positions, the woman lies to the left of the man. In certain types of Yoga, the left is considered the female, or *moon,* side, while the right is the male, or *sun,* side. The two are said to be complementary to each other. The moon side because it is dark and absorbing—the sun side because it is light and radiant.

To describe the positions, I must assume the man's perspective, because I can be sure of only *his* reactions to cuddling, though I will indicate some specific reactions that I have received from women.

Position One (P. 86-87)

This is the most sexually stimulating position and is particularly useful in foreplay. Both partners lie side by side, facing each other. The man should place his left arm underneath his lover's neck. Rest the arm

Position Five

at the gap between the end of the pillow and the beginning of her shoulder—it will reduce cramping. In this position, your bodies will be touching: face, chest, thighs, genitals and feet—depending on the difference in your body length.

The woman will find it most comfortable to keep her right arm at her side. She can hug you with her left arm and you can hug her with your right. You will undoubtedly feel a mild sensation pass between your bodies, especially at the point where the genital areas touch. Because of this, Position One cannot be enthusiastically recommended for relaxation.

As you hold your lover close, you will experience an urge to rub against each other and to press various parts of your body together. Especially gratifying is to rub your nose against the warm flesh of the woman's facial cheeks and her neck and shoulders. You can hold her even more intimately by curling your right leg over her hips and left leg. She will find it soothing to snuggle against your chest, particularly if you happen to be big-chested. This face-to-face posture is also conducive to kissing and light nibbling.

An interesting variation on Position One is for the man to lie directly on his back while the woman faces him on her right side. His left arm will still be under her neck, but now it will be easier for her to rest her head on his chest. In this variation, the woman can be far more active than the man. While he relaxes on his back, she can curl her left thigh across his body and hold him close with her left arm. The entire front of his body will be available for her strokes and caresses.

Position Two

This position is essentially the reverse of the variation on Position One. Here the woman lies on her back while the man, resting on his left side, snuggles against her right side with his left arm under her neck. Because the partners are not face-to-face (or genital-to-genital), Position Two is less sexually stimulating, though more relaxing, than Position One.

In this attitude, the man will be able to explore all of his lover's upper body with his right hand. I find it delectable to extend my right arm until it rests snugly against the underside of the woman's breasts. You can also use your hand for gently stroking the velvety surface of her abdominal region. The abdomen is one of the most tender regions of the human anatomy.

An enchanting sensation can be had by extending your right leg until it lies upon your lover's stomach. This must be done gently, without too much weight and pressure, because it is a very delicate spot. But the reward is worth the care taken. The underside of your thigh is very sensitive; you will be turned on by the touch of your lover's yielding tummy. The right thigh can also be nudged against her hips and thighs. For a highly erotic sensation, rest it between her legs, where it will be engulfed by the soft insides of her own thighs.

Position Two also allows you to sniff your lover's hair, face, neck and shoulders. As in Position One, you may want to kiss or nibble lightly at these areas.

Position Three

The woman lies on her left side with her back toward her lover. He also lies on his left side, immediately behind her; his left arm supports her neck. This situation tends to be one of the most relaxing. Both partners experience quite different, yet equally delicious, sensations. The woman will delight in the security provided by the warmth of the man cuddled around her back. He will discover that the softness of her hair, buttocks and backs of her thighs can absorb the excess tension in his person.

Position Three is my favorite. The contours of the woman's back provide soothing resting places. If your lover possesses long silky hair, it will lie lightly across her neck, shoulders and down her back. It is enchanting to feel it on your face, chest and shoulders. I especially enjoy burying my nose in my lover's hair. After doing that for a while, I often lift her hair to expose the nape of her neck, shoulders and upper back. These

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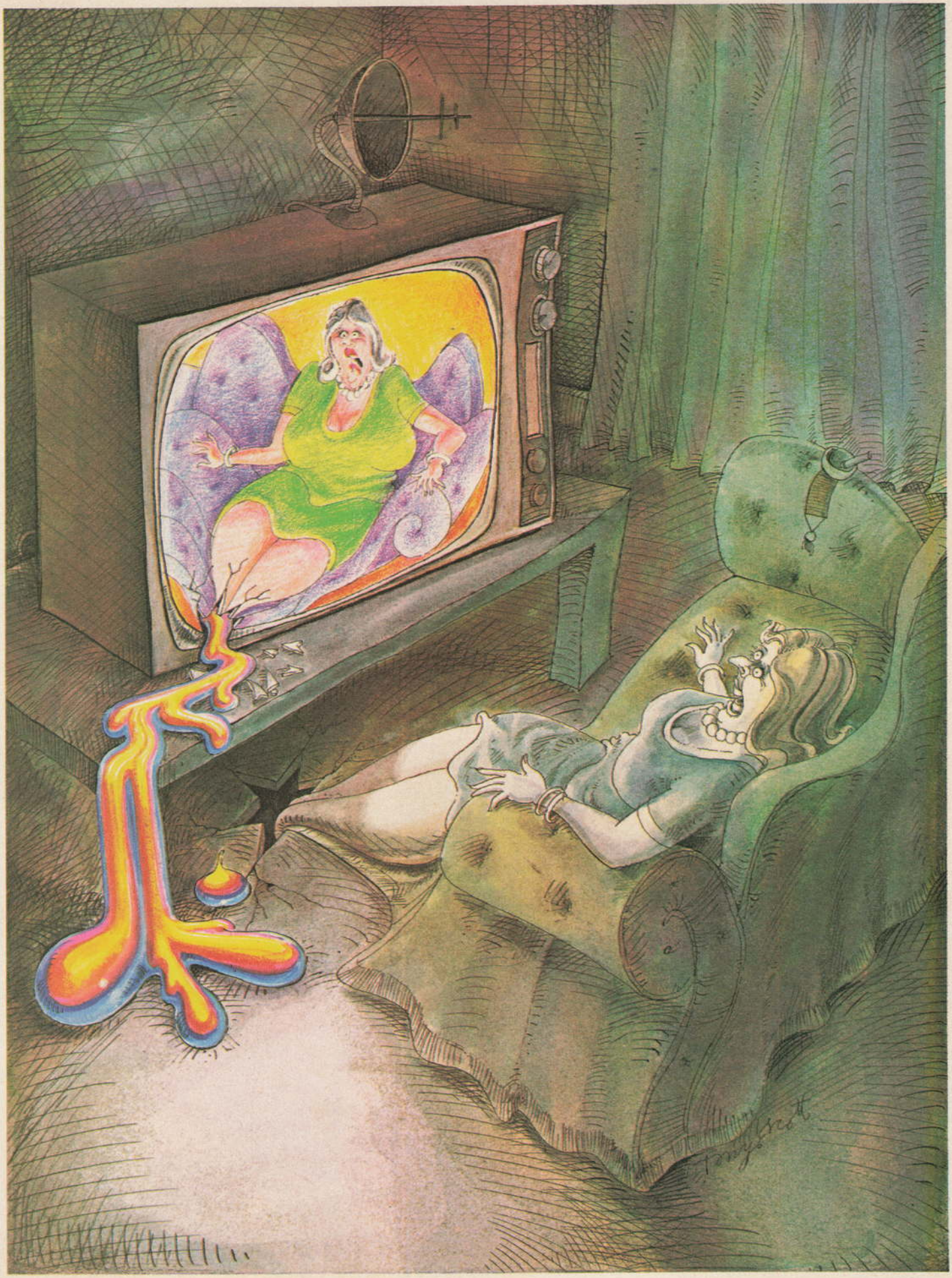
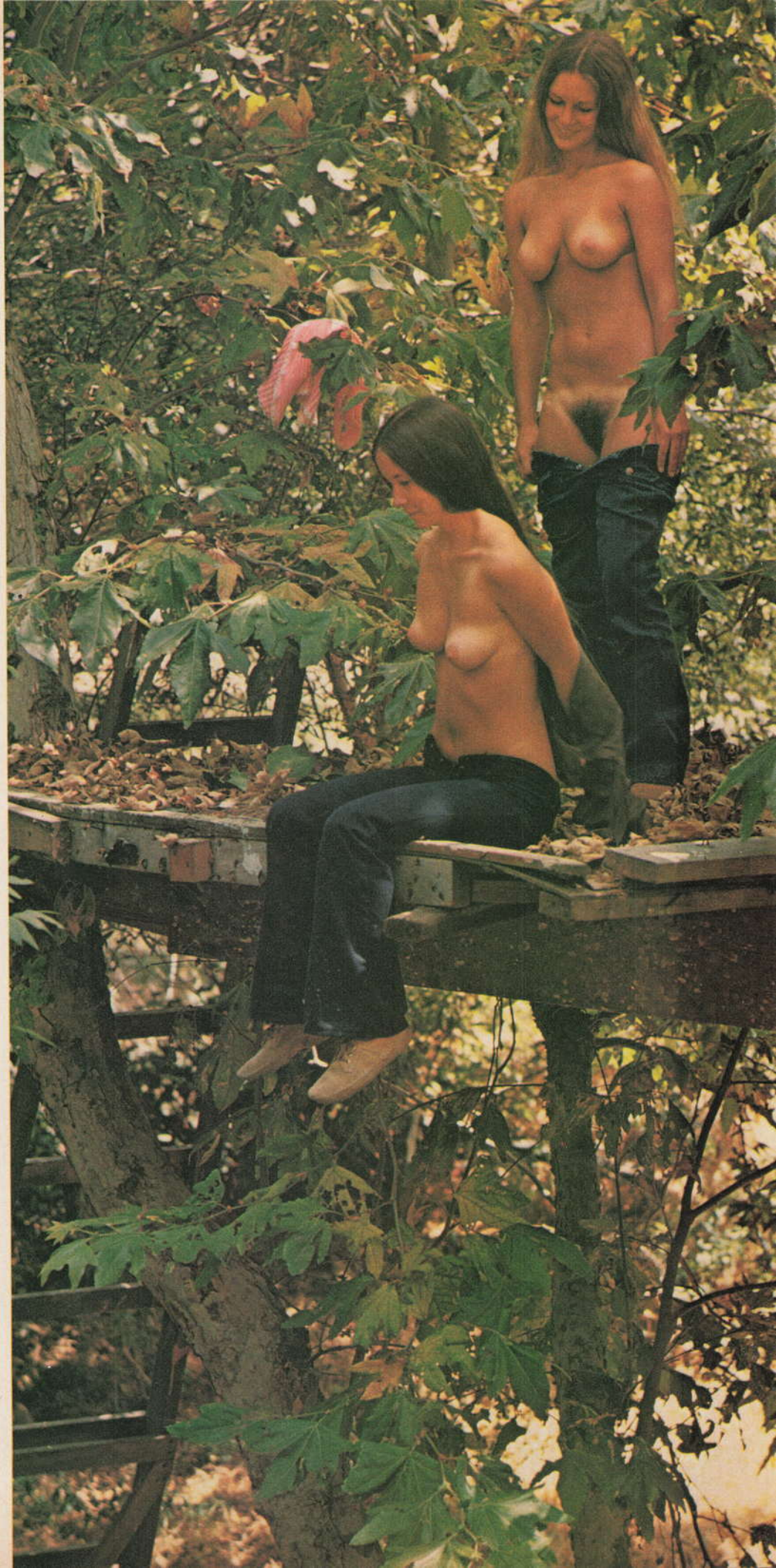


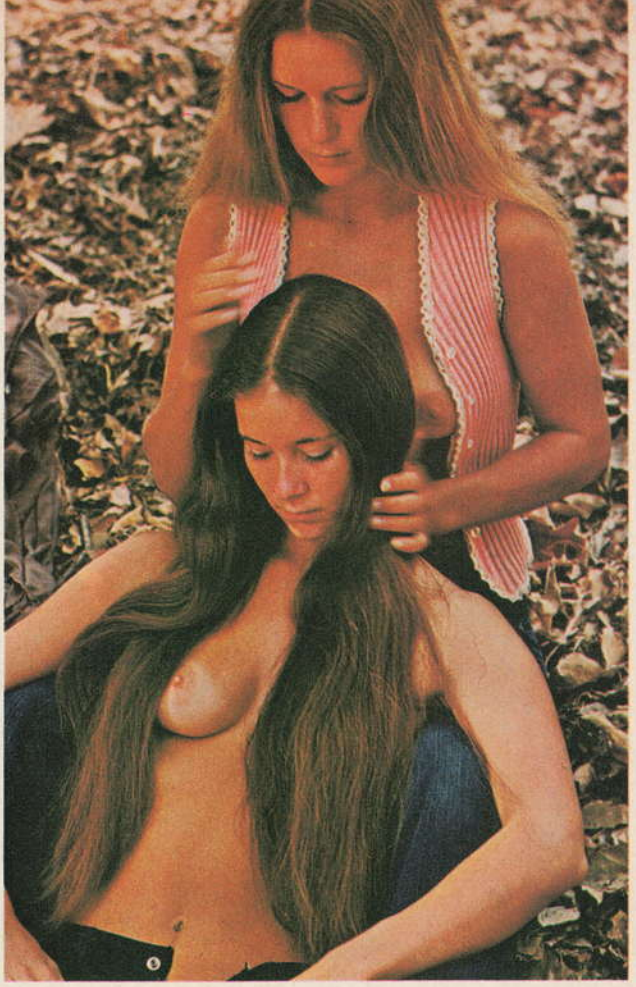
TWO'S COMPANY

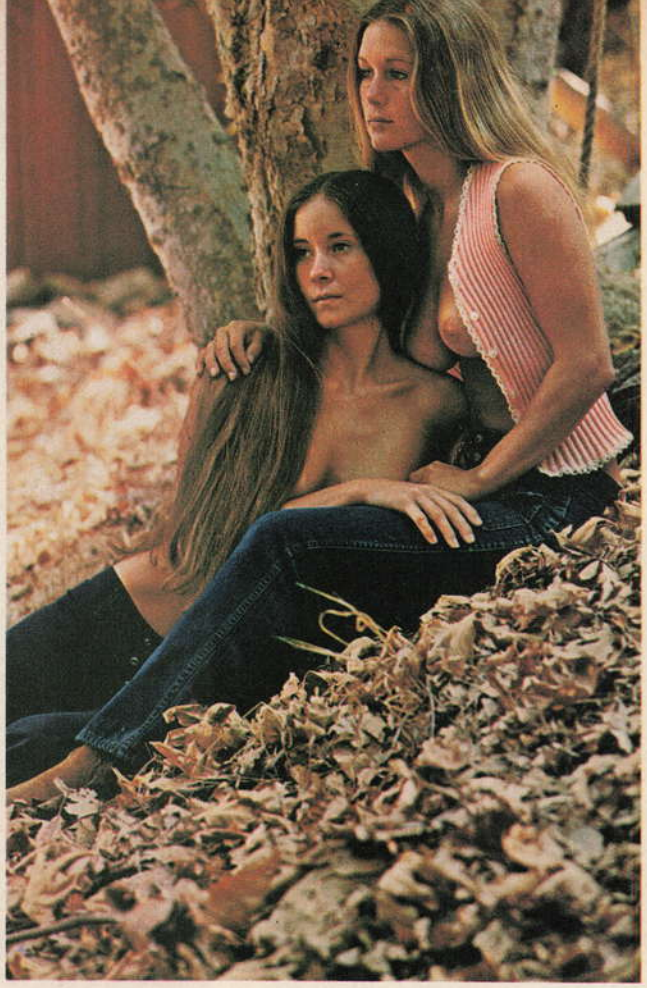
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

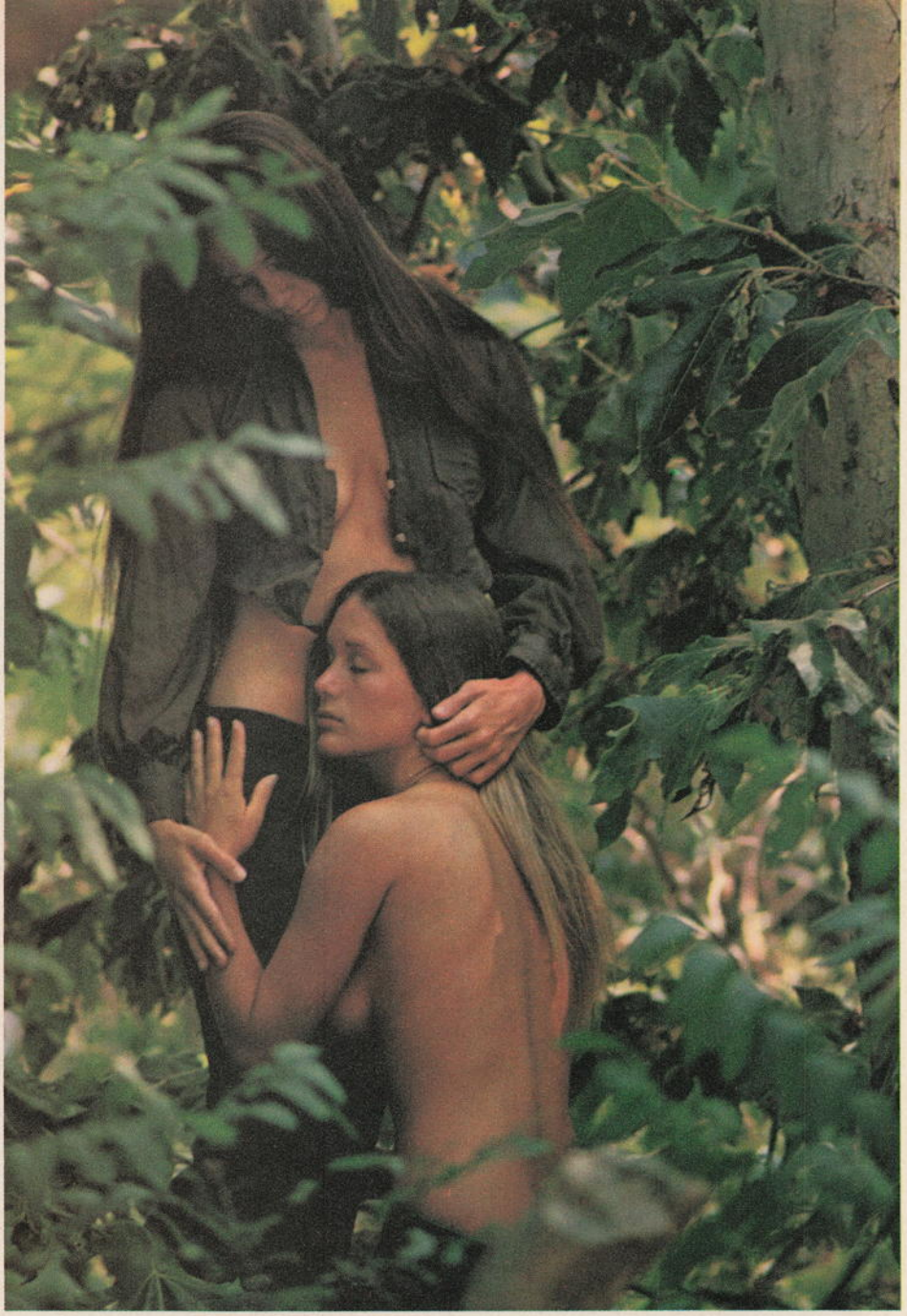
Two friends can communicate in subtle ways.
By instinct, by feel. Empathy
is the word that best expresses the moment they share.
Each can sense the mood of the other,
each can feel the depth of the other's sensations.



Girls will be girls. Especially on a soft, warm summer afternoon, when the sun sits lazily in the clear sky, burning away the problems and pressures of urban living, and a soft breeze blows with a sultry whisper. It makes a woman want to open herself up completely to the elements and to the shared solitude of good companionship. Carol and Laura are two ladies who know a good thing when they see one, especially if it's each other. . . . Alone together. No need for anyone else. No need for talk; everything is understood. Like those childhood afternoons up in the musty attic, ducking under the cobwebs, relishing the mystery of Grandma's old brassbound trunk filled with forgotten treasures . . . here, try this one (with a giggle)—or no, put this old organdy gown on . . . and these shoes . . . oh, those shoes are so great on you! It's more than the act, though. It's that special tingling anticipation, that delicious fear of discovery—that some stranger might enter the scene and then the magic of those surreptitious moments will evaporate, slip away like the very years themselves. There's nothing perverse going on here.

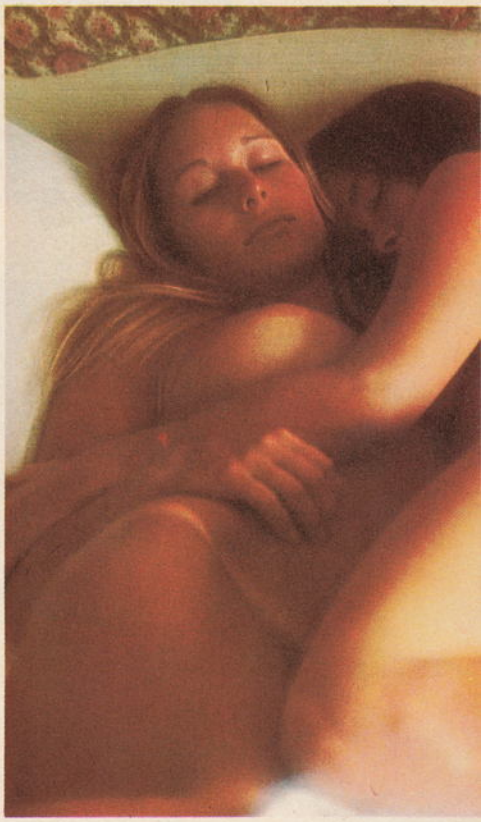


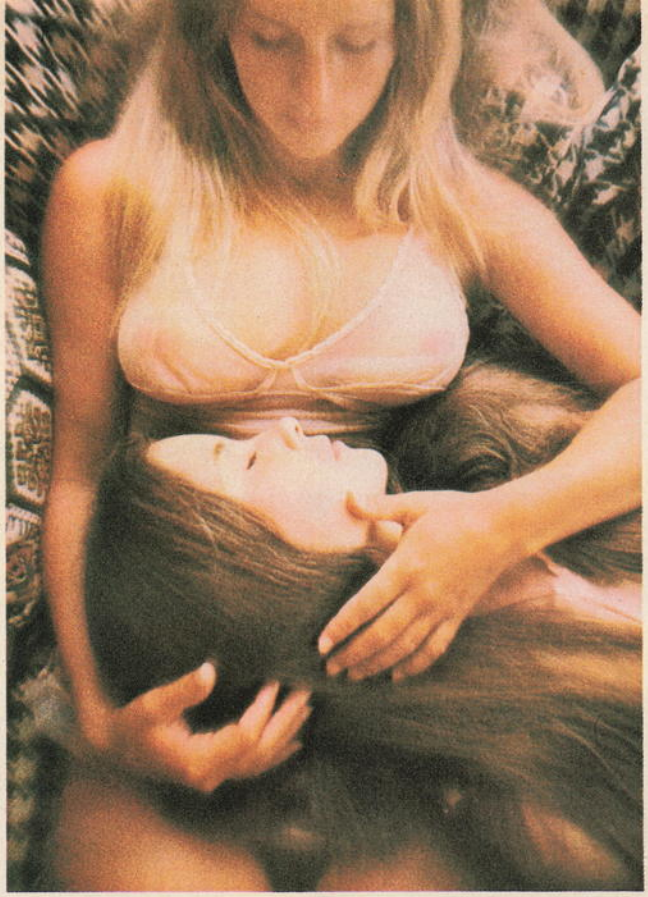


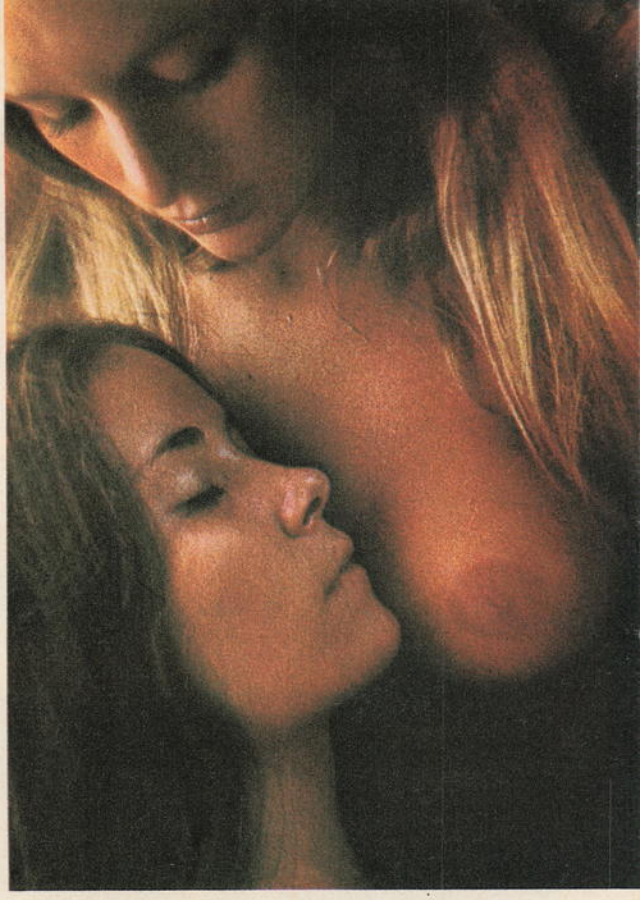


On the contrary. Two lovely ladies of the afternoon, appreciating each other's considerable beauty, feeling the intensity of their closeness, exploring each other's willingness to surrender to their stirring sensuality with a joy that's almost childlike in its purity. To touch, to taste, to enter each other's most private world with a respect for each other's separateness. The feelings between them are mutual. It's a sharing of mind and body, a complete, open kind of sharing that speaks eloquently of a gentle love between people . . . particularly of a love between women.

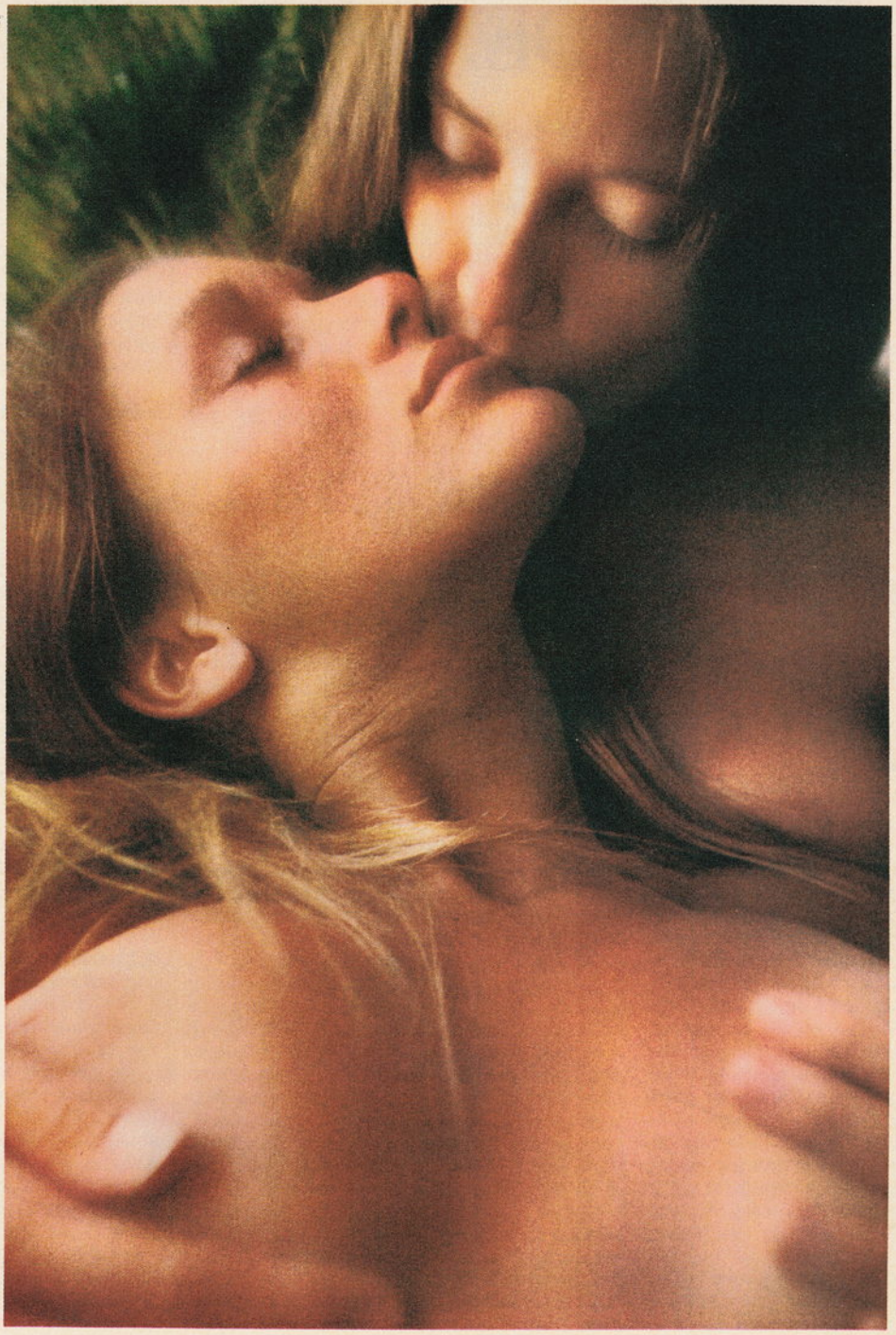
These are the people that have made the words New Morality more than a catchphrase on the lips of some overeager sociologist. They've given it meaning. But more than meaning, they've given it sensitivity . . . made it real, charged with the energy of ongoing life, unburdened by decades of hidebound, restrictive and represssing tradition. They are living *now* and they subscribe to a morality that can only exist in the fleeting present moment.

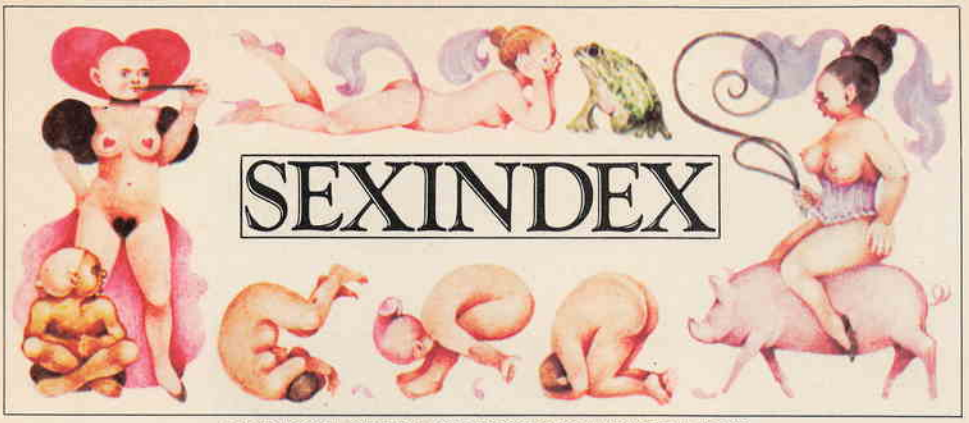






As the blonde, feline-like Carol puts it, "Sure, I love Laura. I dig everything about her, her mind and her body. But that doesn't mean I don't want a man. Two's company, sure . . . but whoever said that three's a crowd must have been claustrophobic."
And Laura feels the same way. "We've been friends since college, and I really treasure those moments when we can really get away, to be by ourselves, with ourselves. It's very important to me, but, as Carol says, it doesn't replace the strength and affection that you get from a good man. Every woman needs that. There just isn't any substitute!"
Carol amplifies: "It's true, or at least I think it's true, that a woman can only know a woman. But something's missing in that kind of a relationship. I'm not really even certain what it is, but I know when it's there and when it isn't. It takes a woman to understand that."
Amen.





AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

Kronhausen, Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard: Contemporary American psychologists and sex researchers. Both studied at the University of Minnesota and codirected a research project on "The Therapeutic Family" for the National Institute of Mental Health. Published *Pornography and the Law* (1960), *Sex Histories of American College Men* and *Sexual Response in Women* (1964). In 1968 they organized the first international exhibition of erotic art. It was shown in Lund, Sweden and also in Aarhus, Denmark.

labia: Part of the female external genital organs. The labia majora are the two large folds running from the mons veneris to the perineum on either side of the vagina. During the reproductive years, they are filled with fatty tissue, and their outer surfaces are covered with hair; in infancy and old age they are much smaller. The labia minora (also called *nymphae*) are two smaller folds inside the majora. It used to be thought that large labia minora were a sign of "excessive" masturbation: this is nonsense. During childhood and old age, the labia minora appear more prominent because they are not hidden by the majora. Some non-western peoples, such as the Ponape of the Caroline Islands and the Kalahari Bushmen, deliberately elongate the labia minora by pulling them or even hanging weights from them, as an erotic attraction. Sometimes the resulting "Hottentot Apron" (*q.v.*) is as long as five inches.

labor: The process of childbirth. It generally happens 266 days after conception, but since few couples know exactly when conception took place, it is usually calculated as 280 days from the start of the last menstruation. But only 5 percent of births actually happen on the forecasted day. If labor is very late in starting, the doctor may decide to induce it with an oxytocin injection. The first stage of labor consists of regular contractions of the uterus, starting at intervals of twenty to thirty minutes and then becoming more frequent up to every two to three minutes. This stage usually lasts about thirteen hours in a first childbirth, much less for subsequent ones. The second stage is the actual birth, during which the baby moves down the vaginal canal and out into the world. This takes around two hours for a first child; less thereafter. The third stage takes only twenty minutes and consists of the expulsion of the afterbirth, or placenta. Ninety-five percent of babies are born head first, but "breech deliveries" (i.e. buttocks, knees or feet first) are fairly common. A rare occurrence during labor is *vagitus uterinus*, in which the fetus can be heard crying in the womb.

Laclos, Choderlos de (1741–1803): French author of the notorious *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (1782), which outraged society, was condemned by a contemporary critic as "a work of revolting immorality," and was banned by government decree in 1824. The novel-in-letters describes the sexual intrigues arranged by the wily and amoral Vicomte de Valmont and his beautiful accomplice, the Marquise de Merteuil. The marquise arranges for Valmont to seduce a naive fifteen-year-old convent girl, while she herself becomes the mistress of the girl's young suitor. Valmont, meanwhile, also seduces a virtuous married woman, but abandons her at the marquise's command. Though the conspirators are eventually punished (Valmont is killed in a duel, and the marquise dies of smallpox), virtue can hardly be said to triumph: the good characters are uniformly dull and stupid, while the two principals are shown as witty, brilliant and exciting. Laclos is said to have admitted that *Liaisons* was a *roman à clef*. His own private life is something of a mystery. Born of a respectable family, he joined the army and became a general under Napoleon. He married Solanges Duperre in 1786, two years after their first child was born, and apparently became a model husband. One of his contemporaries said, "Because he has portrayed monsters, people will have it that he is one himself." *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* was filmed by Roger Vadim in 1959, with Jeanne Moreau as the marquise and Gerard Philippe as Valmont.

lactation: Production of milk by the breasts after childbirth. The amount produced varies enormously and depends on how much the breasts have enlarged during pregnancy rather than on their original size—large-breasted women are often poor milk-producers. Some women have no milk at all; on the other hand, one Swedish mother was reported in 1965 to be producing three and a half pints a day, two pints more than her baby needed, and selling the excess to a maternity hospital. Lactation does not normally start until three days after childbirth (though colostrum, a pale yellow liquid, can be obtained from the breasts long before birth). The milk may dry up after a few days or continue for years. But after nine months or so the child needs other foods as well. After years of controversy, doctors now generally agree that breast-feeding should be encouraged where possible—not because it has a long-term effect on the child, as psychologists once argued, but because it is hygienic, convenient, assists the mother's recovery from childbirth, and may help to establish mother-baby rapport. Nevertheless, breast-feeding in Europe is probably rarer than it has ever been; in the U.S. only two women in five give their baby the chance to suckle, and not all of them succeed. The reasons usually given are "modesty and a feeling of distaste," painful nipples and a fear (unfounded) that breast-feeding will make the breasts sag. A rarely mentioned factor is that breast-feeding is often sexually stimulating for the mother. American researchers Michael and Niles Newton wrote in 1967: "The physiological responses in coitus and lactation are closely allied. Uterine contractions occur both during suckling and during sexual excitement. Nipple erection occurs during both. . . . Breast-stimulation alone can induce orgasm in some women." Masters and Johnson found that nursing mothers had a higher level of sexual interest than non-nursing mothers, and were more eager to return to sexual intercourse.

ladies' directories: Printed lists of prostitutes, giving names, addresses, prices and specialties, widely popular in late 18th- and 19th-Century London. Most early directories were supplements to men's magazines—e.g., *The Ranger's Magazine* of 1795 contained a "List of Covent Garden Cyprians." Later they were printed separately. Typical titles were *The Register of Girls*, *The Vade Mecum of the Man of Pleasure*, *Stars of the Salons*, *Hints to Men About Town* and the *Yokels' Preceptor*. The last, published in the 1840s, used the East End slang of the day and gave its girls nicknames—Yarmouth Bloater, Flabby Poll, Fair Eliza and Elephant Bet, "the walking dunnyken, the elephant squash arse." Others were more genteel: *The Man of Pleasure's Pocketbook* (c. 1850) describes one Jane Fowler as "tall, slender, of graceful form and carriage . . . a full blue eye, fringed with beautiful silken lashes, through which her luscious orbs dart a thousand killing shafts. Jane has a beautiful leg. . . ." Another lady wins particular praise for her breasts: "The twin hillocks of delight are redundantly stocked with lactiferous tubes, and swell prominently rich with love's choicest sweets." Miss Parks, who charged £5 a shot, evidently specialized in fellatio: "In duets she employs her *tongue* and *voice* full as satisfactory as when it emits the shrillest note. She performs her part with skill and dexterity, and in such cases chooses the *lowest* part." In their mid-Victorian heyday, the directories were printed in editions of 8,000–10,000 and usually sold out within a few days. Some had a pocket at the back to hold condoms. An attempt in the late 1960s to revive the idea of the ladies' directory ended ignominiously in prosecution.

lambitus: An archaic synonym for the act of cunnilingus (*q.v.*)

Langtry, Lily (1852–1929): British actress and famous beauty. Daughter of the Dean of Jersey, of whom she later said: "He was a damned nuisance . . . couldn't be trusted with any woman anywhere." She married Edward Langtry in 1874. In 1877 she met the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) and soon became his mistress. Among her other lovers were Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria; Moreton Frewen, a Texas cattle-puncher; King Leopold of Belgium; James Todhunter Sloan, from Indiana; Ernest Terah Hooley, who bought the royal yacht Britannia; and the millionaire megalomaniac Whitaker Wright. In 1881, helped by the Prince of Wales' patronage, she began her stage career. Though a *Punch*

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"...Professor Sharp, I think I've found where you screwed up..."

Now–action right in your own pad.

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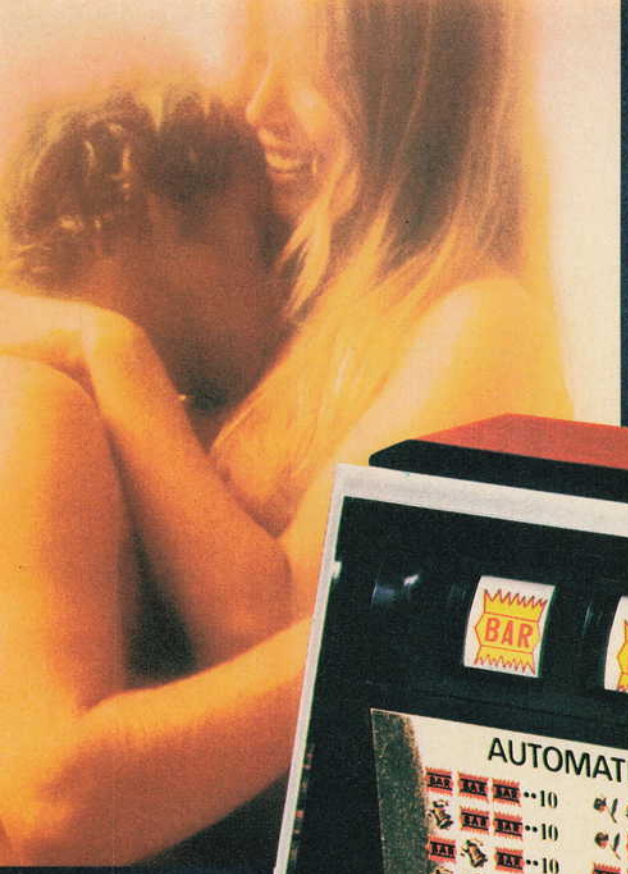

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Send me _____ one-arm bandits at $19.95 each (plus $2.00 each for postage and handling). I enclose payment of _____

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Account # _____ Expires ____/____/____

Interbank # (located above your name) _____

Signature _____

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"Too many people make love in the dark—mentally and physically—and then wonder why those great orgasmic surges they read about don't happen to them."

What turns you ON? What turns you OFF?

PLAY "F" The Game for Lovers

Originally designed for use by a Clinical Psychologist to help his patients shed their inhibitions. Available commercially for the first time.

We really know how little we know about sex, though we seldom admit it. In the movies, we watch the wise girl place the boy's hand between her thighs. We laugh knowingly as the camera catches the boy's puzzled face because he doesn't know what to do. And if he does, maybe he doesn't like it.

Yet, in the midst of the laughter, consider this: how often we ourselves are the victims of our own or our mate's unspoken desires.

In the movies, in magazines, we linger over scenes of intense lovemaking between men and women—in pairs and in groups. Between women; between men and men. We move on, then, vaguely stirred. And all too frequently our emotions remain disturbingly vague because we do not probe/stir/seek to find the true emotional/sexual content of our lives.

TWO OR MORE CAN PLAY.

"F", The Game for Lovers, permits you to dispel the vagueness on two levels: intellectual and physical.

"F" is designed so that you and your mate may engage in it first as a verbal exercise (which we recommend for most people) and then as an action/encounter experience.

"F" has been designed to liberate you; for you to talk out or act out your fantasies; your deepest desires. *And without guilt or shame!*

As you and your partner(s) participate in "F", you will discover a freer, warmer relationship.

A relationship not based upon half-dreams, hidden desires, unvoiced fantasies—but a relationship shaped by the deepest desires that live between you. *Desires that you can now bring out into the open.*

A word of caution: if you fear to do this, then "F" is not for you. It is only for those people who desire relationships shaped by truth and reality; who yearn to explore to the deepest parts of their being—the essential truths they harbor about sex. It is for these people (for you?) that "F" has been created.

A KISS ON THE LIPS IS NOT ALL!

We know that people fear to tell those nearest and dearest their deepest feelings and desires.

Husbands do not tell wives that a kiss on the lips is not *all* the kissing they want. Wives do not tell husbands that a kiss on the lips is not *all* the kissing that *they want.*

Too many people make love in the dark—mentally and physically—and then wonder why those great orgasmic surges they read about don't happen to them.

"F" turns on the light. Mentally and physically. "F" asks you to confront, to encounter, the truth of your sex life.

"F", it should be clear, is not a sex manual. A how to do it course. If you're reasonably intelligent and open-minded the chances are you've read one of those manuals. But all too frequently only ONE mate reads the manual. And all it means is that ONE person has some intellectual idea of what to do.

Flat words on a page have their own dimension. The involvement with them is strictly a one-to-one relationship.

"F", THE CATALYST

"F" calls for interpersonal involvement. For encounter. "F" can be the catalyst in stirring up the true longings—the long-suppressed longings—between people, for "F" cannot be played alone.

The first variation of "F", The Game for Lovers, is called *"Let's Talk About Love".* Both partners, or the group, are encouraged to talk freely about their feelings on love and love play. They are aided by the EROS cards which we will explain shortly. By bringing hidden thoughts into the open, partners find new understanding and new satisfaction in the great game of love. Free and open expression between partners means that, unlike any other "game" you've played, both sides win.

In another variation, which we call *"Do It",* partners are now prepared—following the first phase—to act upon the results of their discussion. Again, the cards in the EROS deck help open the mind and the emotions for the action to come.

WHAT ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

A further variation of "F" is called "What are your favorites?" Here partners are encouraged to reveal to each other their deepest sexual desires.

There are other variations which can be developed from the four groups of cards which comprise an EROS deck.

The cards include the "E" cards which describe the parts of the body.

The "R" cards which describe the actions of love and sex.

The "O" cards which deal with reactions to those actions.

The "S" cards which guide lovers towards expression of their deepest emotions.

Each game of "F", contains a double set of EROS cards. The cards are durable, beautifully and discreetly designed. The entire game with detailed instructions, is handsomely packaged. It makes a marvelous gift to yourself as well as for someone (or the someones) you love.

DISCOVER YOUR TRUTH

This letter from a woman who tried "F" is revealing:

"My husband and I, we're in our mid-thirties—too old to enjoy the so-called new freedom and too young not to want it. Only we could never *say* to each other what it was we wanted. *Even though we knew!* As you suggested, we tried "F". I believe the kids use the word "Turned on"—well we did! Believe me! We have given the game to three people so far—with spectacular results!"

So try "F", for what we believe will be a rewarding experience in discovering the deepest sexual longings shared by you and your partner. And what you must do to seek the gratification you both yearn for, in that deepest of all relationships between people.

Send for "F", The Game for Lovers, now — while you're thinking about it. It could be one of the most important events in your life.

THIS COUPON TELLS YOU HOW TO ORDER "F", THE GAME FOR LOVERS. "F" CAN BE PURCHASED ONLY FROM G. E. PROMOTIONS. MAIL COUPON TODAY.

"F" contains two complete sets of EROS cards, 112 in all, plus a portfolio of drawings by such masters of erotic art as Aubrey Beardsley. The drawings are on handsome vellum stock, suitable for framing.

To G. E. Promotions, Box 427, Oyster Bay, N.Y. 11771.
Send me____sets of "F", The Game for Lovers, I enclose $10.00 (check, cash, or money order) plus $1.00 for postage and handling. Note: Three sets may be purchased for $27.00. N.Y. State residents add applicable sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

"Passport please."

Let your passport say a lot about you. Supple tanned cowhide voyage companion bears the seal of the United States and the Penthouse keys. Plus compartments for credit cards, baggage claims, flight tickets, receipts and currency. NYC residents add 7% sales tax. Please include 50¢ postage and handling. Send check or money order to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., NY, NY. 10022, Dept. AU-101, Attn.: Dawn Steel.

Hip hugger.

Carry your credentials with an international flare. Supple tanned cowhide, only 3" x 4" to ease out of your pocket. Currency clips into one side, credit cards, in see-through compartment on the other. The Penthouse keys are branded on. Please include 50¢ handling and postage. NYC residents add 7% sales tax. Send check or money order to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., NY, NY. 10022. Dept. AU-102 Attn.: Dawn Steel.

Cuddling

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lovely areas invite sniffing, kissing and playful biting. From there you might direct your attentions to another highly erotic zone, her ear lobes.

A convenient method for holding your partner securely is to drape your right arm over the front of her body and place it between her breasts. By itself, the experience of having your arm engulfed by her fleshy globes is quite pleasurable for both of you and it also makes it easy to snuggle. You will be hugging her closely with both arms—your left underneath her and your right around her front.

In this position, the complementary curvatures of your front and her back allow a maximum of intimate contact. Where the small of her back slopes inward, your midsection moves out to meet it. Where her buttocks curve outward, your lower hips are straight and flat—a snug fit. I consider the contact made with the woman's bottom to be the most thrilling aspect of this pose. It's lovely to have your hips and genital region against her soft, fleshy buttocks.

Once you have achieved a maximum of contact in Position Three, it's good to just rest. Your body will become increasingly limp—provided, of course, that your sexual needs have been met. Position Three can be conducive to drifting off to deep sleep. Remove your left arm from under her neck to avoid cramping while you doze.

Position Four

Essentially this is the reverse of Position Three. Both partners lie on their right sides, with the man's back turned to the woman's front. As in Position Three, the woman can drape her left arm over the front of her man for added support.

Position Four offers some delicious and unusual treats. The back is perhaps the most neglected erotic area of the anatomy. This is especially true for men who, aside from occasional massages, rarely take advantage of the back's sensuous possibilities. Your woman should first focus on the nape of your neck. To do this she may have to move up until she is snug against the top of your back. She can then rub her nose up and down the yielding skin of your neck, sniffing lightly all the while. Both of you will find this charming—the sensitive tactile and olfactory nerves in her nose will be turned on, while you will experience peacefulness from her rhythmic strokings.

You will discover that the touch of your lover's breasts snuggled closely against your upper back is most gratifying. Her supple tummy can be pressed against the small of your back, an equally pleasurable experience. The most exciting feature of Position Four may be the juxtaposition of her genital region and your buttocks. The skin of your bottom is alive to tactile impressions and you will delight in this lusty contact.

Position Four is extremely relaxing. Your lover cuddling behind you is a peaceful experience; it makes this position another excellent way to drop off to sleep.

Position Five

This is the position I have experimented with least often, chiefly because I feel that Position Three allows more intimate contact with the woman's back. But some women consider Five to be comfortable and relaxing.

The male lies on his left side while his partner is prone on her stomach. As in most of the other positions, his left arm will support her neck. Her entire back will be exposed to stroking, petting and massaging. Her neck, shoulders, back and buttocks invite soothing caresses.

If your aim is relaxation rather than stimulation, it's best to lean over against her prone body so that your right side rests lightly on her back—and remember, not too much pressure. You can then wrap your right arm securely around her upper back. If you can manage it comfortably, try extending your right thigh until it rests squarely upon the slopes of her buttocks. The lower part of your leg will end up lying between her legs, securely trapped between the inside of her thighs.

These are the five basic cuddling poses. It is by no means an exhaustive list. There are numerous variations and many new ones can be invented.

I have found that the first four positions form a natural sequence for attaining relaxation. Generally, I start with Position One (face-to-face), which tends to be the most stimulating. Then I switch to Two (the woman on her back) and usually stay there longer. Next, my lover turns her back toward me (Position Three).

I usually continue longest in Three, because I consider it the most comfortable and relaxing. In fact, I used Three to induce sleep, until I discovered Position Four (man's back toward the woman), which can bring complete relaxation. But I now consider the sense of security produced by Four to be the best way to fall asleep.

I have found cuddling to be a nicer cure for occasional insomnia than any sleeping pill. It is also nice to cuddle with your lover when you wake up in the morning. After a satisfying cycle of cuddling, you will start the day more refreshed and relaxed. Another good time to cuddle is after work, athletic activity, or any involvement producing tension or strain.

Cuddling goes hand-in-hand with lovemaking. Before and after sex, it heightens awareness and increases gratification.

Respectability begins when a girl
needs nothing but her wits, a good
wardrobe and her telephone to work.
Graduated beyond pimps and madams,
bearing her old scars silently,
she likes to think of herself as...

The Liberated Call Girl

by Gail Sheehy

from the forthcoming Delacorte book *HUSTLING*
© 1971, 1972, 1973 by Gail Sheehy

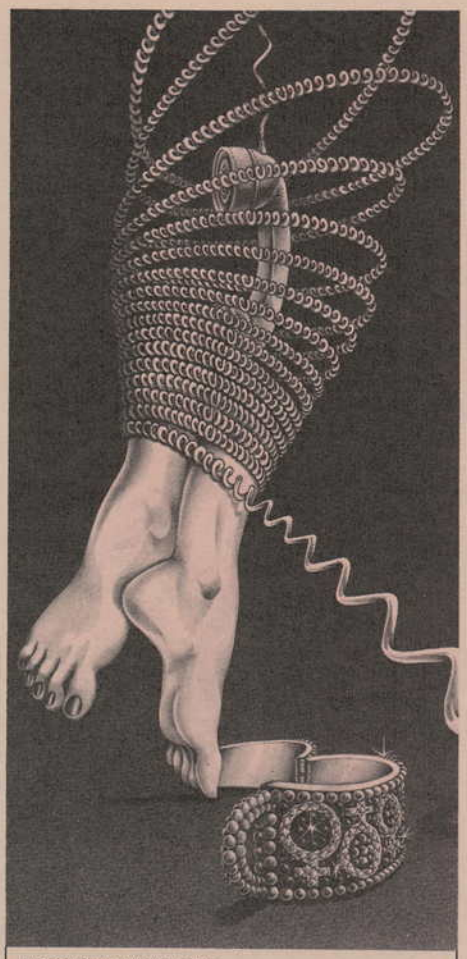
"Take a woman of my age. Twenty-five. Divorced. After a woman has lived with a man and reaches a certain age, she needs sex. That's why being a working girl to me is so great. When I'm horny, I can come with my clients. I take only champagne tricks, $100 an hour. My men are all very well dressed and successful, with styled hair and young wives in Southampton, that group. They're men I would date if I weren't in the business. It's a protection for me, because I'm always afraid of getting involved. I don't want another unhappy marriage. So being a call girl is like taking out sexual insurance. I get paid for it. Plus when I want to enjoy it, I enjoy it."

I am sitting in the apartment of an independent call girl on Central Park South four days before Christmas. In prostitution circles, Christmas is known as the slowest season of the year. Other people's husbands are busy erasing the resentment in their children's eyes with a few days of family togetherness. After Christmas they take their wives to the Bahamas, and return only to face the swollen charge accounts of February. For the young woman sitting across from me, the next month always takes the shape of an egg, a sucked-out egg—barren, weightless, cornerless, qualified only to roll and roll. . . .

The woman looks disturbingly like me. Since she won't be working tonight, she has chosen her own favorite sleeping costume: a football jersey. Her skin is spotted with medicated cream. From one cigarette, she lights another; she is anxious to please. Yet her deathly-pale face remains immobile as a dinner plate. The only moving, uncontrolled parts are the corners of her mouth. As she talks numbly about her past, and catalogues the acts of self-annihilation which she invites four and five times every night, the corners of her mouth tremble, as though at any moment she might cry. But if she once began, she would never stop.

"I've had every experience a girl could have, and every one of them has been a humdinger. I got pregnant the day before I went to boarding school. We made love out in the fields, my boyfriend and I, in Baltimore, before my parents sent me away. I found out two months later. What could I do about it in an uptight private school in upstate New York? I had no money. So I ran away to New York and did some modeling for a nudie magazine. I didn't let on I was sixteen until they paid me. That way, they couldn't use the pictures, but I got the $150 anyway.

"Someone gave me the name of an abortionist in West Harlem. But what happened was, I was walking on 92nd Street in broad daylight, and this black guy hit me over the head. I remember his eyes when I woke up, they were like a lizard's. He was holding me and rocking me and saying, 'Stop screaming at me!' I wasn't screaming at all. There was a knife pressed against my throat. He was insane. I tried to talk to him slowly, very calmly. Then he raped me and slugged me and told me I must never try to leave his room.



Michael Kanerek/Whistl'n Dixie

"One of my friends knew the guy . . . they took care of him. I didn't have the courage to look in the cigar box they brought back. They said, "He'll never do that to another girl again . . ."

"There was no way. He slept with the knife in his hand, and if I so much as breathed heavily, he'd leap up. It was a filthy transient hotel. His door had three locks. So I played along. I'd dance in front of him nude, and he would watch my backside while he jerked off. He said he couldn't come any other way. I think that was why he raped women. While he was busy with himself, I would study the locks. Then I told him that I wanted to be his old lady, that he was a great lay and we would work things out. It worked. The third day he finally turned his back on me. I must have opened those three locks in less than a tenth of a second.

"I made my way back to the Village. I wasn't thinking about the baby at all then. For the next three days I wandered around in a state of shock; I must have looked like Quasimodo. Bruised, beaten up, black eyes—they were so swollen I could barely see. Finally a friend spotted me. When he grabbed my arm, I flipped and started screaming. He got the rest of my friends together. They were all black. Most of them were from my home town. They considered me like their little sister, because in Baltimore—it was before the black-white thing got heavy—I used to be very friendly with a lot of black people. I gave them the guy's name. He was in an Afro-Cuban band, and his name was on the promotion pictures he had all over his walls. It was a freak thing—one of my friends knew the guy. They went up to Harlem and took care of him. They brought me back a cigar box. I didn't have the courage to look in it. They just handed it to me and said, 'He'll never do that to another girl again.'"

The young woman's aspirations were solidly and pathetically upward-mobile, middle-class, pre-women's-lib American. What she lacked was discipline. She wanted so desperately to be loved, it literally almost killed her. By the age of sixteen she had run away three times. In an attempt to control her, and excuse themselves, her parents packed her off to the Anderson School, in Hyde Park. Private and expensive it was, but she saw it as an expensive private prison. For $7,200, parents of "mildly emotionally disturbed" students can send them away to the Anderson School for a full year.

Her pregnancy was no accident.

Counselors in contemporary abortion clinics, who see many such adolescent girls before and after they become prostitutes, have made some striking observations. An early, violent, usually incestuous sexual experience is common in the background of such girls. "Absent parents"—either literally not present or absent in any sense of loving and nurturing—are another common experience. The result is a girl who reaches out for love through pregnancy. It is not thought out; she does it on impulse. Behind her actions the counselors generally discover one of two fanta-

sies: either she hopes to create one person who *must* love her, owing to a baby's natural dependency, or she is seeking to reenter her own childhood—to replace the emptiness by becoming herself a child again.

"When my boy friend found out I was not at boarding school, he hitchhiked up from Baltimore and waited for me at the Café Figaro. One day I walked in. He immediately got the rest of the money for the abortion. I was pretty far gone by then. Plus I had gonorrhea. But I didn't know it; all I knew was that I burned and dripped. When I went to the hospital and told them about the rape and mentioned gonorrhea, the doctor laughed. He said it was only vaginitis, it would go away—and yes, I was four and a half months pregnant.

"First we went to the heart of the Pennsylvania coal country, to old Doc Spencer. Everybody knew about him. People from all over the United States came to Doc Spencer for abortions. If you were poor, he wouldn't charge you. He did it out of compassion. By then he was an old man. I remember his examining room—the walls were covered with souvenir-shop mottoes. But Dr. Spencer wouldn't touch me. He insisted I was too far gone. Six months, he said.

"I managed to get from there to Philadelphia, and that night I took a train to South Philly. I had one more name, a black doctor who would do it for $600. The instructions were to wait in the South Philly train station by the bookstands. Three other girls were already there looking at books. We stood in the station twirling and twirling those bookstands; none of us said one word. Then a man came over. 'Anyone for Doctor Bass?' he said. Suddenly there were four gasps of 'yes.'

"The driver took the money up front. We all sat in the doctor's waiting room in white johnny coats, like ghosts. He did all four abortions in an hour. When your name was called, the nurse just said 'Up in the stirrups.' No anesthetic. The doctor went up inside with an instrument and told me to push. It was painful as hell. I remember the pressure building up. He said, 'Squeeze, push, squeeze, push,' and then he pulled and the baby came out. I heard it hit. He had one of those curved pans, like an ear. I remember seeing the baby very clearly. At four and a half months they're partly unwound. It looked like a little baby boy. It was perfectly formed, except for all the little things—the finger nails and the ears—and then the doctor packed me and I was back in the train station.

"The bleeding wouldn't stop. Three days later I removed the packing and the placenta came out. The pain was terrible. By the time my friends got me to Knickerbocker Hospital, I was screaming, hemorrhaging—I was as red as your dress. The intake nurse took one look and said, 'Murderess, you're a murderess!' When the doctor heard this, he came right in. They told me later this nurse had had several miscarriages; I felt sorry for her.

"The doctor couldn't do a thing without my parents' permission. He called them. My father said yes, continue the abortion. Finally it was clear why old Doc Spencer had thought I was six months pregnant. At Knickerbocker Hospital they delivered the second baby."

My eyes were drawn to her hands. Deep in the grain of the backs of her hands swam dark-purple tadpole shapes. Without thinking, I asked her if she had been bitten by an animal.

A broken word rose in her throat. She fought it back and sat on her hands. Silent, caught. Eventually she was able to say those were her battle scars—blood vessels burst by heroin needles, when the only uncollapsed veins she had left were in her hands. For four years in California she had been an addict with her husband, a hippy. He pushed dope, and she supported his habit by hooking. I suggested this was a common, fatal trap in the Sixties—manipulation masquerading as love. She said she knew that now. She had left her husband and the cheap flesh market of Los Angeles with nothing but her clothes on her back. That was two years ago. She still loves him.

Today she is determined to build a good book in New York. Her goal is to chin up the social ladder toward a rich husband. By now she has assembled a $6,000 wardrobe, paid off most of her furniture and almost "done her teeth." The apartment belongs to another working girl, who is living with a client in Italy. The address, the chandeliered lobby, the patina of hand-polished bronze elevators—all these things are critical if one is to maintain a champagne clientele. But she pays off no one; once a girl begins paying off, there is no end to the overhead. In the interest of discretion, she allows no more than five of her most distinguished clients a week past the nosy doorman. Most of her new friends take an expensive exercise at Kounovsky's Gym and have maids. Not this call girl. The maids in her laundry room call her "Miss Do-It-Yourself." She has collected six Sant' Angelo gowns on sale, several hundred dollars worth of perfumes and body oils, and she is working on a mink. Save, save, save is her motto.

What she wanted when she first left home was a husband and a baby. What she got was a junkie with whom she couldn't have children. Now that she has had a taste of independent, high living on $600 to $1,000 a week, her sights have been raised. She wants to hit the top as a call girl. She keeps telling herself this is the true liberation. There is only one thing missing—in her two years in New York she has not seen or held a man for anything but business.

"I had a monkey in California. She was so darling, very tiny. I made her a pearl-knit sweater from a man's sock. When I took her to the zoo, everyone would follow me around. She didn't even dig the other monkeys.

"I love children. I'm a Jewish mother to everyone who knows me. I'd give anything to have a baby, but, number one, I don't know if I can succeed. After the rape, the gonorrhea, the botched-up abortion—and I have tried to get pregnant with two men since. Nothing happened. My husband, well, I always thought he was sterile. He was blocked with scar tissue from having VD many times. He cut his hair and took a job after I left him. Without me around to support his habit, he kicked. Then he married a girl with two children of her own. . . .

"Even if he wanted me, of course, I could never go back to him. We'd fall right into the old heroin trap. In California you have to live with a man five years to become his common-law wife. We only made four and a half, but I still call him my husband.

"I wish I had another monkey."

I am thinking of a madam much older than this woman who began with the same dreams. We met during another Christmas season, in Manhattan Criminal Court. Beside the madam sat a richly furred dowager with eyes dull as rice grains. For want of amusement, it seemed, she had charged the madam with attempting to steal her Christmas packages in the ladies' lounge at Lord & Taylor's. The madam silently paid the fine. Then she invited me to her apartment to meet, as she phrased it, the one thing in this whole stinking world she could love and trust.

The Siamese cat had no claws. His teeth had been filed blunt. He had no use for claws or teeth, the madam assured me; she never let him out, and she shut him away when her clients came up. He was hers, all hers. Pimps have mean fists and lesbians scratch in fits of jealousy, she said. She sank gingerly into a chair and coddled one arm in the other as though, at one time or another, every cell of her skin had been violated. The cat did not spring into her lap. He was as defenseless as she. He paced, circled, studied his approach and leaped deftly over the chairback. Flirtatiously, then possessively, he wound himself around the madam's neck. In unison they purred. When she rose to make tea, the cat remained affixed to her neck. Even their eye movements were synchronized, as one might imagine a row of creature eyes behind dark bushes on some jungle island.

The liberated call girl is talking again: "My specialty is having just as good a time as my trick. That way I avoid going the lesbian route. I don't make as much money as other call girls, of course—the ones who are typically cold and calculating about the money. Most working girls want a 40 percent cut for introducing you to one of their johns. They come right over and get it before you can go to sleep. But all my johns are good friends. And if I'm busy, I want them to have a good time with the best working girl I know. It's all a

way of building a solid john book. In a few years. . . ."

Her phone is ringing. "Really, baby? And then his wife wanted him when he got home—beautiful!" She cups her hand over the receiver and explains this is her "boss." A former trick, a highly placed TV executive with a bachelor apartment on East 57th Street, he fakes as her employer whenever she needs a reference. "Last night he invited me and my girl friend over to do a sixty-seven-year-old judge. We had to pretend we thought he was a banker. We served him cold cuts, had a few giggles and hugs. He made it with both of us in fifteen minutes. Then he went home to his wife and—well, you heard."

Again, her phone rings. "Really, sweetheart, it still aches?" She smiles cunningly. "Well, why don't we just fix that. Somewhere like Little Dix Bay?"

She hangs up ecstatic. "Whoopee, my travel business is really building up!" Humming, she looks over her cruise wardrobe.

In the past year she has begun to build a travel book of married real-estate magnates and conservative politicians who invite her to Washington, Las Vegas, Houston. . . . This is next to the peak position for a call girl. Traveling on the fatherly arm of a handsome chairman-of-the-board figure is not only fun, the rate is $500 a day—not including plane fare and hotel. One figures the maximum one would make at home taking all one's calls.

"And after all, you have to have brains and class as well as looks for the guy to want to spend twenty-four hours a day with you."

"What about Little Dix Bay?" I ask.

"We'll have a cottage together for two weeks in March. It's a celebration! Now, this guy is really poor, but his company goes public this month. He'll be a millionaire for the first time. So I'll do him a favor and give him a package deal. He's fun; he's easy to do, never more than twice a day. And I'll have a chance to learn Scuba diving. I'll probably give him the whole package for $3,000."

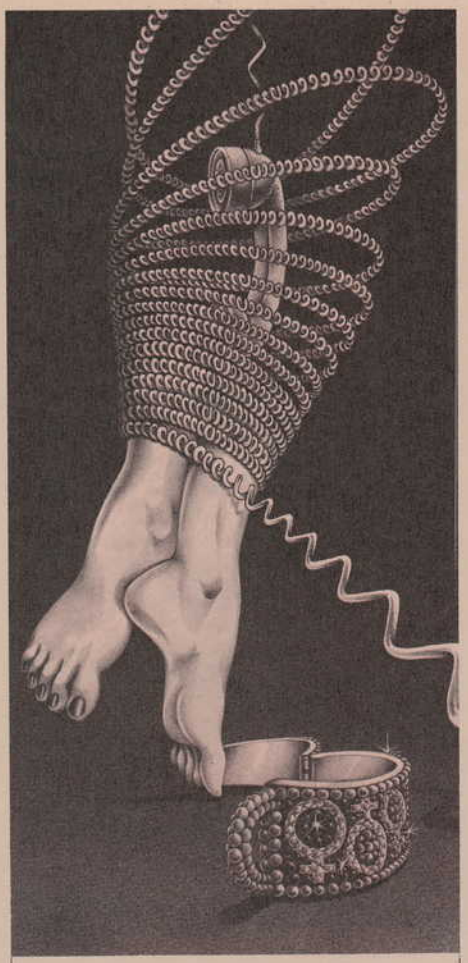
Frowning: "If I charged him the normal rate, he wouldn't be a millionaire for long."

Brightening: "And I'm looking to build a lasting clientele!"

The pinnacle of success, as she describes it, is to meet a sugar daddy who will set her up for $50,000 a year in a duplex, in exchange for exclusive rights. The game has not changed at the top. Such men exist today in dwindling numbers, but the movie and cosmetic kings who do keep mistresses often keep several girls simultaneously.

"Right now, I'm trying to meet one of the richest men in America. He keeps ten different girls in New York, and I really respect him. He takes all the precautions, private detectives, tapping your wires, the works. Mmmmm—it makes you feel so secure."

Reality rarely serves the dream. The most beautiful playgirl may indeed land in the most lavish penthouse, being kept in truffles and Porthault towels by some movie mogul—but that's not the end of the story. The torments that brought buyer and seller, sadist and masochist, together in the first place quickly



> He had run through her bank account . . . sold her house in Florida and her Corvette. There was no ugly, emotional scene when he left. He simply stole her john book . . .

chew through the curtain of make-believe.

A schoolteacher turned call girl worked her way up through a supreme court judge to the chief executive of a major movie company. She was the marvel of all her working girl friends. He installed her in a garden apartment, and then openly displayed her in those bistros where prominent men who are anxious about their penis-power display such things. He bought her a mink coat. He bought it so that he could take it away whenever they had a fight. It became a game.

With a man like this, a working girl often begins drinking heavily. They went out every night. Then the schoolteacher began having nightmares. Sleep was impossible. She began gobbling barbiturates on top of the booze. One night, very late, the movie mogul barged in drunk. He wanted to play the game. But his playmate was deep in a drug-leaden sleep under the mink coat. He dragged her into the street, broke up her face with his fists and left her in the gutter.

In Bellevue's psycho ward she could not make the doctor understand. She was not a gutter case, she had a garden apartment. She moved with rich and famous people. This was all a terrible mistake. She would sue.

The doctor handed her a mirror. She couldn't look at the face. They asked her for identification. She told them to look in her mink coat. The doctor wrote on her chart, "Paranoia with delusions."

"The most beautiful working girl I know phoned last week—she had decided on suicide. She used to go with very famous singers, all sorts of celebrities. If I had one-eighth of her looks, I could make a million. But she began living with a young guy, and he broke it off. That's the way it happens.

"She called me up to say goodbye. She said she had already made a reservation in a hotel where I wouldn't be able to find her. I didn't know where to begin. But I knew she'd go out in style. She wouldn't do it in a dingy place like the horrible little hotel where she was living with this guy. She'd do it in the Waldorf or the Plaza or the Drake. Money was no problem for her. She'd take a room for one night, go upstairs, eat a hundred Tuinals, and go to sleep and die.

"I called all three hotels, but she wasn't registered. Her old roommate hadn't heard from her in days. Suicide wasn't a new thing for this girl. She had ripped herself open so many times, she'd had to have plastic surgery just to stay in business. Such an exquisite girl—we figured she was already dead.

"That Saturday afternoon her boyfriend called me. He said he was too embarrassed to go out in the street and stop her. She was on the corner of 93rd Street in her underwear, slicing her wrists with a razor blade."

If boyfriends are a problem for the call girl, husbands can be a disaster. There are some prostitutes clever enough to manage the double life, but it requires absolute silence about their work. The only time a husband wants to hear about a girl's clients is when she is trapped with a freak. In that case, the

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husband is generally delighted to rush over and break every bone in the man's body. Then he can say, "I told you so."

The husbands of call girls are often terribly pretty, uncontrollably violent, luxury-loving gigolos. In other words, they are the penthouse counterpart of the street pimp. But the circles they move in dictate a different style. The gigolo husband often has a token job—selling men's clothing or doing cabinetwork for well-connected friends. His collection system is nothing so shaky as trailing his girl night after night by car. He controls her assets by marriage. When it comes to weaponry, he is also way ahead of the street pimp. It is not necessary to use brute force. His is the quiet power of blackmail.

The liberated call girl's best friend wanted a divorce. It had taken her several years to gather the courage to ask her gigolo husband. He had run through her bank account, sold her house in Florida, sold her Corvette. There was no ugly, emotional scene when she asked. He simply stole her john book.

He didn't ask for outrageous sums. He would select an older, married john, drive out to his home, and in the presence of his wife accuse him of stealing a Cartier watch from a call girl. No ordinary mortal is prepared to explain his way out of such a charge in front of his family. Thus the gigolo husband collected a thousand dollars from each of six johns, left a half-dozen men permanently miserable and demolished his wife's career.

He then amiably granted her a divorce.

"My girl friends in the business say, 'I don't understand how you can like it. I hate it, hate the work.' And I say 'Well, honey, you love your husband. You can't expect to be sexually attracted to anybody else, so to you working is a drudge.' But I don't have a husband. I don't even have a boyfriend living with me. My johns have to be my lovers and my friends. But you must understand—I really try to *help* these people.

"Yes, I'm used a lot. Men are using me for my body, and to my johns $100 means less than dirt. But I'm using them as much as they're using me. I'm paying my rent with them. And I get paid without getting involved.

"If I need somebody—I can take it from a professional basis to a personal basis. Like last week, I was dying to get out of town. When one of my favorite clients came over for his regular half-hour, I made it into an evening that I wanted. We drove to Monticello. After the races we had a romantic dinner, laughed, talked to one another—really talked—then we spent the night together. It was just like being in love.

"I only charged for his normal half-hour.

"Some women can get married four or five times, but they're callous people. When I love, I'd lay my life down on the railroad tracks for the man."

"What you *really* are," I said, "is the perpetual victim."

The liberated call girl picked at the purple shapes embedded in her hands.

"I know."

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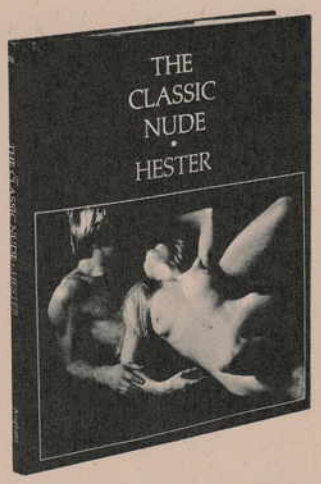
(text and photos by George M. Hester)



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Swiftie the Magician

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

glaucoma. Then I wept, and then my eyes were burning dry again.

Her cousin asked me to go to tea afterward with a few friends. Six of us in an East Side tearoom, Miss Somebody's, eating toast with the crusts sliced off, using jams and marmalades color-coordinated on a lazy Susan. Okay to bring up the blood sugar this way after the mild exercise of Episcopal grief. All folkways express feeling, and this is New York, the melting pot.

But I felt rage and resentment, not directly about this death, the futile sacrifice of Kathy, of a life as brief and wan as a cut flower, but because Swiftie was there, as if she had been responsible. She was responsible because she existed. She was responsible because she was babbling at this moment about her dog: "Kiki is sick. Some ugly pimple on his liver. I took him to the vet, and he gave him an entire blood transfusion. He just drained all his blood and ran new blood through him, and poor Kiki, somehow the dope didn't take, I think it was an *animal* tranquilizer, Fred, and he looked at me with those eyes, he looked so sad, poor Kiki . . . it cost me a fortune, an arm, an elbow and a leg, and darling, I can't spare my elbow. . . ."

She was winking and wondering if I could provide comfort for her distress about Kathy, about Kiki, about her elbow. Perhaps afterward. A little nonecumenical service in memory of the sexual near-successes which beautiful Kathy had almost enjoyed with so many mutual friends.

"Fred," Swiftie was asking, breathing a mild toast smell into my face, "wanna see my Kiki? Wanna see my elbow?"

"Are you crazy?" I asked her.

"Find me a taxi," she commanded me.

I stood in the street, waving like a windmill. It's what the gallant New Yorker must do for a lady in distress after a funeral. When I found the cab, she pushed me in with her. I was still muttering Your Kiki, your elbow.

She turned up her face to me, a bony, dark, ugly face, all scaffolding, in that chic smart New York style, and it was streaked with tears. I gave up good sense in our shared grief and went home to examine her Kiki, her elbow. She smelled of talcum powder.

This had been Kathy's service to Swiftie in life, too—to supply her with men, or at least a bit of sexual company. There are women who batten on the flesh of beautiful women, exactly as boxers have handlers and hangers-on, who feel as if they grow muscles and reflexes in the company of their good buddy the champion. And so the memorial service for Kathy did for Swiftie what Kathy did in life.

It was no disservice to me. We weren't shouting hymns together, but in our first silent coupling, a muddying of the talcum, we both squeezed out the frozen sludge beneath some easy thin tears that waited on the surface. Then I forgot both myself and Swiftie for a time of oceanic oblivion, and seemed to be dashed undersea in the pop mob, along with the Factory, Mick Jagger and Camelot, a unisexual abstract drowning in pleasure which included everyone but Kathy, whom I was mourning, and Swiftie, whose body I was penetrating like a leaky diving bell under deep-sea pressure. Her shriek almost broke my eardrum. So that was the magician's trick. I came up gasping, relieved, uncaring. I thought: now I know. So this is Swiftie. Kathy, goodbye. So now I know.

Now I knew nothing more.

Coming down from sex and group sorrow, alone with myself and no memories to speak of, was like a speed descent. Only falling in love would help, and I didn't fall in love. I left town. Television was leaving Manhattan for Los Angeles, and I went with it.

Years passed, and this is only a new paragraph. Nothing more than a new paragraph is needed. I had jobs, money, girl friends, a few gray hairs, some travels, and I lived on the other side of the continent. I was able to produce four movies-of-the-week a year. I was a clever kid with the hijack in ninety minutes, including commercials, the jewel caper, the will-the-operation-succeed flick, and once a B'nai B'rith Brotherhood prizewinner about an all-purpose minority orphan befriended by an all-purpose bigot family from, uh, North Montana, where the network liked to locate typical all-American bigot families. I accepted my medal from the very hands of Dore Schary at a dinner at the Americana, all expenses paid. I grew a foppish orange mustache for the occasion. I wrote a pilot about the humors and adventures of bigotry (unproduced). When they did *All in the Family*, they had my blessing. I wasn't greedy.

> "Fred," Swiftie was asking,
> "wanna see my Kiki?
> Wanna see my elbow?"
> "Are you crazy?"
> I asked her. "Find me a taxi,"
> she commanded me . . .

Teenies and chicklets came into fashion, and I enjoyed the girls of the Sunset Strip. I shaved the mustache because it made me look mature. Stubbornly I remained in my garden apartment, Howard Johnson Espagnol, plus shared swimming pool, on Horn Avenue above Cyrano's, where the expatriate New York writers and actors gathered; that is, where the agents and producers took people to lunch, and where the teenies pressed their tiny-teenie noses against the glass, the headwaiter or the agents, in the hope of being discovered, for the movies or at least for an evening together. I hardly ever failed in my brilliant pickup line: "Didn't I see you someplace before—one of my motorcycle films? Who's your agent?"

"Uh, not yet," she breathed.

"Then come sit down and let's talk about it. We'll find you an agent, honey."

Having written a couple of films, I found I could produce them, and having produced a couple which came in under budget, I found myself a rich man. Here I am, moderately rich. Rich. Me. And barely forty. Thanks to the Beverly Hills Health Club, I'm a member of the Right On, Now Generation, except I still talk about going back to teach at Bowdoin, just as soon as I have my fill of all this. Without letting anyone know, I kept up with my reading in the time I saved by not going into deep therapy. Like all New Yorkers in Los Angeles, I didn't buy the six-pack of Coke, only one bottle at a time, because I might be heading home tomorrow. But after a year I took to buying spice racks, economy-size powdered milk, and six-packs of anything. I was staying.

Once I picked up a Mars Bar and a bottle of brandy in the some-checks-cashed late-night liquor store around the corner on Sunset. The Mars Bar was for a girl who reminded me of Kathy. She said she had a sweet tooth, especially after smoking. She had finished junior college. She wanted to be a star before she was old, she told me as we hiked back up the little stretch of hill to Horn Avenue, and couldn't afford the time for a senior year. She was amazed that a man like me, with all my credits, didn't take my Alfa-Romeo the half-block for the Mars Bar. I just showed it to her in the carport, white and nice, and said, "Let's walk." She was shaking her head. New Yorkers and their strange automobile habits. Young as she was to be soon a star, she still knew how to generalize. She didn't really remind me of Kathy.

There were moments, even with the teeny-tinies, and maybe that's why I took on this bad Hollywood habit, when I guessed that Los Angeles cut me away from the legitimate nostalgias. I wanted to give juice and flesh to some hope of life in me, and squeezed the firm meat of the teeny-tinies. One of them, a shrewd Toni or Shari to whom I briefly gave the key to my place, asked: "Hey, why you always keep the radio on?"

"It's an FM good-music station."

"Even when you're not in your pad?"

"I like to come home and hear it."

"You could turn it on. You don't play it very loud. There's a switch, man."

I thought I could appeal to the new times. I thought to make points with the Aquarian age. I preferred not to say I felt out of touch. I preferred not to mention that nothing in L.A. gave me a connection with my best, but the dribble of baroque, subliminal echoes of Bach and Vivaldi, made me think I was a college boy again, or a high school

dreamer. My rapid internal gab gave me other contemporary explanations. For prowlers. For laziness. "I don't want the plants to get lonely," I said. "They like company, too. Sometimes I'm gone all night."

Debbi's eyes widened. "Oh, wow. Far out."

Again I had won a small skirmish. I was protected on all sides, never a weakness. Debbi liked to do it standing up, and said that I had fantastic thigh control for a kid my age.

"I'm forty, ah, forty-one," I said.

"Far fucking out. A mature kid," she said. "But say, if your plants like music, how come they don't prefer the Stones? They're L.A. plants—how about the Byrds?"

I had left New York without fully knowing why, just tired of the struggle. I also thought I could conquer the West, and that was a more positive reason. And I had conquered the West. And now, with the help of a teeny-tiny who believed any lie I told her, I was beginning to learn why I had really left Manhattan, and it wasn't to firm up my thighs. Somehow Swiftie, mean Swiftie, meant more to me than the cute teeny-tinies who were so generous and ticklish and willing to try anything. It must have been because I wasn't seeing her. I never liked Swiftie when I saw her, I didn't like to hear of her, yet she possessed a corner of my past. And on the freeways, among the options, during all the proposals and prospectuses and deals, the past remained real. Within my abstract soul, there was a real body which had experienced grit and expectation in Manhattan, and moments alone, and moments when I had meant the words *I love you*, which I had so parsimoniously tendered to Swifty's friend Kathy.

Swiftie's fame grew. I suppose she had a P.R. firm, for the articles in national magazines seemed well orchestrated—*Women's Wear Daily*, *Cosmo*, *Vogue*, finally *Life*. Spectacular Young Designer & Kook. Brilliant Party Giver Makes Dress for Jackie. Flash Superstar Heroine in St. Tropez with Duke's Son, Father Very Nervous. Someone even brought me a treatment for a movie about her, which I said ought to be double-billed with The Werner von Braun Story. "Get Curt Jurgens to play Swiftie," I said, "or maybe Jack Palance—that's the type."

"Are you serious?" the agent, Jerry Olive, asked. "Do you think the time has come for the first major drag film? I'm sure my client could be persuaded if you really mean it, Fred. I mean it's a fantastic approach. I mean, Fred? Aw, you're kidding again. I always forget about you, your terrific sense of humor, Fred."

There was talk of franchising Swiftie Dixon Fashions at about the time they franchised Paraphernalia, but the syndicate turned out to be a Chicago rackets operation that just wanted to launder its dope money, and somehow they couldn't get the SEC to agree to the corporate structure. Swiftie screeched in the public prints: "Not a dress or a wrinkle goes out but that I haven't draped it! Those promoters are a bunch of creeps. I won't have it."

Her flag said: Integrity Is the Name of My Game. In pig Latin and double Dutch. Integrity and Hand-Sewn Seams.

Okay, I was glad to be away.

But she found me again. Her voice on the phone promised she was only passing through, on her way to see the Duke of Hong Kong (name meant nothing to me), and she couldn't possibly even drop by for a momentito. I, too, regretted. But then she noted that life is too short not to see an old friend, and the Duke of Hong Kong is a creep, he likes threesomes mostly, a boy, a girl, and him—no dogs, however; Swiftie won't degrade a dog—and it'd be kind of kinky to keep him waiting a day; he can just hang in there with his Korean lad at their luxury suite atop the sewage outlet of the Hong Kong bay, and she would love to see what time and the respect of the studios have done to me. I couldn't resist so much delicacy and charm. Yes, I would take her to a real Beverly Hills In spot.

We ate at the Black Gaucho. They had added a notice to the menu, "We Serve Luncho." Swiftie read it with her lips, scowled, turned on the Naugahyde, and asked, "You sure this is still the In place, Fred?"

Swiftie's fame grew. Someone even brought me a treatment for a movie about her. "Get Curt Jurgens to play Swiftie," I said, "or maybe even Jack Palance . . ."

"It was last week," I answered, "according to John Wilcock's Guide, Los Angeles on Five Dollars a Day."

"Haha," she said, "you're magic, and now the ice is broken. Howrya?"

"What?"

"How. Are. You."

"Oh, your Hong Kong accent."

"You always said I was affected, Fred."

"Well, I was wrong, wasn't I? Because you're a terrific success now, and a phony doesn't make it anymore."

"Um." She played with eleven of her rings. I asked if she wasn't afraid of catching arthritis from carrying around so much junk jewelry. She replied it was very valuable junk, Fred. She had more to say than dealing with my banter. This is Spaceship Earth. She'd been reading Bucky Fuller lately, an article about him in *Realités*. She was thinking of getting down to Carbondale to meet him, but he might be a little old for her. Anyway, strike that. She had this habit of telling me her deepest thoughts. It was because, oh, shit. Though she lived for the day, she too, like everybody, also lived in memory. Suddenly she said: "I used to think you didn't like me because I was a bad influence on Kathy, but I can't influence her anymore, and you still don't like me. You fucked me once and even that didn't soften your heart, Fred."

"I'm sorry. My hard heart is a habit now, Swiftie."

"You're not like that with everyone."

"It's a type I react against. Certain women. Nothing personal."

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "you're like so many others. Jack didn't like me either."

"Thanks for the compliment."

"But Jackie did, so he had to put up with me. And the Duke likes me a lot, but sometimes I think he's not just a closet queen. He's a faggot."

"Can't win 'em all, Swiftie."

It was a marvie lunch with an old Manhattan pal, wasn't it? She had the rabbit and white wine. I had the tacos and Pepsi. We had the bad taste in our mouths about each other.

She offered to drop me off at the studio on her way to the airport and asked me to keep a small bag for her return from Hong Kong. "Okay."

"I'd stay for the night if you want me to."

"I don't want you to, Swiftie."

"Okay." We hummed along the freeway. "Oh, by the way," she said before I got out, carrying the little bag which I was to keep for her, "I meant to tell you before we got sidetracked. I have this feeling you're still making it with Kathy's ghost. I meant to tell you she fucked everybody in town before and after she met you, and also during."

"I never want to see you again, Swiftie."

"Don't worry about it."

Oddly enough, as she drove off, I found myself holding the small overnight bag. I went into my office, told my secretary not to disturb me, and kicked the bag open. All that was inside was a black corset, straps, bone, and zippers, all covered in black satin. Hi there, Swiftie the Magician.

What's the point of recording a history of this person? In a time of random bombings, murder of innocents, in a time when the record of mankind is all too clear, why trouble over the urban phenomenon, the groovy speedy turned-on make-out creepy-crawly lady who now left me a couple of hundred dollars worth of straps, for reasons which nobody could fathom for sure? What statement was she making for herself, for me? What question, if not a statement? I was interested, I suppose, because she was a champion, and we lived united by dislike in the same world, and I was interested in myself.

It was plausible to decide about Swiftie, as I had often already plausibly decided, once and for all: Here is nothing, here is *nada*, this is it, discovered at last in its pure essence of noise and sham, sucking greed and cruel teeth. But even those things are

not nothing. Nothing will come of nothing, as Lear says, but nothing in a human being is also another appeal. All the pop style and spangles hid something. Like other masks, they masked. There was a wildness in that wild woman, that tearing and destroying woman, to which I found no plausible answer except to push through my own smugness about her. Kathy couldn't say what she wanted, and Swiftie was a taker, demanding instantly, right now, this fun and that fame; but it was right for them to be friends, they were sisters; and perhaps I was their brother, too. I go on using words to sum them up, but words do not name the mystery. There was still a mystery.

Her husband, I heard, killed himself. Yes, the husband came back from the ghost town, that cheerful, harassed man, sprouts of dark curly hair, needles on the knuckles, who was supposed to have made a lot of money, retiring young to spend his virile forties and fifties in keeping his young bride happy. In other words, a ball-less second-generation garment manufacturer, without a clear sense of what he wanted, except that a vivid woman seemed to make it for him. And of course not forever.

She was some kind of champion, but the fate of champions is to be deposed. She played herself on a projector not adapted for Cinemascope, so she came out long and narrow, abruptly an anachronism, haggard. I followed her trail for a few years. Back from Hong Kong without her duke, of course. Then Camelot was over, deposed in Dallas and she was not making dresses for Mrs. Onassis. The newspaper and magazine publicity dwindled to an occasional item in Igor Cassini or an also-present-was in the *Village Voice*. To be queen of the groovy generation, a turned-on child, and approaching thirty or forty, well, it doesn't work forever, does it?

Maybe she should have been a night club magician after all.

Some of the speed freaks I knew were now cases of methedrine lobotomies, having trouble remembering their addresses. A poet and night club comic was on welfare, with a Public Health nurse dropping by once a week to look at his sheets. The formerly smart had low I.Q.'s and puzzled expressions. Togo Gresham had taken up macrame, and his mother donated the product to an auction for the benefit of autistic children. And some seemed to have metabolisms that endured. I imagined Swiftie burning steadily, her flame lowered, but nevertheless a survivor while the bathtubs filled with overdose cases, and some joined Women's or Viet or Gay Lib, and the swinging birds came back from London to settle down in White Plains with a bloke from White Plains High School, now content to make out just okay. A few were "into" the war or the New Left or consciousness-raising. "I'm an ecology person," said one girl who had sworn never again to use a feminine noun or adjective for personself. This young Ms. had given its gender too cheaply in the past. "I'm into saving the white whale, Fred. You smile, but all endangered species are my siblings. Have you ever really talked to a dolphin?"

But Swiftie was still doing her old thing, a creator of funk, like her old friend, now Ms. Yoko Lennon, who signed letters "An Ex-Rock Star's Wife" because she didn't want to profit from her husband's fame.

Ms. Lennon was invited to Swiftie's big show of the decade, and so was I, and I arranged to make it back to New York for the occasion. The idea was this: to sell off her living history of the Sixties. Her apartment, her furnishings, her clothes, her scrapbooks, her soap, and the beautiful taxidermy job in Kiki, who was mounted on soft, white-draped vinyl, like Poseidon in a pool. Her paintings, her rugs, her scarves, her everything. Her cosmetics. Her ashtrays. Her undies. "Swiftie's Lifestyle, My Thing, Foreclosed." Her Mickey Mouse watch. Her *Evergreen Reviews*. She was ending the inventory. She was going somewhere else to be something different, a nun, a monk, a newborn babe.

It was a grand New York occasion. All the Fifties and Sixties were there—abstract expressionists turned op-pop-funk, former children turned film makers, novelists and playwrights, and I think that was Pierre Salinger I saw there again behind a cigar. The hand that rose to remove the cigar was covered with short thick hairs. On it was a signet ring, and a lady whispered to me, "You know what that means? You know about the Society?"

> She played herself on a projector not adapted for Cinemascope, so she came out long, narrow, haggard. Then Camelot was over, deposed in Dallas. She was not making dresses for Mrs. Onassis . . .

"What society?"

But when I turned in the crowd, the lady who had whispered to me was gone; only a faint scent of Gauloise Bleu remained; and I was saying What society? to a man with a Vandyke beard, dressed in an organdy evening gown, with a locket around his neck. He whispered to me: "I'm a star, who are you? What society you talking about, kiddo?" He would have seemed impossibly chic, weird and Now, except that the invisible aura around this new head in my life smelled exactly of my mother's hair spray, which she got at the A&P. Jane Parker, Holly Washington or Mary Magnes. This unfamiliar superstar with the attractive scalp wanted to tell me about the great political problem of the hour, the conflict between the New Gay and the Old Gay. He was in the center of the vortex. A star can't live a life of contemplation. A star can't just peacefully bugger his friends and remain aloof. He has to comfort and inspire those who look to him for inspiration. So what would I advise, as an impartial and really pretty groovy-looking stranger from the Coast?

"I believe I would have to know more before I could make a decision."

"Well, the Old Gay has fought the good fight since Sappho, Socrates, Cocteau and Andy started it all. But the merging of the sexes has gotten right down to the nitty-gritty of the junior high schools now. It's not camp anymore, it's the *nittiest* gritty. It's communes where gay mothers bring their gay sons, and you can even bring a straight if you really care for him. What you say your name was, kiddo, sir?"

"Fred."

"Well, I see by those leathers you're from the Coast—the Industry?"

"No, actually," I said, "I'm in aerospace, Lockheed, trying to diversify, talking to some hydrofoil people located out in Great Neck. . . ."

I managed to lose the man with the Vandyke beard and the organdy gown.

Swiftie's clever insight about space, vibrations and the times' need put the rock band in the bathroom; door propped open and the tile reflecting passionate noise. The drummer, sitting in the tub, occasionally slapped at faucets and soapdish—the soapdish broke—and got a nice calypso thunk. Narziss und der Goldmunds, an authentic sound, had also played for Freddy Plimpton's birthday. I saw people I remembered from my Manhattan days, miraculously slimmed down and youthified in five years, thanks to their various injections; and new people, so young they had never made love on anything but a water bed, were gingerly bouncing on mattress, box springs, down pillows. "What's that? What's that? What's that?" a girl kept asking as she was undressed by another girl. They were trying out the marvelous effects of nonwater sleeping gear, brass furnishings.

Some of the furniture had come from Spain and France, some was antique, some was Swedish, some was plastic and inflated, some was Goodwill and Salvation Army, and there was also Swiftie herself, replacing tags that had been torn off, signaling the movers, a graciously deposed queen who accepted personal checks without looking at the driver's license. She was selling herself, she was selling everything. A thrill of fraternity with her. There used to be those who wanted to turn the past into permanence, but now we all want to get rid of history and the crutches. We want to turn the past into mobility, and that was her enterprise—how risky.

"Where you going, Swiftie?" I asked her.

"What? You're really here, Fred?"

"I told you, I flew in from the Coast."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

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RECORD ONE

Side One
BRANDY
Looking Glass
THE WITCH QUEEN OF NEW ORLEANS
Redbone
YOU'VE MADE ME SO VERY HAPPY
Blood, Sweat & Tears
LIAR
Argent
HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY BROTHER
The Hollies

Side Two
ARE YOU READY?
Pacific Gas & Electric
EVIL WAYS
Santana
I'D LOVE TO CHANGE THE WORLD
Ten Years After
TIME OF THE SEASON
The Zombies
TURN, TURN, TURN
(To Everything There Is a Season)
The Byrds

RECORD TWO

Side One
INDIAN RESERVATION
(The Lament of the Cherokee)
Paul Revere & The Raiders
ATLANTIS
Donovan
SYLVIA'S MOTHER
Dr. Hook and The Medicine Show
ELI'S COMIN'
Laura Nyro
PIECE OF MY HEART
Janis Joplin
Big Brother and The Holding Company

Side Two
HALLELUJAH
Sweathog
GET IT ON
Chase
PICKIN' UP THE PIECES
Poco
MERCY, MERCY, MERCY
The Buckinghams
SEASON OF THE WITCH
Steve Stills/Al Kooper

RECORD THREE

Side One
I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW
Johnny Nash
LONG COOL WOMAN IN A BLACK DRESS
The Hollies
HOUSE AT POOH CORNER
Loggins and Messina
ONLY YOU KNOW AND I KNOW
Delaney & Bonnie
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING
Chi Coltrane

Side Two
BABY DON'T GET HOOKED ON ME
Mac Davis
THE COVER OF "ROLLING STONE"
Dr. Hook and The Medicine Show
THEM CHANGES
Carlos Santana and Buddy Miles
THANK YOU
Sly and The Family Stone
SILVERBIRD
Mark Lindsay

RECORD FOUR

Side One
HOLD YOUR HEAD UP
Argent
HURDY GURDY MAN
Donovan
WE'VE GOT TO GET IT ON AGAIN
The Addrisi Brothers
ALL THE YOUNG DUDES
Mott the Hoople
OYE COMO VA
Santana

Side Two
ME AND BOBBY McGEE
Janis Joplin
HEART FULL OF SOUL
The Yardbirds
WEDDING BELL BLUES
Laura Nyro
SAN FRANCISCO
(Be Sure to Wear Flowers in Your Hair)
Scott McKenzie
SHARON
David Bromberg

RECORD FIVE

Side One
ARIZONA
Mark Lindsay
WHO'S MAKING LOVE
Johnnie Taylor
(If You Let Me Make Love to You Then)
WHY CAN'T I TOUCH YOU?
Ronnie Dyson
NEVER MY LOVE
The Addrisi Brothers
MORE TODAY THAN YESTERDAY
Spiral Starecase

Side Two
EVERYDAY PEOPLE
Sly and The Family Stone
THE HORSE
Cliff Nobels
YOUNG GIRL
Gary Puckett and The Union Gap
HEY BABY (They're Playing Our Song)
The Buckinghams
SOUL LIMBO
Booker T. and The MG's
PEOPLE
The Tymes

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RECORD SIX

Side One
I CAN'T TURN YOU LOOSE
Edgar Winter's White Trash
POWDER BLUE MERCEDES QUEEN
Paul Revere & The Raiders
A BOY NAMED SUE
Johnny Cash
MR. TAMBOURINE MAN
The Byrds
FAIS-DO
Redbone

Side Two
SPINNING WHEEL
Blood, Sweat & Tears
WOMAN, WOMAN
Gary Puckett and The Union Gap
KIND OF A DRAG
The Buckinghams
WATERMELON MAN
Mongo Santamaria
CITY
The Tymes

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Toyota RV-2/the getaway car

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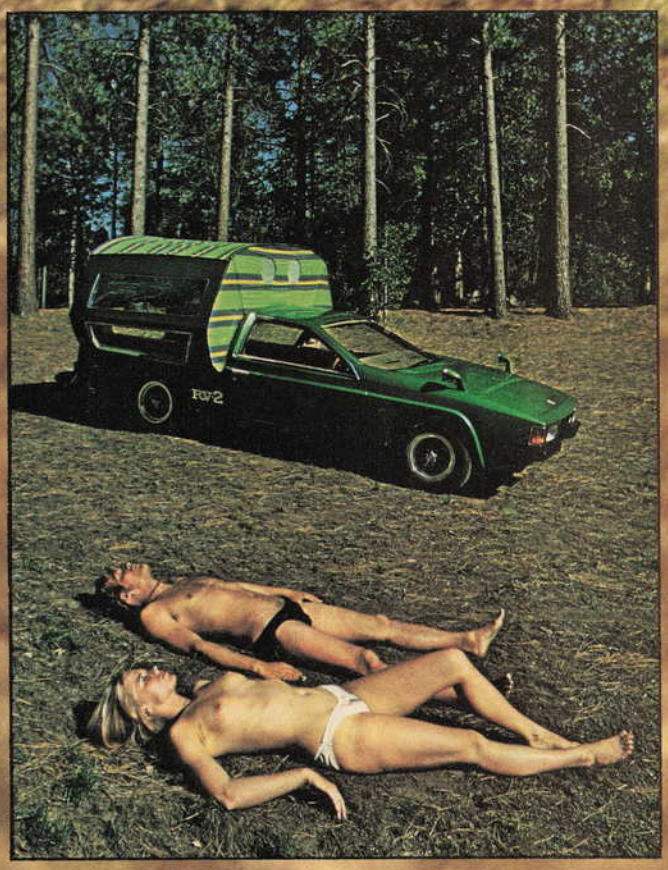


Photographs by Ken Marcus

It's Friday and you're fed up—tired of the city, tired of work, tired of people. You need some room to breathe but get stuck for a half-hour on the expressway. You decide to get away. You pull the Toyota off at the nearest exit and call ahead for the weather forecast.

An hour later you will be on your way with your lady by your side. Everything you need for a cozy weekend is already packed in the car you're driving. A dream? It will be reality if Toyota designers have their way.

Right now the RV-2 is an "idea car." It was first shown to the public at the Tokyo Auto show last October. It has since been exhibited at the Geneva show, in New York and most recently in Los Angeles. From there it goes back to the drawing board for minor changes and improvements. The RV-2 is Toyota's idea of the perfect recreation vehicle—it functions as a fast, comfortable car; it also converts to a handy little camper with a minimum of effort.

Built on a 107.6-inch wheelbase, the four-passenger car has a body that opens like a clam shell to expand its interior space rapidly and neatly. With its frame and canvas in place, the RV-2 has room to feed and sleep four adults. The furniture can be pulled out for a picnic in the sun.

And this little baby, 186.2 inches long, 70.4 inches wide and 52.4 inches high, can move with the best of them. The six-cylinder, 2563-cc. single-overhead cam engine and five-speed stick shift separate it from the pack of lumbering rigs that inch along looking for a place to rest.

Compact and tidy, this car appears to be the answer for the quick getaway or the leisurely road trip. No definite marketing plans have been announced, but from the enthusiastic, worldwide reaction, it shouldn't be long before this prototype becomes an assembly-line model.

RV-2

RV-2

Photography by Francis Ing

DECADENCE DIVINE

an alternative to the long, lean, uptight look of tailored clothing

Fashion by Ed Emmerling

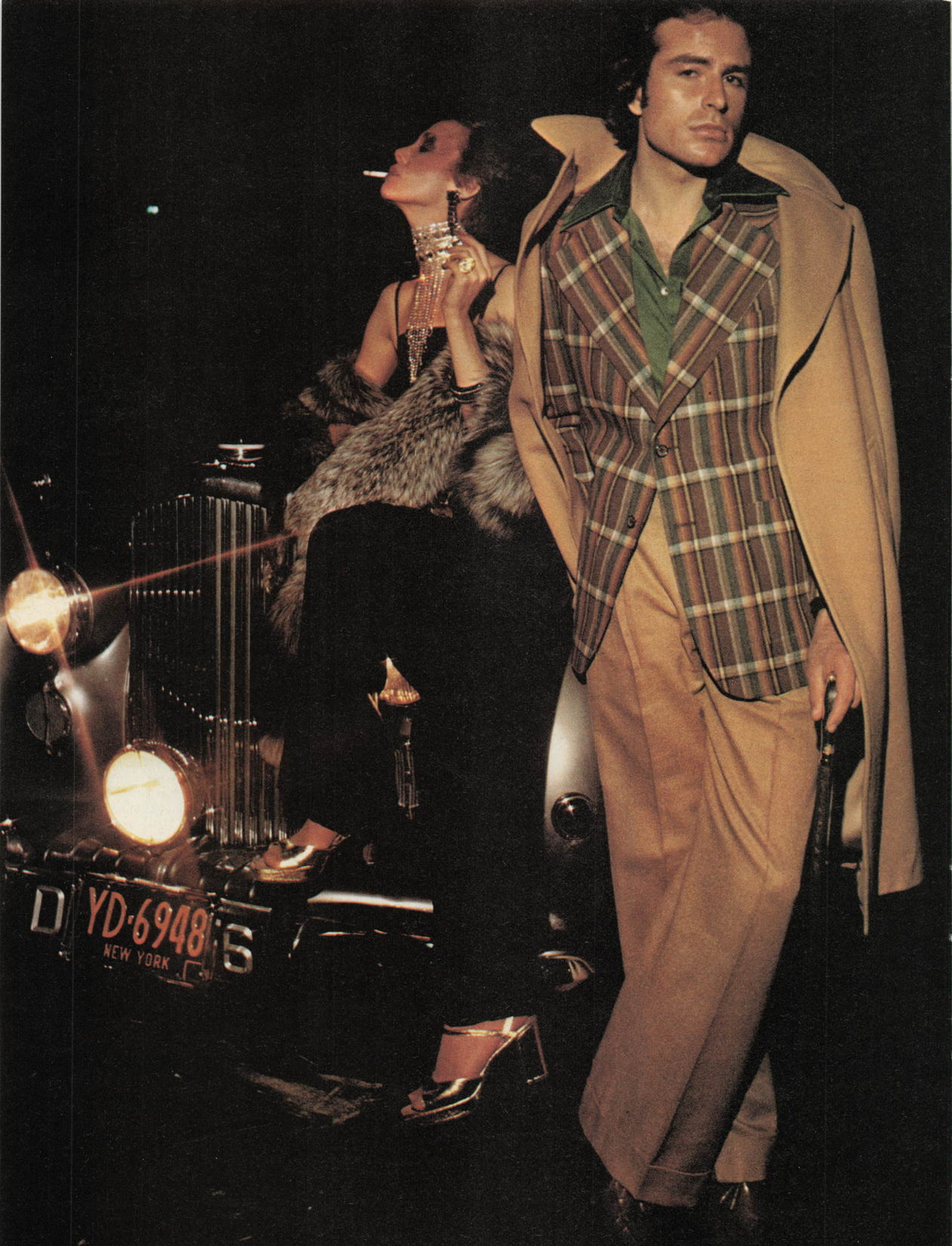
Now that men are again cutting their hair and shearing their beards, it's possible to introduce a little wit and newness to clothing—a return really to the decadent elegance of Europe in the prewar years. Its American counterpart was the Hollywood fashions of 1937, the movie capital's heyday.

Today's guy with a sense of style is offered a fresh European direction in suits and sport coats. The long, lean, uptight look of the last ten years is being tested by looser-fitting and more comfortable suits. The jacket is slightly shorter and more revealing of the shape of the buttocks . . . squarer in a broad, padded shoulder . . . lean in the hip and definitely not nipped at the waist. This fashion accent favors double-breasted jackets, gray-flannel fabrics, pin-stripe patterns and classic camel and bottle-green colors. Bulky wrap cardigan sweaters and loose-fitting polo coats are other manifestations of this mood.

Ultimately, these styles glorify the athletic V-form of the male by coupling the short jacket, with its broadly built-up padded shoulder, to pleated, baggy pants.

At the moment, this look seems to be associated with the younger, more sophisticated people in Europe—to whom the broad shoulders, lean hips and bag trousers are new. And, almost anything nostalgic goes. In America, this influence will spread, first among the young and then to just about everybody. This fall, European designers Pierre Cardin, Hardy Amies and Valentino will have these clothes available in select stores around the country, as will the young Coty-award-winning designing firm of Flo Toronto.

The acrylic shawl-collared wrap cardigan, $60, gives the all-important sportswear look. By ICE, Ltd. Shirt by Pierre Balmain. The pants, Saxony plaid, made from pure English wool, are about $45, by Octagon, Ltd.


YD·6948
NEW YORK

Opposite: *The camel's hair polo coat slung over shoulders completes the mood. Designed by Oscar de la Renta for After Six, $265. The bold black plaid jacket in wool polyester is $115, by Pierre Cardin Boutique. Shirt is Givenchy by Chesa. Heather gold bag trousers, $30, by Boulette. Women's black trouser ensemble by Jean-Jacques Martelli for Paris Collections. Car from the collection of Rocky Aoki of the Benihana of Tokyo restaurants.*

This page, top right: *Dressing up to look wealthy. The double-breasted wool tweed jacket with cinch waist, $140, with double-pleated bag trousers, $45, and cotton shirt, approx. $23, are all by J. Hornby of London.*

Top left: *The perfect double-breasted pin-striped suit. Mostly wool, for about $145, it's by Pierre Cardin Boutique. Shirt is by Pierre Balmain. The belt is Givenchy by Ram Leather. Pocket square is by John Weitz. Her two-piece lurex shirt suit is by Flo Toronto. Interiors by Stuart Greet, Inc.*

Bottom left: *The white wool double-breasted tuxedo has satin peaked lapels, $150, by Flo Toronto. Silver lurex shirt by Jumping Jack Flash, $25. Girl's pink satin jacket and rose-print crepe pants are both by Flo Toronto. The white dress, from Halston. The restaurant: Jean De Noyer's La Goulue.*

All men's bow ties are Ruffler by Rooster Ties. Men's shoes by De Noyer. Canes and umbrellas by Mespo. Hair and makeup by Jonathan Franciscono for Coty cosmetics. All furs by Barlan. Jewelry by Kenneth J. Lane. Steel and ivory bracelets by Halston. Women's shoes by Herbert Levine. Hats by Griege, Ltd. Monocle by the Ultimate Spectacle.

March '73 Pet

MISS AVRIL LUND says:

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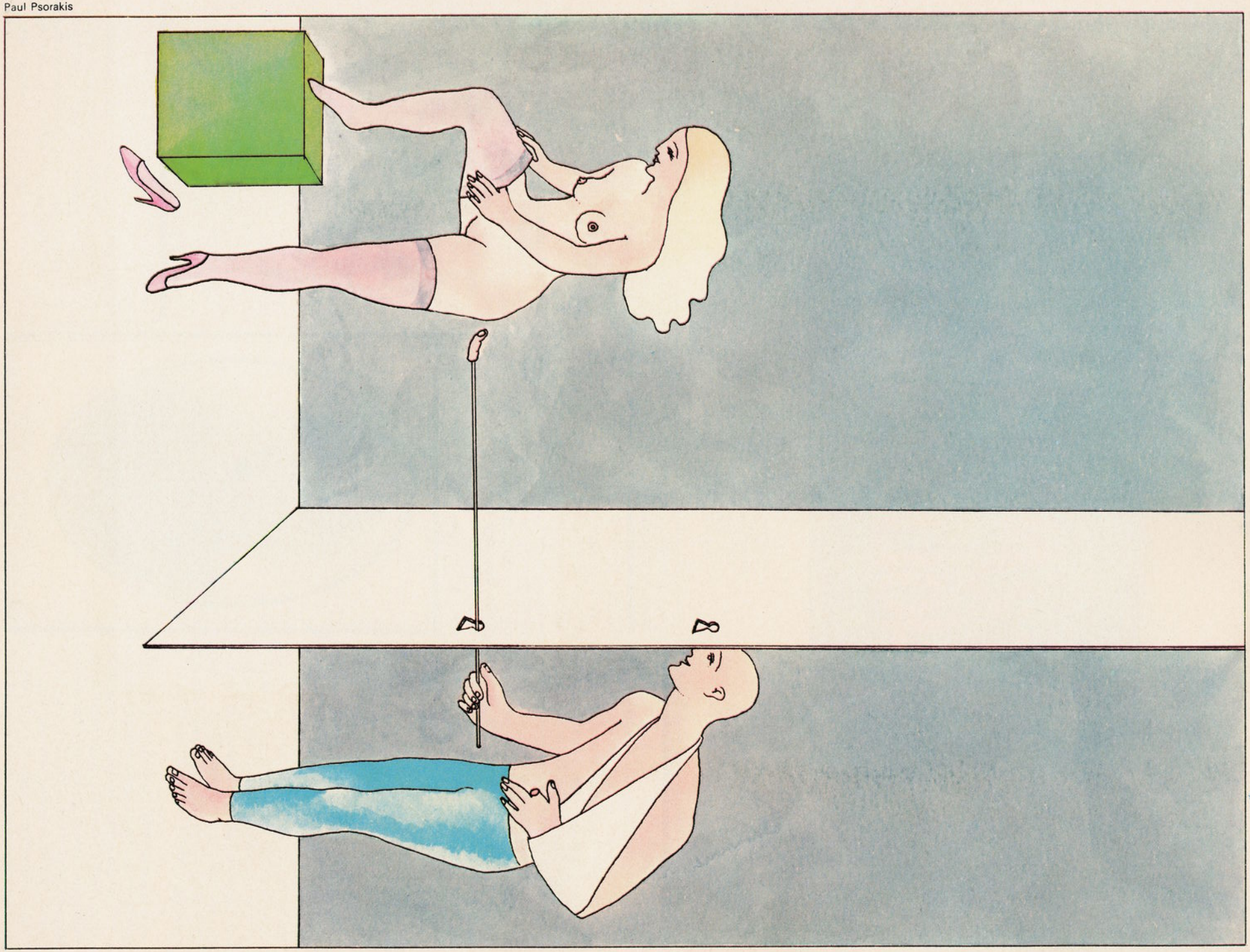
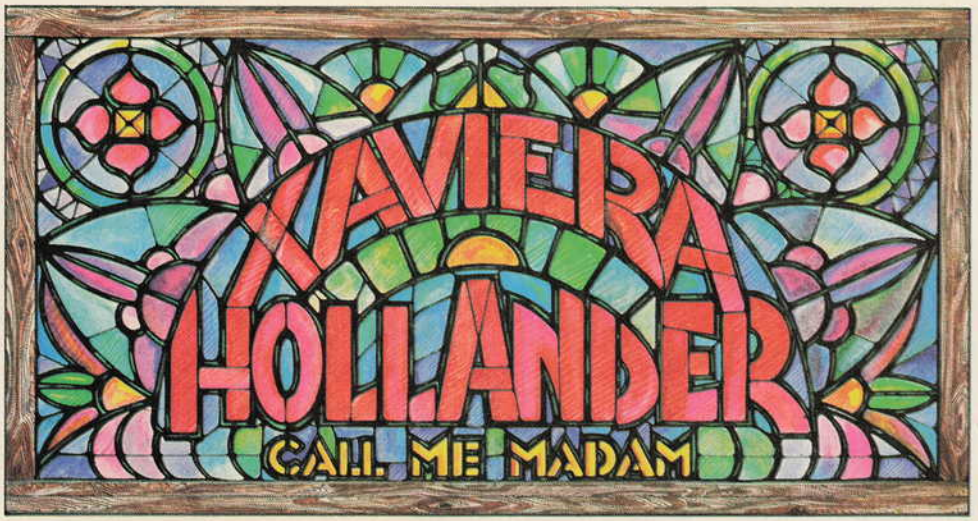
Paul Psorakis





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IRRESISTIBLE SISTER

I am a seventeen-year-old German young man with a sister who is barely fourteen years old. She has blond hair and blue eyes, is built like a sexy movie starlet and is an all around "cutie pie." I know that she is a virgin because she has never gone to bed with anyone except me. At night, when father and mother are sleeping, she comes into my room stark naked and gets into bed beside me. She takes my penis in her hand and plays with it. Last week, for the first time, she took my penis and put it in her mouth. Now she does the same thing every night, begging me to make love to her. After she's made my penis hard, she tries to climb on top of me and insert it in her vagina. So far I've managed to stop her, but I'm beginning to think I should let her go ahead—then perhaps she'll leave me in peace for a while. I don't really want to make love to her; she's very attractive, but I know that it would be wrong, and we might also get in trouble. But she says that if I don't do it properly and soon, she's going to pick up the biggest man she can find and seduce him. I know she's not bluffing. Should I give in to her or is there another way out?—Tempted.

If your sister is mature enough to insist upon making love to you, she's mature enough to find another man. Better still, why don't *you* try and find her one of your own friends, whom you think could be the right man to deflower her? I know it's hard for you to prevent her from having sex with you, but if you really feel guilty about it, and realize you might mess up your sister's life (as well as your own), close the door to your bedroom . . . and lock it.

NIGHT OF THE LONG DONG

I am a Spanish Negro male of seventeen. My penis is seven inches long when not erect; when erect, it grows to eleven inches. When I get into bed with a woman and she feels the size of it, right away she comes up with an excuse for not having intercourse. What she really means is that she's afraid of my putting my penis in her vagina. I've been going steady with a nice young lady for two years, but we've never had intercourse because of my penis. I'm in the army, and she knows I'll be home shortly, so she wrote me a letter stating that she doesn't want any sexual relationship with me when I get home. What am I to do?—Carlos.

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

You will have to convince your lady that you will be gentle with her. If she is a virgin, I suggest you both visit a young understanding doctor to discuss your problem.

When you begin to have intercourse with her, make sure she is relaxed and well warmed up and excited. If she is not lubricated enough (you can feel this with your finger before you insert your penis), either perform cunnilingus on her or use some kind of lubricating jelly to get her motor running. When you finally insert your penis, don't be too rough on her and go slowly at first, so that her vagina can adjust to the size of your organ. Once inside, you will see from her reaction whether she enjoys it. Then you can speed up the tempo. If you still hurt her because you are too long, just control yourself and don't insert your penis all the way. Carlos, if nothing helps and she still refuses you, I wish the hell I could have a try with you.

GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF IT

Big firm buttocks have always aroused me. My pet fantasy is a buxom, playful woman straddling me, carrying me piggyback and doing other things to me with her broad hips. Yet it wasn't until I was twenty-seven that I thought about sex and making love in even the conventional positions. Stranger still, though I secretly yearn for a woman with

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Let's start with the juiciest part: the proposition. We didn't set out to be a his & hers smoke. Frankly, we thought of Winchester as largely for male chauvinist smokers—and maybe a few leathery, liberated ladies. So we made Winchester masculine, but mild. And light. With a sensuous taste that separated the men from the boys. But, surprisingly, not from the girls.

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a large bottom, I have been prevented in the past (not least by ludicrously puritan ideas of my own) from having any kind of experience with women at all. How do you explain such a mixed-up mentality, and can you give me any helpful advice?—Art.

You have a guilt complex about something you have not even done yet. Let me reassure you that you are definitely *not* the only man who would love to make it or play with a "big-bottomed belle." Negroes in certain African countries consider big bosoms and big bottoms the height of female beauty and sexuality. Latin lovers, Greeks and Middle Eastern men seem to enjoy heavier women as well. When walking through most major cities in Germany, you see plenty of Germans pinching or slapping the plump backsides of their ladies, right there on the street, as a compliment.

When I used to have a brothel in New York, there was a lovely girl with a very pretty face and a slim body, but a huge pair of well-shaped buttocks, sticking out like two inviting pillows. She used to attract more business with her bottom than other girls with their bosoms. One night I saw her in action in the bedroom, where one of my customers was sucking her delicious arse, burying his face in between her hilly mounds. He reached his orgasm by rubbing his cock between her buttocks and squirting his sperm all over her back. Lose your inhibitions, and go chase the buxom beauties!

A MAN IN YOUR POSITIONS

I don't think I have any sexual problems, but I've been going out with this girl for about five months now, and we'd like some new ideas for lovemaking. We've tried all the usual things. Can you tell me a couple of far-out moves in bed that will really get her moaning with pleasure?—Eager to Learn.

You could start by reading both of my books—*The Happy Hooker* and its sequel, *Xaviera!* If you still want to know about new positions and techniques, try the following:

1. I personally prefer oral sex as foreplay. It's better if it's done mutually, as sixty-nine. I think it's better if you both lie on your side, because you're more relaxed like that, and it's hard to concentrate on your partner when you're about to reach an orgasm. Some girls prefer to have their men perform cunnilingus on them while lying in between their legs, which is really more comfortable and more satisfying than performing oral sex simultaneously.

2. An intercourse position I love is to sit on top of my man. This can be done on a bed or in a garden swing or rocking chair. If you do it in bed, you can stretch out after a while and make love face to face. I think the most intimate positions are those in which the man and woman can hold each other and kiss one another on the mouth. There's a lot to be said for the missionary position, though others are good for variety.

3. Doggy-fashion sex can be highly erotic. The girl bends forward on all fours, and the man inserts his penis into her from behind. If the man places his feet against the wall, he can give her deep, highly sexual thrusts that quickly bring her to a peak of stimulation. A variation of this position is for the girl to keep her legs closed, and as the man inserts his penis, she lies flat on her belly. If she closes her legs tight, she can get his penis in a lock-grip.

4. The tree-fashion position requires a pretty strong man and a light and flexible lady. The man stands upright while she wraps herself around his body, clinging to his shoulders with her arms, and with her legs around his upper thighs. He inserts his penis in her vagina, holding her up in the air. Try walking this way—it's very sexy!

5. In the tailor fuck, both man and woman sit on the floor or the bed facing each other. She puts her legs around him, he puts his around her, and then they move closer together so that he slides his dick into her cunt. While holding on to each other's arms, neck or shoulders, and keeping their balance, they move back and forward, in and out. The exciting thing about this position is that you can have a close look at your own and your partner's sex organs, and the sight and sound help make you horny.

6. In the spoon position, the man lies behind the woman, their bodies close together, like two spoons in a box. He inserts his penis into her vagina from behind her, while caressing her breasts, shoulders and belly. This is an extremely comfortable position and *does not* require any acrobatics, as do some of the others I've mentioned. It's also great to fall asleep together afterwards without the man withdrawing his penis. Once you grow to like this position, add some spice to it and have the woman make a ninety-degree turn away from the man with his penis still inside her. By doing this, she can take his leg, hold it in between hers, and squeeze her pussy very tight against the base of his cock, ensuring that he is in a firm scissors grip. One could go on and on with positions. It is all a matter of imagination and invention.

A POX ON IT?

My problem is a little unusual, but I hope you can help me. I am thirty-six years old and married, with five children ranging from ages nine to fifteen. My wife and I have a relatively normal sex life. She enjoys routine sex fairly frequently, but like most men, I like a little variety. This is readily available to me, and once in a long while I indulge. That's the start of my problem, for I've always suffered from a severe case of syphilophobia. After an encounter with another woman I spend months worrying myself into a deep depression. I forego sex at home for months for fear of infecting my wife. I know a lot about VD, because I have read up on the disease. This was a mistake, because now I'm aware of the progress of syphilis and imagine that I've spotted all the classic symptoms on my body. For this reason I now deprive myself of extramarital sex. I used to settle for an occasional fellatio session, but even this eventually produced

imaginary symptoms, and now my only release is masturbation, either by myself or with the help of some willing girl. My friends tell me to stop fooling around and stick to my wife, but this is something I can't do, as I'm sure you understand. It's no good telling me to try to interest my wife in a greater variety of sexual activities. I've been that route for twelve years, tried everything, and it doesn't work. Just once I'd like to take a girl out and do the whole thing, but I'm too afraid of the aftermath. Can you help me before I'm too old?—Shook Up.

If you had a penis three inches longer and the agility of an acrobat, it might well be possible for you to fuck a little sense into your own head. It is obvious that you are torturing yourself more right now than a real case of VD could.

The degree of your concern, depression and guilt only indicate the regard you have for your wife and family. The compulsion to get a little strange pussy on the side is driving you around the bend. There's only one solution if you can't stop fucking around—buy yourself a lifetime supply of quality rubbers and keep 2/100 of an inch between you and your lover. No one has ever died from rubber poisoning.

THANKS FOR THE SPANKS

Although I'm in my forties, I have not as yet encountered any young lady who will consent to an erotic spanking, and I've hesitated to press the issue. Do many girls like to be spanked? If the answer is yes, do they prefer to be wrestled into it or is it preferable to agree to and contemplate it first, savoring it in anticipation? I also enjoy anal intercourse and would like to know whether most girls enjoy it as well.—John.

I myself don't mind an occasional loving spanking, provided I get hit on the bottom and not in the face or any other part of my body. Even wrestling at times turns me on and is a healthy workout to loosen up the muscles. But all this has to be done in a *loving* way and not as a real punishment. The pain of the spanking gets me very aroused and then when I look at the red marks left behind on my backside, it turns me on even more. However, I am only in the mood for spanking on certain occasions—for example, when I am participating in a group sex scene and there are more couples in the same room. Somehow the exhibitionist as well as the masochist in me seems to come out at such parties, and I simply love to be tied down and wrestled into a good spanking. But then again . . . I am not the *average* girl, and I'm sure it will be difficult to find too many girls who dig being spanked.

Suggestions: don't discuss the spanking beforehand, simply do it when she is just about to reach an orgasm, but go easy at first. If you see she is shocked, stop and apologize for having roughed her up a bit. If she gets excited, continue more forcefully. As far as anal intercourse is concerned, I know a few girls (and some of them were call girls in my establishment) who love it. Some considered it one of the many occupational hazards that came with being a prostitute, and most girls just hated it. The majority of girls are not too crazy about it and will only allow it to be done by the men they really love. After all, the back entrance is a lot smaller, and if the man is slightly bigger than average, it might hurt the girl. I myself have done it Greek style several times, but rarely enjoyed it.

SYMPATHY FROM THE ANGELS

My friends and I are at the limits of our patience. Our problem is that while women can stand our appearance and odor, they can't take our straight-to-the-point attitude to sex. We are part of the Midlands [England] chapter of the Hell's Angels, and naturally hold no inhibitions about sex (or indeed anything else). When the women are in a group, they seem all in favor of any form of sexual activity we care to mention, but once we get them alone, they dry up like frightened virgins. I could understand it if there were two or three of us on to one girl, but I'm describing normal one-to-one situations. We're still getting plenty from our old ladies, but as I'm sure you know, the same person night after night is a real drag. What do you suggest? Please don't think we're putting you on, it's real bad now and we'd really appreciate your advice.—Johnny & Cass.

I am very happily surprised to receive a letter from so notorious a group as the Hell's Angels. Even though you guys supposedly are such "supermen" in every possible field, it seems there is still something lacking as far as your sexual relationships are concerned. The mere fact that you are uninhibited about sex and other matters does not necessarily make you good lovers. Remember that it takes two to tangle. Maybe your "old ladies" enjoy being roughened up and fucked around in group sex orgies or on top of a table with a crowd watching, but on a one-to-one basis you guys have to make it on your own, without spectators and the sensation of being show-off lovers. There is more to sex than just banging away in one big slam-bam orgy. Next time you make it with a chick on your own, try to be more gentle and respectful, because just from the way you talk about your old ladies, you seem to merely use them as doormats: "the same person every night is a real drag." So what the hell do you expect from them? Do you think you'll get affection or emotion if you treat them like pieces of garbage? A bit more tenderness and respect might help you reach a more successful relationship with your "old ladies." And leave the "old" out next time.

THE NEW FRONTIER

I haven't got a problem, but having read your column in **Penthouse** *I felt I had to write and tell you how wholeheartedly I agree with your attitudes to sex and life. I am thirty-six. I got married at fifteen, am still married to the same woman and have five children. My wife and I have the most beautiful sex*

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life imaginable. We explore and enjoy all forms of "normal," oral and anal sex, and have often discussed our desires for group sex, although due to existing laws and social pressures we have been unable to make any desirable contacts. My wife and I are both AC-DC and, like you, have experienced sex with animals. We occasionally take our dog to bed with us, finding the experience unimaginably stimulating. I also enjoy oral sex with men and sometimes take a night out on the town just for that purpose. Again, puritan laws force me to do this secretly; my wife and I both look forward to the day when we are allowed to do as we please with our own bodies. With beautiful people like you on the side of sexual liberation, that day is not too far in the future.—T.N.

Thanks for your compliments. Keep up the good work!

THE CROWDED BED

I am a twenty-nine-year-old guy, and since my recent divorce I've been playing a little game and seeing how many women I can get into bed with me. In the past two years I've succeeded in finding a total of forty-seven next to me in the mornings. My problem is that none of these forty-seven completely satisfied me, although they were satisfied and all came back for more. I like a woman to have three or four orgasms before I have my first (which I try to synchronize with one of theirs). I also like performing cunnilingus; sometimes I think I even enjoy it too much. I don't understand why I don't feel satisfied with these women. Do you think it may be because none of them was experienced enough?—Lenny.

Only a fool could believe that quantity can replace quality. You'll never get satisfaction out of just making love without really being in love. Because you got burned in marriage, you have become promiscuous to prove your masculinity again, and you are trying to find appreciation by pleasing other women. The problems lies within yourself rather than with your bedmates. What are you looking for? More conquest or a serious love affair with only one woman? Once you have made up your mind, you will have won half the battle.

QUI S'ABUSE, S'AMUSE

My wife and I have been married for five years and have a very robust sex life. However, a problem arose recently that has caused us great distress. About a month ago we returned from a party a little high on booze and grass. We began to make out, and I suggested that we each masturbate ourselves for a new kick. My wife responded enthusiastically, and while she played with herself, I knelt beside her and masturbated. We got really turned on watching each other stimulating ourselves, and I climaxed on her breasts and stomach. Next morning, though, my wife told me that what we had done was disgusting and she never wanted to do it again. I told her that we should do anything that turns us on, but she still regards it as dirty. Am I wrong? I found it highly erotic, and I know deep down that she enjoyed it as well, but somehow thinks self-masturbation after marriage is perverted. Don't most men and women like to see their partners masturbating?—Jeff.

Some men feel very insecure about their masculinity when they see their wives masturbate. They think they have failed in pleasing their women if she has to satisfy herself by means of masturbation. There are also many men who satisfy their wives by intercourse and then jack themselves off until they have reached an orgasm—often because the vagina of a woman who has had several children may be too wide to give sufficient friction. Tell your wife that if both partners are mature lovers, they will both realize how exciting it can be to see the other masturbate. Why should any sexual enjoyment be dirty? It's also exciting for the man to masturbate the woman while she does it to him simultaneously. If your wife still has a mental block about it, don't force her; simply try to get her into the mood for it some other time. Your consideration will pay off one day.

DUTY BOUND

My fiancé and I will be married this spring. My problem is that he is a devotee of the bondage and leatherwear cult, and this particular kink leaves me cold. I do not object to leather itself, but the ritual of tying and gagging him when we indulge in love-making really bores me stiff, although I love him very much. I must admit that he satisfies me when we are in the ultimate act. But the fact that I am invariably kissing a mouth stuffed with my panties or stockings, or fondling a body tied with cord, is very exasperating. During these sessions I have to wear a "dominating mistress" uniform of long boots, black stockings, etc. I wonder if I will have to go through married life this way. Is it possible that he will eventually outgrow the bondage and leather ritual, or are these addicts hooked for life?—S.S.

I suggest you read *The Story of O* by Pauline Réage and pick up some new ideas so that you can really enjoy your fiancé's sexual fantasies. He is supposed to be the masochist, the slave, and you are the sadist, his master. But if I read your letter correctly, *you* are in fact *his* slave.

You know why? Because you do exactly what he wants. You dress up in black and tie him down. Why not change the roles around? You are the one he has to obey. Instead of giving in to his wishes every time you are together, play the following game with him. Tell him that as of now he has to do it *your way*, and that way is as follows: six nights a week he has to make love to you in a normal heterosexual way, without the bondage and leather, and if he behaves well during those days, the reward will be one hell of a party on the seventh day, with

all the goodies and props he wishes. But then, dear S.S., you will have to really make it an enjoyable evening. On that one night really dig it yourself and make up a new erotic scene every week. Read some literature on this subject. Once you start understanding it, you will start finding it a fascinating subject, and you will soon see he is not the only one of his kind. When he is all tied down and you have humiliated him enough, sit right on top of him, have him eat your clit, spank his face, bite his nipples and rape him passionately. Good luck, S.S. Put some heart in your work next time, and keep me informed.

HELP YOURSELVES

I'm twenty-two and have been married for three years. My husband says that I have no interest in sex because I don't climax; I have to agree, because my climaxes are few and far between. Even the most stimulating position for me (on top) is becoming less satisfying. I feel I'm letting my husband down, though he says worrying only makes it worse. I've always had a strong sex urge, and when I was fourteen, I found some pornographic pictures belonging to my father and somehow got the idea of masturbating. After some time my mother walked in and caught me, then ran out again, crying. My urge was so strong that I still couldn't stop myself, especially after seeing a suggestive movie or reading an erotic book. I didn't date until I was sixteen and after going out with a few boys, I met my husband. I fell so much in love with him that I told him about my masturbating. He was so shocked he said nothing for an hour. I was very hurt and stopped seeing him, but when he came back from college, I fell in love with him again, and we married. From what I've told you, do you think you can help me? I've checked with a doctor, and he says nothing is wrong with me physically.—S.M.

You are suffering from guilt that stems from your childhood and has become worse since your husband heard about it. Did you ever think that maybe he as a boy secretly masturbated as well? I don't know any man who did *not* when he was a kid. The moment of your revelation to him was many years ago, and you both were very young. After several years of marriage, his opinions on the subject may have changed. Surely he cannot stay that square for the rest of his life. But instead of telling him your frustrations again, why not do it the non-obvious way? Buy him some girlie magazines, but make sure they're magazines that turn you on as well, with naked males as well as females in copulating positions. While looking at the magazines, start playing with yourself and suggest your husband do the same with himself. You will both see how enjoyable it is to masturbate while looking at pictures, and most of all while looking at each other's genitals being caressed by your own hands. Mix this with kissing, hugging, caressing and maybe eventually with masturbating each other. The thought al-

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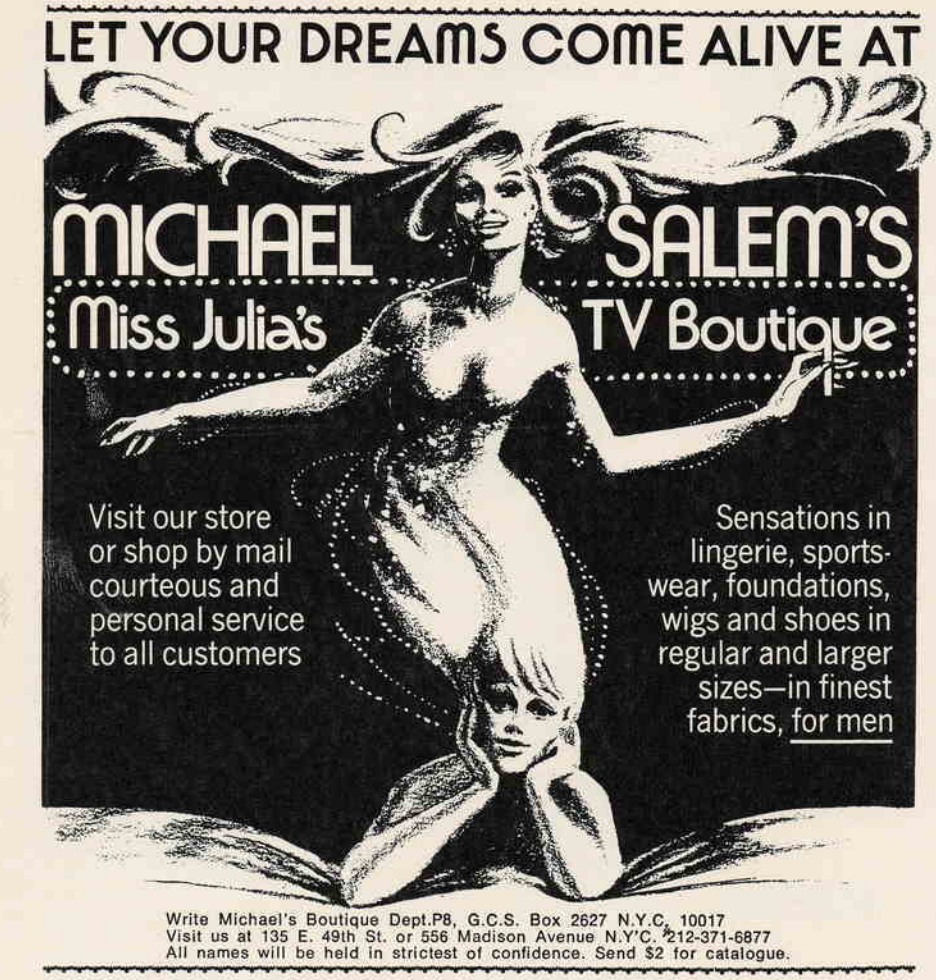
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ready turns me on! As an alternative, let him read this *Penthouse* article, and maybe he will get the hint if he still remembers your confession from many years ago.

FAREWELL TO THE CATHOUSE

I've seen it reported that you've said you would open a brothel in the U.S. if it were legal. Prostitution is legal in Nevada, so why don't you start business there?—Bill.

I have changed my mind. Prostitution was just one of many phases of my life while growing up. It has given me maturity. I have learned an awful lot about people and their hangups. I consider myself better equipped than many a so-called sexologist to give advice on sexual matters. (After all, in my previous profession I certainly did enough "penetrating research" with my clientele.) Right now I am even more successful in a respectable profession. I make more money in a vertical position than I ever did horizontally. With two best-selling books, *The Happy Hooker* and *Xaviera!* to my name, a third one coming out in August, a long-playing record, a movie deal in the making and successful lecturing tours, I honestly don't have the urge ever to make a comeback in the prostitution business. Besides, the brothels in Nevada are of a different caliber than the high-price house of pleasure I used to have. In Nevada sex is sold like packaged meat, and cheap prices and dumb girls were never exactly my cup of tea.

EXPLORING EROGENOUS ZONES

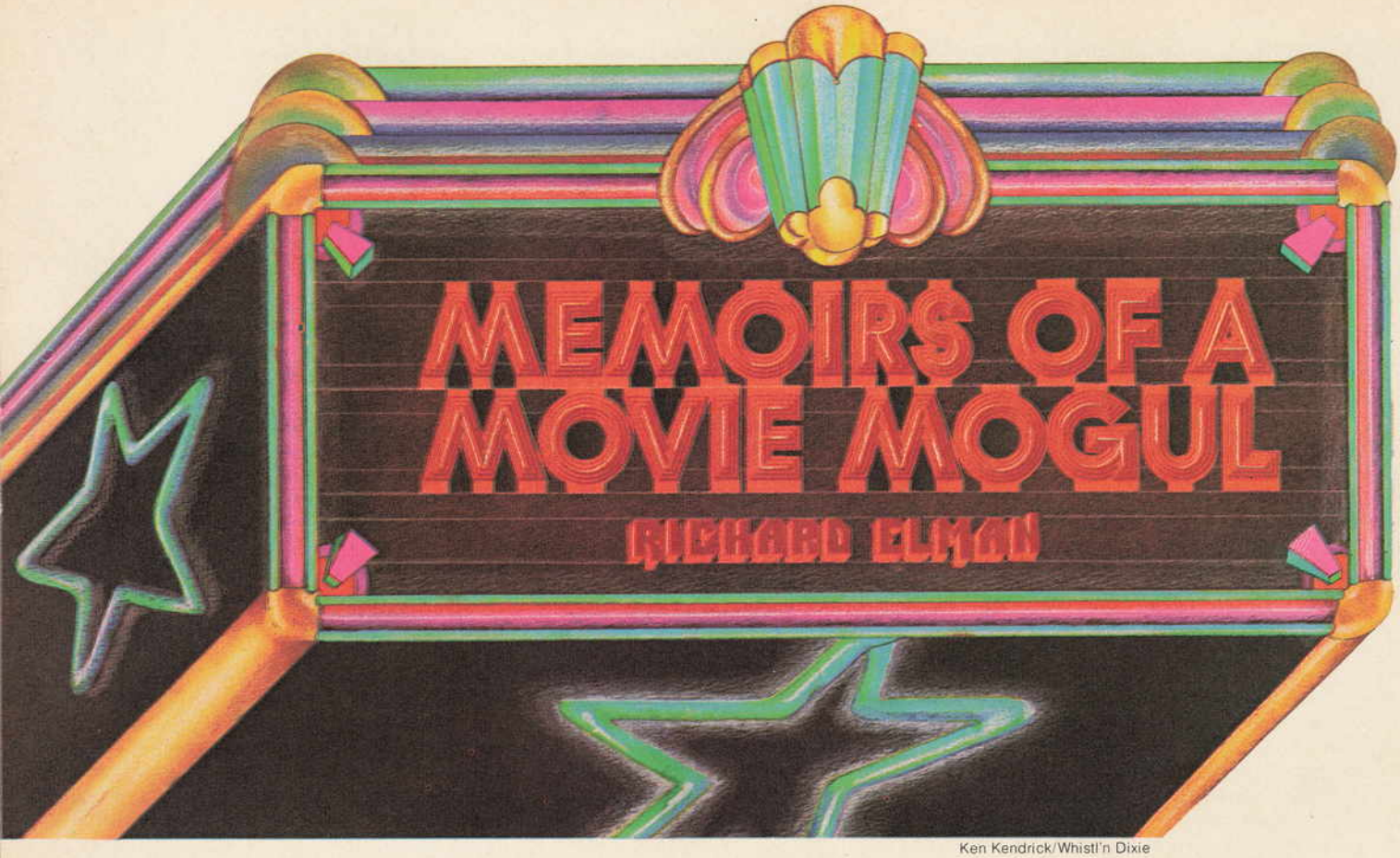
As you are a woman of experience and sexual awareness, I would like to hear your viewpoints and ideas on two important aspects of sexuality—erogenous zones and foreplay. I have read many books and articles on these subjects, but most if not all were scientific, technical treatments. I would like—no, I would love*—to get your side of the story. You could elaborate on the subject by explaining what turns* you *on and what turned on your girls. I know you can tell it better than any handbook or manual, so please let's hear it.—Steve.*

The erogenous zones are these: the back of the head, where the hair starts to grow; earlobes; behind the ear; the neck; spine; certain lower parts of the back, especially where the back merges with the buttocks; the bottom; nipples (both male and female), which are extremely sensitive and are useful for checking out how turned on your partner really is (if the nipples stand up erect you can almost be 100 percent sure your lover is very turned on); around the bellybutton; the abdomen, especially near the hips. In a woman, the mons veneris, the inner lips and clitoris are the most erotic parts of her body before her man stimulates her by vaginal penetration. In a man, the head of his penis, especially the ring around the head, is extremely sensitive, and then further down his scrotum and the bridge between the scrotum and his arse—good places to slide a tongue over gently. An exotic spot, unknown to most people, is the big toe. If a girl sucks on a man's big toe, it feels as if she's sucking on his cock instead of his foot. The thigh and, in some cases, the back of the knee can be quite exciting playgrounds for a gentle tongue bath.

THE KINKS AND I

I am forty-eight and have been married three times. All my life I have enjoyed making love with both men and women. I am basically oral but I do perform coitus and, in some male/male relationships, still play the Greek boy for those who want me that way. My first sexual experience other than masturbation was at a boys' holiday camp; I was sixteen, my camp leader was twenty. For two weeks he performed fellatio on me, and for the next three weeks we had oral sex together. It was a year before I had a woman, and when I did, she turned out to be the mother of a high school girl friend. She was forty-two, a bold, aggressive woman, and she seduced me one afternoon after sending her daughter on an errand. She bore my first child, and I used to make love to her at intervals until she was nearly seventy. Since these first encounters, I've tried most things heterosexual and homosexual, including dressing as a woman and prostituting myself with other men. I did this at the instigation of Julie, a charming "girl" I met in Europe who turned out to be a transvestite when I made love to "her." I've repeatedly asked Julie to live with me as my wife. She says she would love to, but will only agree if I quit philandering like an old rake. What do you think? Taking into account my present way of life and circumstances (I'm wealthy), should I settle down or should I continue to chase every sexual opportunity?—Gerry.

It is almost hard to believe a man of your age has gone through all this. I am just curious to know what it's like to make love to a woman of almost seventy. You sure as hell have your obsessions, from a mother complex that lasted almost a lifetime to a gay streak. If I count all your kinkiness I make you closer to seventy yourself than to forty-eight. Why don't you write a book about your sex life? I thought I lived a far-out life, but boy, I have to swallow your letter like a bitter pill. Poor Julie has to put up with all your nonsense . . . I feel sorry for her. But the fact that you realize you should perhaps stop philandering means there is hope for your future. Stick to Julie, she seems an understanding lady—ahem—man—whatever she may be. Just don't produce any babies—who knows what will come out of that liaison?



Ken Kendrick/Whistl'n Dixie

You have asked me to tell about my life in the pictures, and I would like to.

My picture career was a few walk-on parts at first, then third man fill-ins and cameos. Right from the start I made a living.

Of course, in those days a living was not so much. A man with a family of four could live on $3.50 a week if they all ate liver.

A movie cost a nickel and they gave away free liver at the theater. Also I got paid in liver. For my first real part I played opposite Harte and Gibson for the old Hornsby Productions. *Opening Up the West* took fifteen days to shoot in Fort Lee, N.J. The only negative print I know of was destroyed years ago in a fire at the Museum of Modern Art.

For that picture they gave me twenty pounds of liver and a derby hat. I was damn glad to get it, too, because the big thing was not going hungry. I knew a guy who ate wallpaper he was so hungry. A flat with real wallpaper on the walls rented for maybe $3.50 a week, which was a week's wages.

Pretty soon Hornsby was running out of liver. I went from Fort Lee to Avenue M, Brooklyn, the old Vitagraph studios. We were filming *The Indian Trail*. I played a carriage-maker in Dodge City engaged to marry Gibson's daughter. Around the corner was a bar, the 1 2 3 4 Club. Sometimes I went in alone; sometimes after a day's shooting I brought the boss's daughter, Maralyn. She was a registered nurse, but our affair was short-lived. I couldn't afford a relationship with a person like that, and she got tired of eating so much liver. Later she went off to make a picture in Sweden with the guy who discovered Garbo.

In my third big picture, *Don't Shoot, I'm Dead*, I played the undertaker and the undertaker's assistant. It was a low-budget film and we had only nine days to shoot.

The story was put together on the editing table. A cowboy gets killed in a gunfight. His brother comes to avenge him. First he visits the undertaker to pay his last respects to the body.

I'm sitting all alone with the corpse. My assistant has run off since he's the guilty party. There's a shoot-out and my assistant gets what he deserves. I get him for embalming and burial. The cowboy gets the girl.

My fee was only $500, but I got offers from Hollywood and was nominated Man of the Month by the East New York chapter, Knights of Pythias.

As this is my testimonial dinner, with the proceeds going to Federation, and I don't like pikers, I should explain that my real name is not Andy Cudihy, but Asa Schimmelpeltz. I did not personally mount my first horse in pictures until I was nearly forty. Before that I was just another greeny—Hester Street childhood, P.S. 42, the Grand Street Boys Club, two years of Seward Park High, a job in a carp smokery, a runner for the old Tamawa Club, waiter at Texas Guinan's, usher when Philadelphia Jack O'Brien fought Klutz Kissinger at the Velodrome, a brief fling as dispatcher for the Blue Ridge Coal Corporation, night-school courses at the Henry Street Settlement, Momma and Poppa and aunts and uncles, and only then the moving pictures.

During the influenza epidemic in World War I, my friends worked at the Navy Yard. I took flying lessons in night school with Lily Lohman. I had bad eyesight so I borrowed the working papers from Tilly Zimmerman's dead boy, Joey. I needed the money as my older sister Maralyn was going with a fella, and Poppa was home sick.

I was still living at home. Who could afford to live otherwise if you were a bachelor? I was not going to get married until I found my ideal woman. Every day Poppa would cry, Maralyn would cry and Momma would pack my lunch box with tears in her eyes, so I always went off to work crying. I guess you could say we were a very close family. I had a girl friend in Bushwick, June Gilligan. Her father said, "Don't even bother, kiddo." He had big jowls and walrus mustaches, and he pasted his hair down with a part in the middle. I called him Ludendorf.

When Wilson jailed Debs I was on the trolley. Likewise with the great embroidery strike in Paterson. My friends said, "Who cares? Why bother?" But I was always for the working man.

"Black or white," I said, "when I make my first million I'm going to treat people a lot better."

Four years later I was true to my word—always called my chauffeur by his first

name. When we lived in the Baldwin Hills the houseboy had the run of the place.

In 1919, or maybe 20, I got married to Brenda Sandra, a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. By then I was already in the pictures. I was on the trolley in Brooklyn with Tilly Zimmerman's son's papers. A fella in knickers saw me. He said, "Hey, young fella! How would you like to be in pictures?" It happened because of the way I looked; I couldn't afford eyeglasses. We rode all the way to the Gowanus Canal and back again. I never went back to my job at the Navy Yard.

He called himself Irvine LaFem, but his real name was Irving I. Levine. He was a producer-director of one-reelers—nothing special. He had some family money, from the Edelweiss beer people, I think. He was a smart guy, if you know what I mean, but not a wise guy. Just smart, not foxy. We just made pictures together. Nowadays they call it *drech*. What's so bad? I made a living.

Brenda Sandra and I stayed married two and a half weeks. We had a honeymoon at Lake Arrowhead, took a house in Hollywood and a place in Venice, not far from the Chaplins, and then it went kaflooey. I was filming *Dogfight Over Darmstadt* with Lily Lohman doing the stunt shots. We were on location in Stockton and it was 110° in the shade. Every day I had the gaffer shoot me under the armpits with a seltzer bottle before I would even go out on the set, and I still wasn't feeling so hot. When I came back it was clear to me that Brenda had been unfaithful with the houseboy.

I was so depressed I went really crazy. I closed the charge account at Bullock's and sold the house in Venice. I drank for three weeks and then I gave Brenda a slapping around she'll never forget. Hedda got word of our story and I was suspended from the studio. The crash of '23 came and I lost everything in puts and calls. Under the name Rod LeCoq, I started directing and producing my own films. People used to buy them for little parties. My first was called *Fatty Arbuckle Strikes Back*.

I was hanging out with a very fast crowd and getting to like it. I met Joan Crawford, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, the Marx Brothers and Von Stroheim and his Mrs.

In 1925 I was reinstated. I played a juggler in *Wild West Days*, a burglar in *Down by the Seashore*, a bugler in *Have Another Glass of Beer* and the doorman in *Rio Nights*. Some other parts I played at the time were a fisherman, a pirate, a cop and the test pilot in *The Clouds Cry Come Back*.

I got married again, for the second time, to Phyllis Fox. She was just a very beautiful girl and it so happened I liked her a whole lot. Momma cried at the wedding. Before that we had made a picture together, *The Chisholm Trail*. I put Momma in it, too. She played the proprietor of a Mexican cantina. I played the honest lawyer. Sylvan Palm played the crooked lawyer. Wilhelms Brandt directed. It was one of the pictures sympathetic to immigrants. We had a Frenchman, Count Plom, get the leading lady.

Talkies scared a lot of the old-time picture people, but not me. I took voice lessons. I walked along the beach at Venice with pebbles in my mouth. I learned how to breathe through my nostrils. I took singing with John Charles Ferguson and Lawrence Tibbet. I even took a special course on vocal breathing, to reduce nasal whine, with a Persian named Marya Yaram.

* * *

Phyllis and I took a place in Brentwood with a pool. Mon Desir had thirty-five guest rooms and an attic dormitory where Ted Lewis and his entire orchestra slept after a party. I kept six servants. I had Momma with me, too, and Maralyn, who was by now a widow with a child of her own. We also kept a flat on the West Side in New York at the Hotel Ansonia, in case I got any stage work, and a place right outside Palm Springs in the desert.

The picture business had ups and downs. I lived two doors down from Feldman, and across the street from Melman. They were genuine tycoons. People don't remember them but they should. The industry owed them a lot, and even during the Depression era I worked steadily, at big parts and little ones—it didn't matter to me what I did. I had the best agent in the business, Zeke Franciosa, and I was building shopping centers with Melman in the San Fernando Valley. My pictures made money even though they were not often shown at the fancy parties.

Eventually I made trailers, too, as a business proposition, and I was one of the first to invest in technicolor. Melman and I used it in a promotional film for the shopping center in Sherman Oaks.

* * *

Finally I should like to mention my close and continuing connection with the Jewish people. The Jewish community of Los Angeles has meant more than I can possibly relate here. I always wanted tolerance. I hated bigotry and despised discrimination. That's why I allowed myself to appear in *Wings Over Zion*, one of the first talkies about Palestine. When everybody said let a *goy* like Pat O'Brien do it and there won't be any trouble, I said, "The Jewish people and the gentile people need to know there is more than just Paul Muni to Hollywood."

I was responsible for such movie projects to end discrimination as *The Odds Are With You*, a first in motion pictures because it drew a sympathetic picture of a small-time racketeer, and *Samuel Gompers*, a fine film, if I do say so myself, about the labor giant and cigar maker.

And even though I was in the big time I never stopped thinking about Momma and Poppa and Maralyn and what would they be thinking of me now. God help them. . . .

I've been married four times, not to mention engagements, and I have sixteen children, all grown up and on their own.

Phyllis Junior works as a resident buyer for a department store in Tangier.

Michael is a junior anesthesiologist.

Xandor is a nuclear physicist with an overweight child.

Noah is an architect.

Judy was happily married, last time I heard, and living in Studio City.

Patricia is in acupuncture.

Phil could have been an up-and-coming novelist.

Conny is happily married, too, I believe, but I'm not too crazy for her husband.

Georgette is an art historian.

Michael is a lawyer. He makes a living but he says he prefers civil liberties.

Nan fixes up old antiques.

Faraday lives in a herb-growing commune near Palmdale.

Francesca lives on a hill in San Francisco with her boyfriend.

Wilson is an apprentice plumber.

I've never had to give one of my kids a penny. When they leave home, they leave for good. I take great pride that none of them want to go into show business, which is a pretty dirty business when it's not your cup of tea. I kept my kids away from moving picture people and the wild crowd out here because I didn't want them to grow up a bunch of bums and hooligans. The net result is that they are all doing something or other that is worthwhile.

My present Mrs. is the former Arlette Vidal. We live in Ketchum, Idaho. Arlette skis and I forgot to mention my youngest, Noah, who is in mining school in Nevada.

I left Southern California after all these years because of all the fires. It's hot enough out there without people making trouble like that. I'd see them everywhere. I guess I just got sort of frightened. A man works hard all his life for what he's got and then some people think they can burn him right down to the ground.

I always say live and let live—rich or poor, it doesn't matter. But other people think differently. I don't think it's right that they should be in romantic parts in the movies.

I never want to go to another movie party if that's what it's going to be like—so many people running around naked, black and white. It's not like the old days when a few of us would get together and have a really good time.

Nowadays if you want to have fun you got to be alone, by yourself.

People are finished.

So are movies.

The other day a fella offered to do my life story as a cassette.

That's TV for you. You go to a lot of trouble to have a life in the first place and they want to make you into a half-hour.

Personally I don't like TV, but if people do like it, I say, again, Live and Let Live.

I wouldn't mind being revived someday at the art theaters, but I'm not holding my breath until that happens.

Thank you. . . .

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1. Moonlight Gambler		Frankie Lane
2. I Walk the Line		Johnny Cash
3. Blue Suede Shoes		Elvis Presley
4. Tutti Frutti		Elvis Presley
5. Born to be With You		Cordettes
6. Go Away Little Girl		Steve Lawrence
7. I'm In Love Again		Fats Domino
8. Blueberry Hill		Fats Domino
9. Blue Monday		Fats Domino
10. Just Walking In the Rain		Johnny Ray
11. Since I Met You, Baby		Ivory Joe Hunter
12. Long Tall Sally		Little Richard
13. Love is Strange		Mickey & Sylvia
14. Why Do Fools Fall in Love?		F. Lymon/Teenagers
15. Canadian Sunset		Andy Williams
16. The Fool		Sanford Clark

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
1. Diana		Paul Anka
2. That'll Be the Day		B. Holly/Crickets
3. Oh, Boy		B. Holly/Crickets
4. Come, Go With Me		Del-Vikings
5. Whispering Bells		Del-Vikings
6. Wonderful! Wonderful!		Johnny Mathis
7. The Twelfth of Never		Johnny Mathis
8. School Day		Chuck Berry
9. Jamaica Farewell		Harry Belafonte
10. Banana Boat Song		Harry Belafonte
11. Bee-Bop Baby		Ricky Nelson
12. Stood Up		Ricky Nelson
13. Butterfly		Charlie Gracie
14. Party Doll		Buddy Knox
15. Kisses Sweeter than Wine		Jimmie Rodgers
16. Honey Comb		Jimmie Rodgers

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
1. Rave On		Buddy Holly
2. Maybe Baby		B. Holly/Crickets
3. Book of Love		Monotones
4. Happy, Happy Birthday, Baby		Tune Weavers
5. For Your Precious Love		Jerry Butler
6. Susie Darlin'		Robin Luke
7. Tears On My Pillow		Lil Anthony/Imperials
8. Summertime, Summertime		Jamies
9. Big Man		Four Preps
10. Whole Lotta Lovin'		Fats Domino
11. Sixteen Candles		Crests
12. Summertime Blues		Eddie Cochran
13. Johnny Be Goode		Chuck Berry
14. A Lover's Question		Clyde McPhater
15. To Know Him is to Love Him		Teddy Bears
16. Lonely Teardrops		Jackie Wilson

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
1. There Goes My Baby		Drifters
2. Lonely Boy		Paul Anka
3. Put Your Head on my Shoulder		Paul Anka
4. Teenager In Love		Dion
5. Come Softly To Me		Fleetwoods
6. Mr. Blue		Fleetwoods
7. The Big Hurt		Tony Fischer
8. Teen Angel		Mark Dinning
9. Broken Hearted Melody		Sarah Vaugh
10. We Got Love		Bobby Rydell
11. Tragedy		Thomas Wayne
12. M.T.A.		Kingston Trio
13. Here Comes Summer		Jerry Keller
14. Waterloo		Stonewall Jackson
15. It Doesn't Matter Anymore		B. Holly/Crickets
16. Heartbeat		B. Holly/Crickets

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
1. Blue Angel		Roy Orbison
2. Lonely Teenager		Dion/Belmonts
3. Where or When		Dion/Belmonts
4. This Magic Moment		Drifters
5. Harlem Nocturn		Viscounts
6. Puppy Love		Paul Anka
7. Georgia On My Mind		Ray Charles
8. Chain Gang		Sam Cooke
9. Walkin' to New Orleans		Fats Domino
10. Mule Skinner Blues		Fender Men
11. Tell Laura I Love Her		Ray Peterson
12. Wild One		Bobby Rydell
13. Calendar Girl		Neil Sedaka
14. Devil or Angel?		Bobby Vee
15. Rubber Ball		Bobby Vee
16. Mr. Custer		Larry Verne

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
1. Running Scared		Roy Orbison
2. Candy Man		Roy Orbison
3. Moody River		Pat Boone
4. Spanish Harlem		Ben E. King
5. Stand By Me		Ben E. King
6. Some Kind of Wonderful		Drifters
7. Twist		Chubby Checker
8. Cupid		Sam Cooke
9. The Mountain High		Dick & DeeDee
10. Tonight		Ferante & Teicher
11. Gypsy Woman		Impressions
12. This Time		Troy Shondell
13. I've Told Every Little Star		Linda Scott
14. A Hundred Pounds of Clay		Gene McDaniels
15. Moon River		Henry Mancini
16. Raindrops		Dee Clark

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
1. Only Love Can Break a Heart		Gene Pitney
2. If I Didn't Have a Dime		Gene Pitney
3. She Cried		Jay & the Americans
4. When My Little Girl is Smilin'		Drifters
5. Up on the Roof		Drifters
6. Twistin the Night Away		Sam Cook
7. Shout		Joey Dee
8. Sealed with a Kiss		Brian Hyland
9. Torture		Kris Jensen
10. Wolverton Mountain		Claude King
11. Love Letters		Ketty Lester
12. Let's Dance		Chris Montez
13. Leah		Roy Orbison
14. Any Day Now		Chuck Jackson
15. The Night has a Thousand Eyes		Bobby Vee
16. Sheila		Tommy Roe

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
1. Surfin USA		Beach Boys
2. Hey, Baby		Bruce Channel
3. Let Your Music Play		Drifters
4. Ruby Baby		Dion
5. Donna the Prima Donna		Dion
6. Detroit City		Bobby Bare
7. Rhythm of the Rain		Cascades
8. Mean Women Blues		Roy Orbison
9. Twenty Four Hours from Tulsa		Gene Pitney
10. Man Who Shot Liberty Valance		Gene Pitney
11. More		Kai Winding
12. Silver Threads, Golden Needles		Springfields
13. Since I Fell For You		Lenny Welch
14. Puff the Magic Dragon		Peter, Paul, Mary
15. If I had a Hammer		Peter, Paul, Mary
16. Blowin in the Wind		Peter, Paul, Mary

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1. California Sun		Rivieras
2. Fun, Fun, Fun		Beach Boys
3. Needles and Pins		Searchers
4. Comes A Little Bit Closer		Jay/Americans
5. Oh, Pretty Woman		Roy Orbison
6. Dawn		Four Seasons
7. Glad All Over		Dave Clark 5
8. Do You Love Me		Dave Clark 5
9. She's About a Mover		Sir Douglas Quintet
10. Wishin and Hopin		Dusty Springfield
11. Suspicion		Terry Stafford
12. Memphis		Johnny Rivers
13. Don't Let Sun Catch You Cryin		Gerry/Pacemakers
14. Under the Boardwalk		Drifters
15. I Believe		Bachelors
16. House of the Rising Sun		Animals

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
1. It Was a Very Good Year		Frank Sinatra
2. California Girls		Beach Boys
3. Do You Wanna Dance		Beach Boys
4. What the World Needs Now		Jackie DeShannon
5. Mrs. Brown-Lovely Daughter		Herman's Hermits
6. Baby the Rain Must Fall		Glen Yarborough
7. Five O'Clock World		Vogues
8. You Were On My Mind		We Five
9. Spanish Eyes		Al Martino
10. Down in the Boondocks		Billy Joe Royal
11. Game of Love		Wayne Fontana
12. You've Got Troubles/I've Got		Fortunes
13. Keep on Dancin'		Gentrys
14. Ferry Across the Mersey		Gerry/Pacemakers
15. Cara Mia		Jay/Americans
16. Some Enchanted Evening		Jay/Americans

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
1. These Boots are Made for Walkin		Nancy Sinatra
2. Soop John B.		Beach Boys
3. Bang Bang		Cher
4. Red Rubber Ball		Cyrkle
5. Cherry Cherry		Neil Diamond
6. I Fought the Law		Bobby Fuller 4
7. Love's Made a Fool of You		Bobby Fuller 4
8. Elusive Butterfly		Bob Lind
9. I Saw Her Again		Mamas & Papas
10. Woman		Peter & Gordon
11. Lady Godiva		Peter & Gordon
12. Where Were You, Needed You		Grass Roots
13. Georgie Girl		Seekers
14. I'll Never Find Another You		Seekers
15. A Place in the Sun		Stevie Wonder
16. Guantanamera		The Sandpipers

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
1. Baby I Need Your Lovin'		Johnny Rivers
2. A Whiter Shade of Pale		Procol Harum
3. San Francisco		Scott McKenzie
4. Brown Eyed Girl		Van Morrison
5. There's A Kind of Hush		Herman's Hermits
6. Judy in Disguise		John Fred/Playboy Band
7. To Love Somebody		Bee Gees
8. San Franciscan Nights		Animals
9. Kentucky Woman		Neil Diamond
10. Carrie-Anne		Hollies
11. I'll Never Fall in Love Again		Tom Jones
12. Jackson		N. Sinatra/L. Hazelwood
13. Different Drum		Stone Poneys
14. Silence is Golden		Tremeloes
15. Somebody to Love		Jefferson Airplane
16. White Rabbit		Jefferson Airplane

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
1. Young Girl		G.Puckett/Union Gap
2. This Magic Moment		Jay & Americans
3. MacArthur Park		Richard Harris
4. Abraham, Martin & John		Dion
5. Words		Bee Gees
6. The Unicorn		Irish Rovers
7. The Look of Love		S. Mendes/Brazil '66
8. Tuesday Afternoon		Moody Blues
9. Hold Me Tight		Johnny Nash
10. Simon Says		1910 Fruitgum Co.
11. Ramblin', Gamblin' Man		Bob Seger System
12. Born to be Wild		Steppenwolf
13. Turn Around, Look at Me		Vogues
14. My Special Angel		Vogues
15. Master Jack		4 Jacks & a Jill
16. She's a Heartbreaker		Gene Pitney

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
1. Suspicious Minds		Elvis Presley
2. In the Ghetto		Elvis Presley
3. Everybody's Talkin'		Nilsson
4. Good Morning Starshine		Oliver
5. Jean		Oliver
6. The Boxer		Simon & Garfunkel
7. Games People Play		Joe South
8. Traces		Classics IV
9. Lodi		CCR
10. Suite: Judy Blue Eyes		Crosby/Stills/Nash
11. Sweet Caroline		Neil Diamond
12. Laughing		Guess Who
13. Ruby, Don't Take Love to Town		K. Rogers/1st Edition
14. Baby, It's You		Smith
15. Welcome Me Love		Brooklyn Bridge
16. One		Three Dog Night

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
1. Ride Captain Ride		Blue Image
2. It Don't Matter to Me		Bread
3. Ticket to Ride		Carpenters
4. Make Me Smile		Chicago
5. Knock Three Times		Dawn
6. Your Song		Elton John
7. Reflections of My Love		Marmalade
8. Question		Moody Blues
9. Big Yellow Taxie		The Neighborhood
10. Mr. Bojangles		Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
11. Band of Gold		Freddy Payne
12. Black Magic Women		Santana
13. Celebrate		Three Dog Night
14. Have You Ever Seen the Rain?		CCR
15. For the Good Times		Ray Price
16. Long, Long Time		Linda Ronstandt

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
1. American Pie (Full Version)		Don McLean
2. Superstar		Carpenters
3. Joy to the World		Three Dog Night
4. Colour My World		Chicago
5. Night Drove Old Dixie Down		Joan Baez
6. Stones		Neil Diamond
7. She's a Lady		Tom Jones
8. Me and Bobby McGee		Janis Joplin
9. Me, You, a Dog Named Boo		Lobo
10. Brand New Key		Melanie
11. Without You		Nilson
12. It's Ope of Those Nights		Partridge Family
13. Moon Shadow		Cat Stevens
14. Gypsies Tramps & Thieves		Cher
15. I Don't Know How to Love Him		Yvonne Elliman
16. Superstar (Jesus Christ)		M. Head/Trinidads

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THE POLITICS OF DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Black September followed the Tal assassination with a series of spectacular and successful forays: the murder of an Israeli intelligence agent in Madrid and another in Cyprus; the fatal letter-bombing of an Israeli diplomat in London—part of a worldwide terror-by-mail campaign aimed at Israeli diplomatic missions and Jewish businessmen; the assassination of five Jordanian intelligence agents in West Germany; and numerous bombings.

Black September is not always successful. Its most notable failure was the skyjacking of an Israeli-bound Belgian airliner, whose passengers were held hostage at Tel Aviv's Lydda Airport as barter for the release of imprisoned Palestinian commandos. Israeli secret servicemen, disguised as mechanics, stormed the plane and shot two of the commandos dead; two girl skyjackers were sentenced to long prison terms.

The most spectacular Black September operation was the kidnapping and massacre of eleven members of the Israeli Olympic team at the Munich Olympics in September, 1972. Although five of the eight *fedayeen* in the operation were ultimately killed, Black September considered the operation a great success, both in terms of Israeli dead and international propaganda. The three surviving terrorists were subsequently released by West Germany in exchange for a skyjacked Lufthansa jet and received a hero's welcome in Libya.

Another Black September operation was the seizure of the Saudi Arabian embassy in Khartoum, the Sudan, and the murder there of two American diplomats and a Belgian *chargé d'affaires* after Washington had rejected the *fedayeen's* ransom demands, which included the immediate release of Sirhan B. Sirhan, the assassin of Senator Robert F. Kennedy.

Recent events, including the abortive bombings of Israeli banks and airline offices in New York, indicate that Black September's next front may be the U.S., whose large Jewish population and support of Israel make it a prime target.

Jewish Defense League (Area of Operations: U.S. and Israel.)
Headquarters: New York and Jerusalem.
Leader: Rabbi Meir Kahane.
Membership: 3,000–4,000.
Growth Potential: Fair.
Background: The Jewish Defense League began in 1967 as an anticrime patrol in Jewish neighborhoods in Brooklyn. Its chief targets in its early years were black muggers and street gangs. Rabbi Meir Kahane provided his young, belligerent followers with baseball bats and nightsticks to defend their turf. Widely criticized as a "vigilante," he fashioned an ideological rationale for his street patrols. "Violence is not un-Jewish," Kahane argued, citing the Jewish rebellions against Imperial Rome, the Jewish resistance in the Warsaw Ghetto and Israel's military successes.

As young, lower-class Jews acknowledged Kahane's banner, he took aim at bigger targets. The rabbi began a protest against the Soviet Union's treatment of its three million Jews. As the campaign grew in rhetoric and violence, Kahane drew increasingly severe criticism from old-line Jewish organizations and the liberal press, but he refused to retreat. "Never again!" he cried, would Jews go passively to their doom without fighting back: the two words became the JDL's motto. The more he was censured the more militant he became. Young Jews were given karate lessons and arms training at the JDL's Camp Jedel in the Catskills. Sniping and other attacks on Soviet diplomatic missions in New York followed. By 1970, Kahane had targeted the Arabs. After the Palestinian terrorists' massacre of Israeli athletes in Munich in 1972, he wrote, in an article for *The New York Times:* "An all-out, merciless drive against the Arabs must be begun . . . a merciless, cold-blooded campaign against Arab targets all over the world."

As Kahane's targets expanded, so did his sense of mission. Early in 1972, he took up residence in Israel and assumed leadership of a World Jewish Defense League with branches in England, France and Argentina in addition to the U.S. and Israel.

Kahane sees the JDL as the spiritual descendant of the Stern Gang, a Jewish terrorist movement whose bloody attacks on the British presence in Palestine helped erode London's will to hang on to its mandate there, and which played an important role in the birth of Israel. Kahane feels the JDL must play a similar role for Russian Jews. By his "counterterrorism" campaign against the Arabs, he hopes to prod Israel into taking a harsher line with her hostile neighbors. He and his followers are to the right, bitterly anti-Communist and less than taken with black militance. The JDL is financed totally by private contributions.

Achievements: Kahane was given a suspended sentence by a New York court after being convicted of conspiracy to manufacture bombs. He was sentenced to jail in Israel for his role in an abortive arms-smuggling caper. But he resolutely denies JDL responsibility for violent attacks on Soviet or Arab diplomatic property or personnel. However, acts of terrorism have been laid at the JDL's doorstep by local and Federal prosecutors. These include bombings at the Soviet embassy in Washington and at Soviet commercial offices in New York; a sniping attack on the Soviet Mission to the United Nations that narrowly missed two sleeping infants; and the firebombing in New York of the offices of impressario Sol Hurok (despised by the JDL because he books Soviet performers for U.S. tours). In that incident, Hurok's secre-

tary was killed and thirteen persons injured, including Hurok. In another attack, a squad of young militants invaded the New York offices of the Palestine Liberation Organization and beat two Arab propagandists.

The JDL has followed employees of the Soviet Embassy in New York down the street, shrieking obscenities, sometimes spitting in their faces and on one occasion dousing a Russian diplomat with red paint. The JDL has acknowledged responsibility for the occupation of the New York offices of Aeroflot, Intourist and the Tass news agency. When the Moscow Circus arrived in New York, the JDL greeted it with a barrage of stink bombs. Performances of visiting Soviet artists have been marred by chanting, egg-throwing demonstrators. One JDL effort that never got off the ground, according to the FBI, was a plan in 1971 to fill a "drone airplane" with explosives and guide it into the Soviet U.N. Mission.

The JDL's underage terrorists are fanatic but often maladroit, thus occasionally providing grist for Jewish Mother stories. During the trial of Sheldon Siegel, one of three young JDL members charged with the firebombing of Sol Hurok's offices, a tape-recorded conversation was played wherein someone asked Siegel's mother his whereabouts. She replied, "He's probably out making bombs." In 1972, the rabbi and three other defendants were convicted in Israel of smuggling arms from Israel to Western Europe. Possibly because of his support from the Israeli right, Kahane was given a light sentence. Soon afterward he was given Israeli citizenship. In recent months he has been harassing aggressive Christian missionaries in Israel. JDL sympathizers burned down an American mission on the Mount of Olives, destroying ancient scrolls and books, fire-bombed a Baptist printing shop and occupied the International Bible Center. The Protestant evangelists were held off while the invaders burned copies of the New Testament.

The level of Jewish violence in the U.S. has fallen off since Kahane returned to the Holy Land and recent anti-Soviet protests have been nonviolent.

Provisional Irish Republican Army (Area of Operations: Northern Ireland.)
Headquarters: Dublin.
Leader: Sean MacStiofain.
Membership: 700–800.
Growth Potential: Good to excellent.
Background: The IRA descended from the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the paramilitary arm of Sinn Fein ("Ourselves Alone"), a radical nationalist group founded in the 19th century to win Ireland's independence from England. The IRA first came into its own with the 1916 Easter Rising in Dublin, when the city was seized briefly by the rebels and an independent republic proclaimed. The rebellion was crushed and its leaders executed by the British, but bloody guerrilla warfare continued until 1921, when the Anglo-Irish Treaty granted home rule to Southern Ireland (now the Republic of Ireland) with Britain retaining the six counties of Ulster (now Northern Ireland), where pro-English Protestants outnumbered Catholics two to one. The IRA refused to accept the treaty and turned its guns on the more moderate nationalist leaders who now headed the Free State. After a brief but bloody civil war, the IRA was suppressed, a number of its leaders hanged, and thousands others imprisoned or voluntarily exiled. Outlawed in both parts of the country, the IRA went underground. It continued its struggle against the British in Ulster and the "traitors" in Dublin.

Catholics in Northern Ireland suffered systematic discrimination at the hands of the ruling Protestant Unionists and were generally sympathetic to the IRA, but it was not until 1970 that the movement revived and became a powerful military and political force. In August, 1969, large-scale rioting broke out in the North between the Catholic and Protestant communities, with the police taking the sides of the Protestants. In Londonderry, the Catholic residents of the Bogside ghetto rose in fury and drove the police out.

With the province on the brink of religious civil war, Harold Wilson, the British Prime Minister, sent in troops. A period of relative calm ensued as the Tommies separated the two hostile communities, but it was a crucial period for the near-moribund IRA. Under the

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leadership of Cathal Goulding, the movement had moved away from guerrilla warfare toward peaceful protest and Marxist social agitation. When the rioting began, the IRA had only a handful of guns to defend the Catholic community. The lack of military preparedness, together with the movement's drift toward Marxism, intensified existing antagonisms and in January, 1970, the dissidents broke with Goulding to form their own movement, the Provisional Alliance. The "Provisionals" were led by Chief of Staff Sean MacStiofain, an Englishman with only vague claims to Irish blood but who possesses a fanatically romantic commitment to a united Ireland; Rory O'Bradaigh (or O'Brady), a full-time IRA worker since 1955 who became chief of the movement's political wing, the Provisional Sinn Fein; and Seamus Twomey and Joe Cahill, old veterans who became the IRA's top military commanders in Belfast. Goulding's supporters became known as the "Officials" and were bitter rivals of the Provisionals for the allegiance of the Catholic working class in Ulster. The "Provos" tend to be more conservative politically than the Officials, more religious, more puritanical. The Provos are also far more violent than the Officials, and most British authorities would agree with the Provo boast that "95 percent of the military activity in the North is our activity." The Officials have maintained an uneasy cease-fire with the British since 1972, but after a brief truce the Provos launched a new offensive. They justify their bombing campaign, which has killed and maimed hundreds of innocent civilians, on the grounds that it is aimed at economic targets—factories, offices, stores.

The IRA is well armed, supplied with high-velocity machine guns, automatic rifles and Soviet RPG-7 rockets, which can pierce twelve inches of solid steel. Much of their weaponry has been provided by the terrorist's Santa Claus, Muammar al-Quaddaffi, President of Libya. Contributions from sympathetic Irish-American groups and individuals also subsidize the IRA arsenal. Recruits are generally young, working class and highly motivated.

Achievements: The Provisional IRA, after three years of diligent bloodletting, has won a position of leadership among international terrorist groups. Since 1970, IRA demolition men, snipers and assassins have killed over 800 men, women and children. (An equivalent number of dead in the U.S. would be 500,000.)

Quebec Liberation Front (Area of Operations: Canada.)
Headquarters: Montreal.
Leader: No known chain of command.
Membership: Approximately 400.
Growth Potential: Fair.
Background: The Front for the Liberation of Quebec (FLQ) was founded in the mid-1960s as a paramilitary offshoot of Réné Levesque's more moderate French separatist movement, the Quebec Party. Its young and militant members believe that Canada's six million French-speaking citizens, nearly 30 percent of the population, are getting the short end of the stick from English-speaking Canadians, who dominate both the government in Ottawa and the economic life of the province of Quebec.

In both structure and rhetoric, the movement often resembles American black terrorist groups such as the Black Liberation Army. The FLQ demands total independence from Canada and the establishment of a "workers-farmers republic." The group is Marxist in its orientation—though it accommodates a range of opinion from social democrat to Maoist—and advocates the use of "revolutionary violence" to pave the way for a war of national liberation.

Achievements: The FLQ began its operations by planting bombs in mailboxes across Quebec. The postal services were selected as a symbol of the federal government's authority. The bombs caused considerable panic and unrest, but the campaign was called off when a postman was killed and public opinion threatened to swing against the separatists. The FLQ then began blowing up federal armories and seizing stores of arms, ammunition and dynamite, which it used in bank robberies and bombings of federal buildings.

In 1969 the FLQ turned to political kidnapping, but botched a plan to seize the Israeli and American consul generals in Montreal. In 1970, two separate FLQ commando cells kidnapped Quebec's Labor Minister, Pierre Laporte, and James Cross, senior British trade commissioner in Montreal. The FLQ demanded the release of imprisoned separatists as well as the reading, on national radio and television, of a lengthy manifesto. Ottawa balked at freeing the prisoners, who were considered common criminals. After two months a compromise was hammered out and Cross was released and his captors flown to political exile in Cuba. Laporte, however, tried to escape. His guards panicked and garroted him, using a chain with a St. Christopher's medal that Laporte wore around his neck. His murderers were caught and sentenced to long prison terms.

While the kidnappings initially won the FLQ widespread support in the French Canadian community, the murder of Laporte severely tarnished its image. More damaging was the invocation during the crisis of the War Measures Act, temporarily suspending Canada's Bill of Rights and granting the police vastly expanded powers to detain suspected terrorists without trial. Many members and sympathizers of the FLQ were caught in the subsequent dragnet and interned for long periods. As a result, the FLQ went even deeper underground and has committed no terrorist acts for almost two years.

Tupamaros (Area of Operations: Uruguay.)
Headquarters: Montevideo.
Leaders: Dr. Raul Sendic and Gabino Falero Montes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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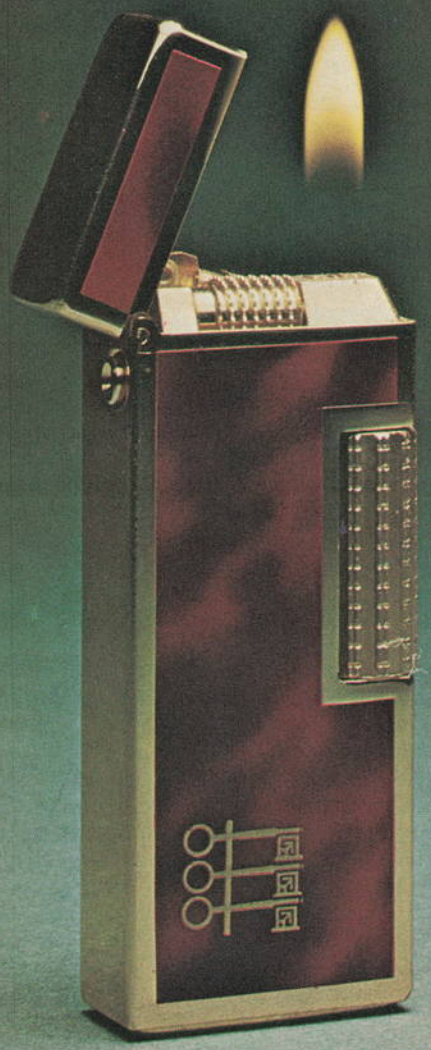

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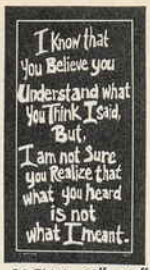
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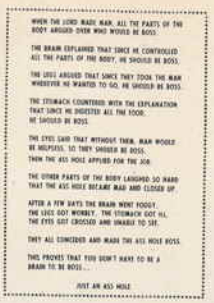

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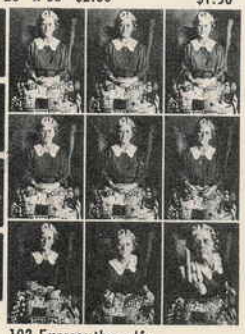

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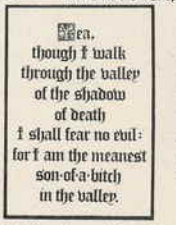

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THE POLITICS OF DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

Membership: Approximately 2,000.
Growth Potential: Fair to good.
Background: The Movement of National Liberation, popularly known as the Tupamaros (from Tupac Amaru, an Inca who led an Indian uprising in the 18th century), was founded in 1962 by Raul Sendic and a number of other left-wing dissidents from the Uruguyan Socialist Party. The organization entered a paramilitary phase several years later and has become a model for urban guerrilla groups. The Tupamaros are organized in a cell system with strict discipline and secrecy. Most of their members are "part-time guerrillas"—middle-class students, professionals and intellectuals who, like Baroness Orczy's Scarlet Pimpernel, move freely through the very circles of government and high finance they are pledged to destroy. Weapons and ammunition are secured from raids on police and military armories. The Tupamaros are well funded, partially by contributions, but mainly through bank robberies and ransom kidnappings. The deteriorating economy, runaway inflation, corruption and inefficiency in government, have won for the Tupamaros a significant measure of popular support.
Achievements: The Tupamaros first won fame through their robberies and bank raids, the proceeds of which were frequently distributed, in Robin Hood style, to the poor. In the late 1960s the Tupamaros staged a series of spectacular kidnappings, holding the British ambassador in various hideouts for eight months, and a presidential aide and the agriculture minister for over a year. The failure of the government's massive manhunts further boosted the Tupamaros' prestige with the masses. When the guerrillas seized police photographer Nelson Bardesio, who was in charge of the "wanted" files, he revealed details of police torture. This led to the kidnapping and execution of Dan Mitrione, an American police expert loaned to the Uruguayan secret police. The rebels had accused him of teaching improved torture techniques to the local cops.

The Tupamaros have seized radio stations to broadcast their revolutionary pronunciamentos; raided government files to expose corruption; assassinated secret police officials and army intelligence officers; and bombed government offices. In their bloodiest operation, the Tupamaros in one day killed four leaders of the government's antiguerrilla campaign: a police subcommissioner and his chauffeur, a navy captain, and a former under secretary of the interior. The Tupamaros have also won a reputation as "human moles" for their jail-breaking talents. In one spectacular escape, 144 Tupamaro prisoners exited from a maximum security jail by digging a tunnel from the prison to a house across the street occupied by their confederates. These exploits have kept public sympathy alive and encouraged fresh recruits, even though Sendic and other leaders were arrested in late 1972.

United Red Army (Area of Operations: Japan.)
Headquarters: Tokyo.
Leaders: Shiomi Takaya, Hiroko Nagata and Tsuneo Mori.
Membership: 200–300.
Growth Potential: None.
Background: The United Red Army (Rengo Sekigun) began in 1969 as an urban guerrilla offshoot of the Zengakuren, a militantly left-wing student movement organized to protest Japan's security alliance with the United States. The young radicals who formed the Red Army believed the Zengakuren's street demonstrations were too mild and drew up a manifesto urging a "prerevolutionary uprising" within Japan to serve as an inspiration for other revolutionary groups in the Third World.

The ultimate goal of the Red Army was a "world revolutionary war" in which the exploited masses of Asia, Africa and Latin America would rise in concerted rebellion against their own "puppet" governments and "U.S. imperialism." The group carried out a series of armed attacks on government

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

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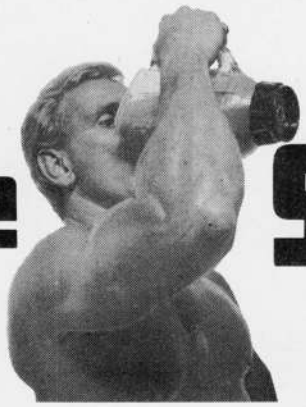

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Just when things looked darkest, they got darker. His dismal health brought on narcolepsy, and in order to combat this disease he had to take powerful doses of amphetamines—pep pills. They, in turn, brought on more pernicious complications—loss of appetite and, ironically, insomnia, which required drug depressants. The combination of alcohol and drugs destroyed not only Charlie's physical health but also his mental health, and before long he entered the Seton Psychiatric Institute.

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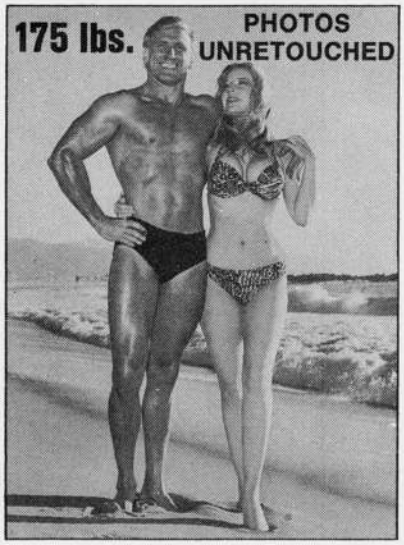

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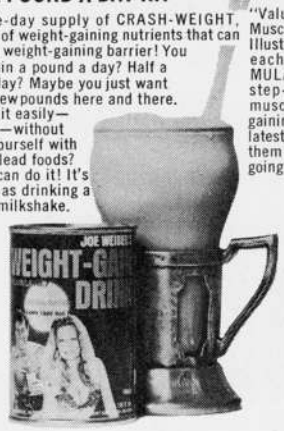

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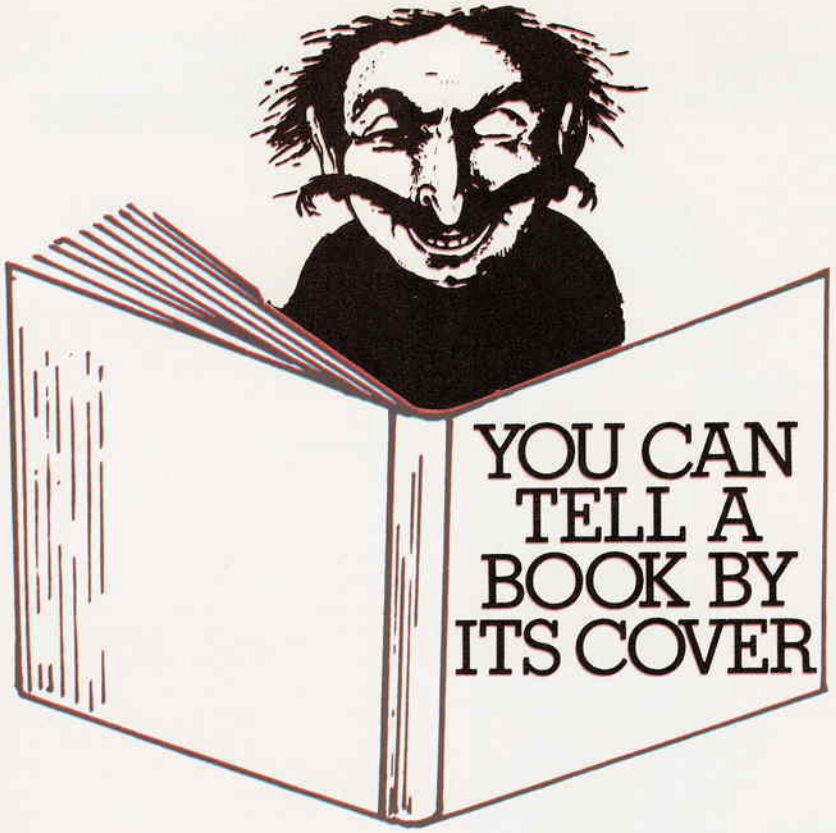

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THE POLITICS OF DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

institutions and personnel to polarize the nation between the "capitalist masters" and the "enslaved" workers. In 1971 they formed an alliance with another urban guerrilla group, the Keihin Ampokyoto (Joint Struggle Committee) and intensified their campaign of terrorism.

Achievements: In two years the Red Army propelled itself to the forefront of international terrorism. The movement's first action was a series of bank robberies that quickly filled its war chest. Next, they bombed police headquarters and government offices and assassinated a number of policemen and minor government bureaucrats, often mutilating and dismembering the bodies as a "revolutionary warning." Having established their credentials as urban guerrillas, the Red Army then essayed a more ambitious venture. On March 30, 1970, nine Red Army commandos, armed only with daggers and three-foot-long Samurai swords, skyjacked a Japan Air Lines jet to Pyongyang in an effort to persuade North Korean dictator Kim Il Sung to adopt the Red Army's line on "world revolutionary war." More embarrassed than impressed, the North Korean Communists treated the young hijackers politely but coolly. But the incident impressed Japanese student militants and new recruits poured in.

While in Pyongyang, the skyjackers met with leaders of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP) and formed a working alliance. In exchange for weapons, explosives and military training, the Red Army agreed to execute a major mission for the PFLP; a three-man Red Army cadre, led by Kozo Okamoto, brother of one of the skyjackers, flew to a Palestinian guerrilla camp in Lebanon for extensive weapons training. When they completed their course the three Japanese guerrillas flew to Rome, where they filled their suitcases with hand grenades and Czech automatic rifles provided by Maoist Italian terrorists. Next they took an Air France jet to Tel Aviv's Lydda Airport. When the three terrorists removed their luggage from the conveyor belt, they quickly stripped off their jackets, bent down, opened the suitcases, whipped out automatic rifles and began firing. They gunned down first the passengers in their immediate vicinity, then began spraying the entire passenger terminal with bullets, pausing only to fling grenades. Two of the terrorists were shot dead and the lone survivor, Kozo Okamoto, was captured on the runway as he tried to hurl a hand grenade at an El Al jet. The attack lasted only four minutes but it killed twenty-six persons. The world was revolted by the slaughter, and even some members of Al Fatah challenged the action because "it is cowardly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

"Oh, that's lovely. For me? Oh, Sweetie. I want to talk with you later. Buy something."

"What for? Why, Swiftie?"

"I'm taking the money and running. Gabin, gabout." Her gravelly shriek of laughter.

"I'm afraid I'm out of touch, Swiftie."

"That's computer talk. Some of my best friends are computers. Garbage in, garbage out. Actually, I'm spending all the money on this party, and I have these debts. So I'm just running, Fred."

The band was doing a pretty good imitation of the Rolling Stones in their devil noise. Swiftie's mouth had moved something else at me, but I couldn't hear in the din, I saw only a hippo slide of mucous and membrane, teeth and tongue, a whitish dust on her lips. She was kissing people hello and thanks. Where did the time go? *Gabin gabout.* From her days as Hip Couturier to Camelot, only Pierre had come to buy goodbye. No Tally Brown, no Tiger Morse, no Barbara Howar. I knew Mrs. Onassis was in Greece or on a yacht and not expected. I stood jammed in a closet with an old friend, the sister of a writer, and I talked with her for half an hour, telling her about movies-of-the-week, before I remembered her name. And remembered it wrong, since she had a different husband now. And she didn't use his name either, and didn't want to use her father's name, that male chauvinist pig label, so she called herself Rosalie Riverside. She was a little girlishly hurt because I hadn't followed her through all of these changes.

And all the time, as the party roared and diminished, as the furniture was carted out by the Rough Trade & Butch movers, their pigtails swinging, as the pictures were taken down and the junk packed in cartons, as the toaster was disconnected and the stereo rig dismantled, I was thinking about Swiftie while the purplish Manhattan sky began to dawn outside (it was late spring, there was a pustule of heat about to burst over the city), and still thinking about Swiftie. Why? I haven't told much about myself here, except for beginning a lot of sentences with the word "I," which does tell a little something. I was driving myself to be her friend—for the memory of Kathy? No. For time and history, for the memory of my own youth in New York, now that I was middle-aged? Maybe, but no. I still felt the world lay before me, to be conquered in Los Angeles, if only I could find L.A. lying like Kiki the poodle on its freeways and runways, its playground.

Well, this is Swiftie's story, not my confession, so let's lay the bad news out straight. I feared I could only love the successful, the virtuous, and the amusing—the easy-to-love—and believed I was losing touch with everything in my deepest nature but the smugness. I had always known this was a part of my nature, to be smug and cool and superior and frightened out of my head by weakness, but now I hated for it to be all. And middle-aged money and success were enabling me to cut away the frightening things, so I was cutting away to the bone of spite and self-esteem, I was becoming contented and easy, I was known as the rare happy man, and I was miserable about it. I didn't want to waste my life in California groovy bliss. I felt responsible to what I had once been—a kid in Manhattan for whom the leaves of Eleventh Street, the glance of a girl, the luck of chance meetings in the springtime of everything, were all that mattered. The days are all too short, but in the busy career I had arranged for myself, stroking my body with approval, I felt that I had given up my soul. Enough of this maudlin, agreed?

Not everyone had gone; some parties never give up. Daylight through the drawn shades. The place was a ripped-off shambles, a Weatherman seminar room. Someone had bought the carpeting; perhaps she had given it away during the night; it left a furry pelt of undercarpeting. I went out for coffee at the Nedicks, sitting with other early risers bound for work, trying to tell our fortunes by clutching hot cups with both hands. The magician whom I had feared for her power over others was retiring from active service. The magician whom I feared because she did not touch me—then why did she enlist the others in her strange disciplines?—was leaving town.

I had regarded her with disdain for many years, and yet I was part of her staff, I had been insulted by her, I had forgotten myself in sex with her, her talcum powder was smeared over my wet body, she left me drained and weak, she won victories I never admitted, the life I led was a life that she had defined.

Nedick's coffee had gone up a nickel since I left New York, but the orange drink still contained all the familiar old water and sugar. I couldn't leave again without wishing her well or ill, whatever I wished for her. The elevator creaked like the leaky diving bell of our last party together. The door was open. Everyone had finally gone. Swiftie was sitting alone on a small stool no one had bought. A broken ironing board lay on the kitchen floor. Tears were running out of her eyes. "Are you ill?" I asked.

"That's not why I've done this."

"Why?"

"I already said. It's the new art form. Selling my thing, Swiftie's Lifestyle, and. . . ."

When she said nothing, I asked, "And what?"

"And I'm starting all over, like a baby, but some money in the bank. So I'm better than a baby. And I have memories, which a baby doesn't."

It seemed the memories were making her weep. Kiki and her elbow and Camelot, and

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I couldn't believe that she really meant these tears. Plastic doesn't cry. Plastic was crying.

"Come here," I said.

We made love on that itchy, furry, fuzzy stuff that gives thickness to carpets. Padding, underlayment. My back was scratched by thorns. I didn't mind that it was my back that was scratched, but then I put her in the bathtub where the drummer had sat and spread myself in a boyish diving posture over her, the kind of clumsy kid dive where you fill your nose with pond water, and we made love, it seemed, once again.

She smiled up at me from the empty bathtub. "How's your bod?"

We got up. I filled the tub and scrubbed myself. There were no towels. I used some scraps of a man's shirt. She had made coffee. "How's your back?" she asked.

She was wearing nothing. A scrawny, aging, speedy body. The wages of death is sin. We sat with two bruised coffee cups at the ironing board and peered over it at each other like children. I remembered being a child, low at table.

After Kathy's funeral we had made love, and it was mostly despair and spite, never mind her tears; and now we had made love again and it seemed different. Maybe I was different, battered by all the freeways, the studio meetings, the monotonous youthfulness of my life. She was my buddy now. That frightened me. I could overcome it if I liked her. I stood up and rubbed myself against her. I kissed her.

"Steam heat," she said, "on into the springtime. I never wear anything when it's not *official.*"

"It's not official," I said.

"You think I'll get pregnant?" she asked.

"No."

"You have a vasectomy?"

"No."

"Everyone should have a vasectomy," she said, "at least once in his life. Boy, that whole idea gives me a hard-on."

"Not me," I said.

"You finished your coffee already?"

I was at the door, and she was slithering alongside in a joke. She was being Barbara Bel Geddes. "I think I'm in love again."

"Oh come on, Swiftie. We're old friends."

"Stars in my eyes, Fred."

I touched her face. "It's okay, Swiftie, I like you."

"You have given me the gift of your body," she said. Her face was very solemn. It was tender and musing. It was considering whether to say more. "And I, I, Fred, have given you the gift of the clap."

Leaves fall off the calendar, blowing in the wind, plus a few shots of penicillin. That's the price one pays for a brief return to the Arcadia that never was. In southern California, near Pasadena, there's another Arcadia, and that's where I found the Santa Anita Race Track. If only it would snow just once, and put a white blanket down for an hour or two of clean silence!

Her show was a success. Swiftie disap-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

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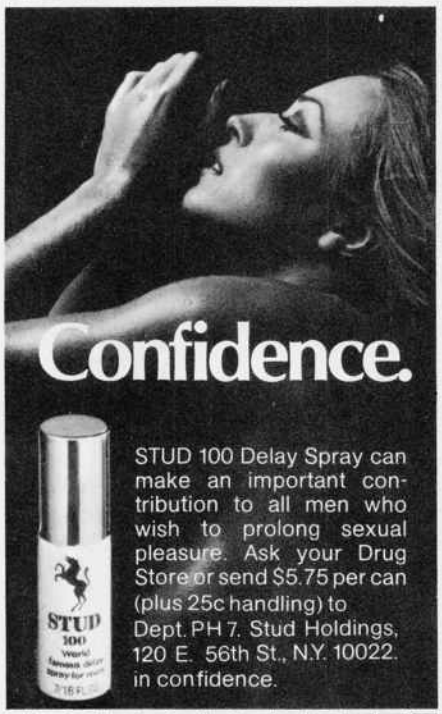

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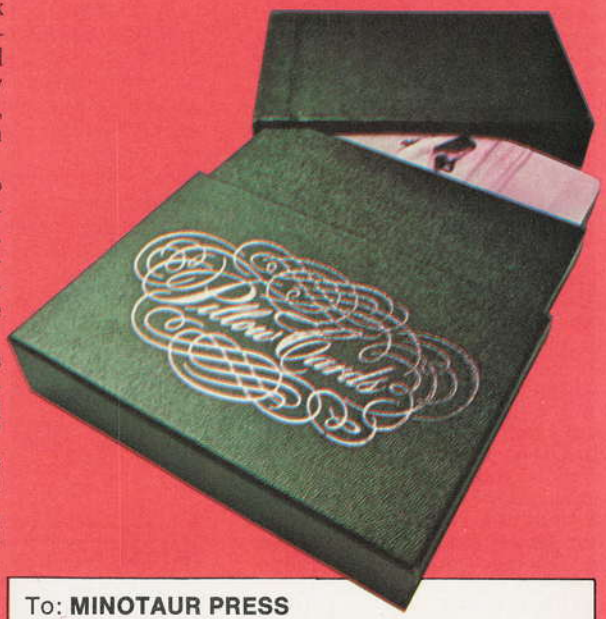

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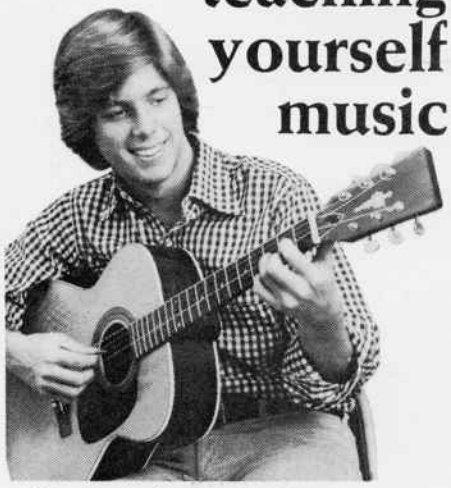

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SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

reviewer described her as "of too solid a physique for any light skittish movement," she quickly became the reigning beauty. Millais painted her as "The Jersey Lily," and this became her nickname. She appeared in advertisements for shoes, parasols and toothpaste, and she was photographed endlessly. Widowed in 1897, she was remarried in 1899, to Sir Hugo Gerald de Bathe and became well known as a race horse owner. She died in Monte Carlo.

Lawrence, David Herbert (1885–1930): English novelist and poet. Son of a Nottingham miner, whom he hated, he was encouraged by his mother to become a schoolmaster. In 1911 he published his first novel, *The White Peacock*, and in 1913 the much admired *Sons and Lovers*, and from then on lived by his writing. In 1914 he married Frieda von Richthofen, a powerful, aristocratic woman, cousin of the German air ace Baron von Richthofen. They lived mostly abroad, in Italy and Mexico, because of Lawrence's tubercular condition, from which he eventually died. Lawrence was horrified in 1915 when *The Rainbow* was prosecuted for obscenity, and again in 1928 when an exhibition of prints and paintings that he had organized in London was raided by the police and all the pictures showing sex organs were impounded. But the worst crisis came with *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It was published in Italy in 1928, and the British Home Secretary promptly ordered customs officials to prevent the importation of any copies. The ban persisted until 1960, when after a lengthy trial involving numerous expert witnesses, the unexpurgated text was finally passed for publication. Objections to the book centered on its realistic portrayal of the erotic relationship between Constance Chatterley and her gamekeeper, Mellors, especially their use of taboo words and affectionate nicknames for their sex organs: "The man looked down in silence at his tense phallus, that did not change. . . . 'Cunt, that's what tha'rt after. Tell lady Jane tha' wants cunt. John Thomas, an' th' cunt o' lady Jane!'" Also, though it is not made very explicit, in Chapter Sixteen Mellors takes Lady Chatterley "in the Italian manner"—that is, anally. The sensual flame "pressed through her bowels and breast" and burned out "the shames, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

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SEXINDEX

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deepest, oldest shames, in the most secret places." There is a similar hint of sodomy in *Women in Love* (1921), when Ursula brings Birkin to orgasm by exploring "the back of the loins" to "the quick of the mystery of darkness." Though Lawrence was castigated in his own time as a pornographer, his intention was far from titillation. He believed that civilization was decaying, "going down the bottomless pit, down the chasm. And believe me, the only bridge across the chasm will be the phallus." Though his theory of sexual regeneration led to some absurdities—"the root of all sanity is in the balls"—he made an immense contribution to freeing literature from verbal prudishness.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)

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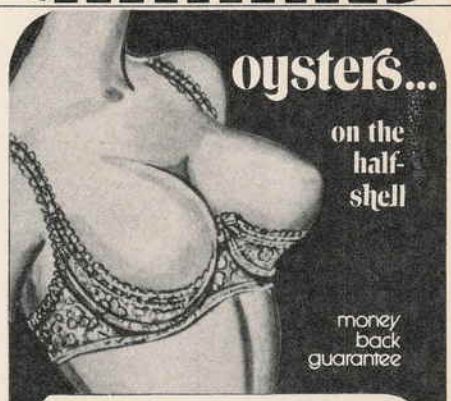

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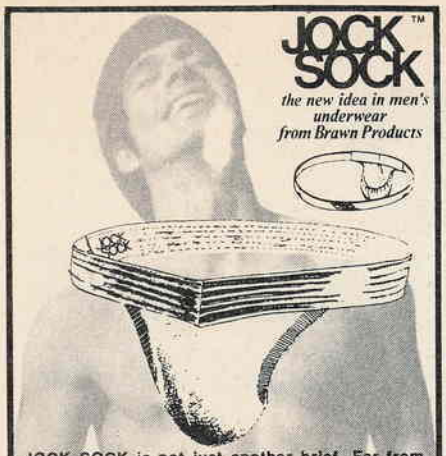

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THE POLITICS OF DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

to send others to do our killing." But both the PFLP and the Red Army boasted that the action was "a vital step forward in the world revolutionary struggle."

The Lydda massacre was the high-water mark of Red Army terrorism. Many Japanese radicals were repelled by the bloodshed and the terrorists were denounced by both the pro-Moscow Japanese Communist party and the more militant Maoists. Fainthearted members deserted and only a hardcore of fanatic Samurai remained. Even these soon began quarreling among themselves. In a resulting purge, fourteen young militants were found guilty by a kangaroo court, tortured and then staked out naked on a mountain to die of exposure. One pregnant girl had her eight-month-old child cut out of her belly and smashed against the wall before she was dispatched with a bullet. With a diminished but ideologically purer membership, the group was planning its next venture when police, tipped off by an informer, raided their headquarters. After a brief but bloody gunfight, the group's leaders were captured and sentenced to long prison terms. Hundreds of Red Army members and sympathizers were arrested in succeeding raids—dealing a fatal blow to the group.

Weather Underground (Area of Operations: United States.)
Headquarters: Somewhere in the U.S.
Leaders: Mark Rudd and Bernadine Dohrn.
Membership: 300–400.
Growth Potential: Poor.
Background: The Weather Underground or Weathermen,* as they are commonly known, began in 1969 as a paramilitary offshoot of the radical Students for a Democratic Society. The student radicals who organized the Weathermen believed the orthodox SDS was not militant enough and the new group received its baptism in October, 1969, during four Days of Rage in Chicago, where they trashed department stores and banks and fought running street battles with police. At a subsequent meeting in Cleveland, the young militants decided that street violence wasn't enough and voted to go underground and assassinate policemen and bomb industrial and military installations. They began criss-crossing the country, buying arms and explosives. Fraternal contact was established with Al Fatah, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and the Irish Republican Army. Weathermen traveled abroad for weapons and explosives training in Fatah camps in Jordan and Lebanon. Their bombing campaign began with attacks

*The name is taken from Bob Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues": "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

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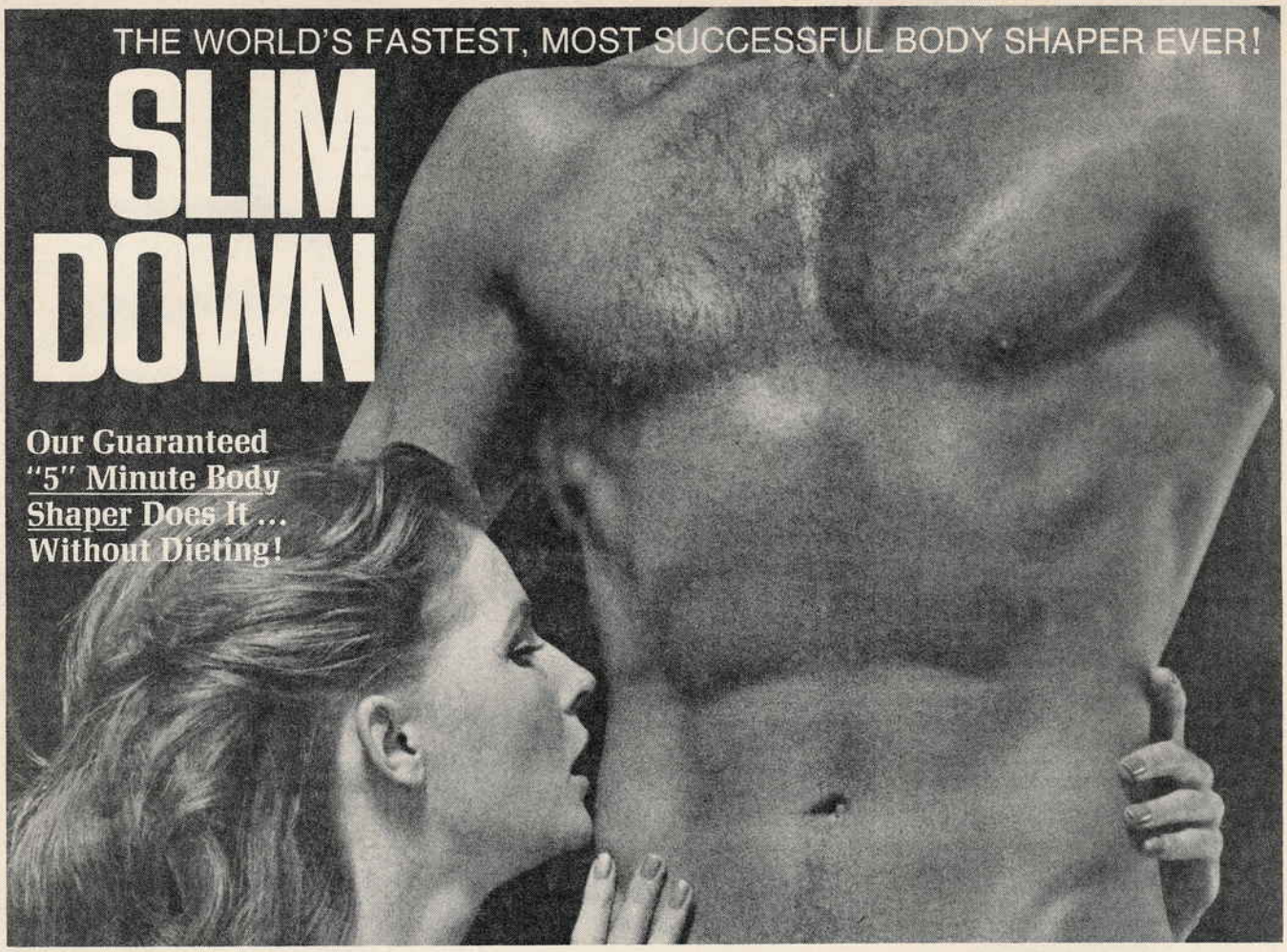

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THE POLITICS OF DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

on government buildings and police headquarters in several cities. Mark Rudd boasted: "We are now living the dialectic of life and death." This was brought home vividly when a Weatherman bomb factory in a Greenwich Village townhouse blew up, killing three Weathermen. The disaster did not stop the campaign, which the Weathermen believed was building "revolutionary consciousness" across the country.

The Weathermen have operated underground with considerable impunity over the past few years, supporting themselves by large-scale traveler's checks rip-offs, cocaine and heroin dealing and male and female prostitution. The movement's leading activists, like Rudd and Bernadine Dohrn, are all in their twenties and all have been indicted by a Federal grand jury for conspiracy to bomb and murder. The high mobility of the Weathermen, together with the aid of leftist sympathizers who give them shelter, money and passports, has so far frustrated the FBI's manhunt for them.

The overwhelming majority of Weathermen are from wealthy, upper middle-class families. The Weathermen have been rejected by every segment of the American Left, from Maoist Progressive Laborites to spaced-out Zippies. However, they still think of themselves as a "revolutionary vanguard" that will bomb the working class out of its complacency and force it onto the barricades of revolution.

Achievements: The movement's kill ratio has not been particularly impressive—only one cop and a student—but their bombing campaign has been persistent and skillfully executed, winning the Weathermen the respect of their overseas terrorist peers. Their targets have included a San Francisco police station (one policeman killed); the mathematics research center at the University of Wisconsin in Madison (a young graduate student killed); and New York police headquarters.

Weathermen sprung Tim Leary from a minimum-security prison in San Luis Obispo, Cal., where he was serving a long sentence for possession of marijuana, and smuggled him to Algeria. They have blown up Bank of America offices in a number of cities and bombed the New York offices of IBM, Mobil Oil and General Telephone and Electronics. Selecting Seattle as a microcosm of urban terrorism, Weathermen exploded thirty-two bombs over a one-year period. The Weathermen's most spectacular attacks have been the bombing of the U.S. Capitol ($300,000 damage) and the Pentagon, where ten sticks of dynamite blew up in a fourth-floor ladies' room directly above the top secret "security tank" of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

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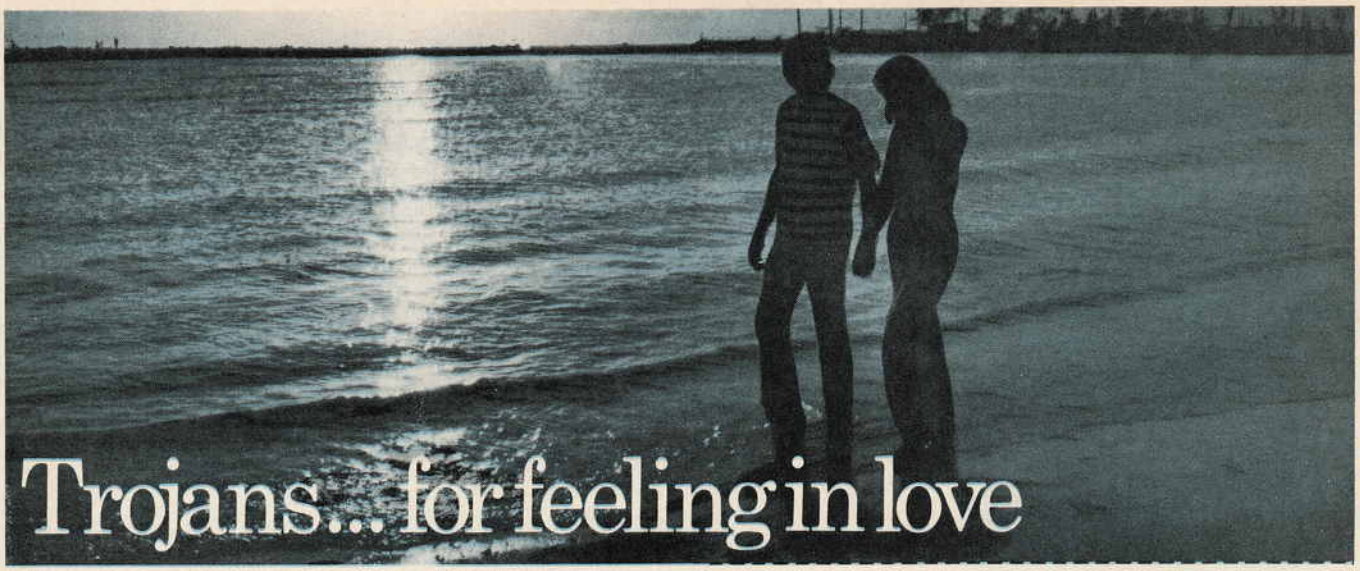

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Swiftie the Magician

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

peared. Sarasota, where the circus winters, I heard.

I put her out of my mind. My exasperation about the penicillin turned to a shrug. No worse than a bad cold, an evil dream, a congealed heart. It happened. I filed it away about her: how she sought to make it as a girl in a man's world, but decided to make it as a transvestite man rather than a woman. She attracted Andy Warhol's deep respect. She cured the well and destroyed the ruined. She spent a decade tap-dancing at midnight on the Bowery, trying to drown out the rustle of the worms in her head.

What was I? I didn't even have the role of Best Friend.

She called me from Florida, where she was now very happy leading the . . . "What?"

"The simple life."

"That's what I thought you said."

It was a commune of out-of-work cirkies. She explained. They were teaching her wonderful things with the trapeze and the hanging bar. She was really learning, everyone was amazed. Spine, arms, teeth, all of it, you're only as old as you decide to be. There were gypsies, Hungarians, and this one Corsican pyramid-manager, beautiful, marvelous, a sweetie, whom I would really love almost as much as she did, no matter what I think of men who use eye liner.

Well, everyone defines the simple life according to his own disposition.

"Why don't you say something?" she asked.

"I was listening, Swiftie."

"Can I come see you in L.A.?"

"And leave the simple life just when you're. . . ."

". . . stay with you till I get my head together?"

"No, Jeez, no, pal. I got somebody living with me." Besides, I feared the Simple Life strain of clap might be resistant to penicillin. "But I'd like to catch up with things if you happen to find yourself in L.A. anyway."

"Oh. Well, I won't happen to find myself there anyway. I wanted to tell you something, that's all."

"Can't you tell me now?"

What went through my head, linked with hers by thousands of miles of wire, a collect call: paper dresses, the rise and fall of the discotheque, Bay of Pigs and dinner with Malraux and Robert Frost at the White House, pop and op, the groovy children, speed and vitamin E, the astral disintegration of the Beatles, the meteor gleam and somnolence of Bobby Dylan, Elaine's and the Factory, whatever happened to the cassette revolution, those ancient days when hair styling for men was something new, those times when something really new was a surprise to everyone, when orgies were a scandal, when Andy Warhol was not known to wear a wig, when smog was merely an irritation, when grass was smoked mostly by the very young, when civil rights had heroes black and white, wars and invasions and betrayals and fun. Nobody was to blame. Plenty of Manhattan kids who were twenty or thirty were now thirty or forty. They were finding something to blame. Bib overalls were just coming in as the Sixties ended. Speed and biofeedback may fail you, but oral sex will never let you down. New distractions, and the return of the Stones. Andy was getting money for a full-scale production. Who was Kathy, who was Swiftie, who was I?

What she said was: "Kathy didn't fuck anybody. I know you hated me for saying that. Kathy didn't. Neither did I. We were fucked by everybody."

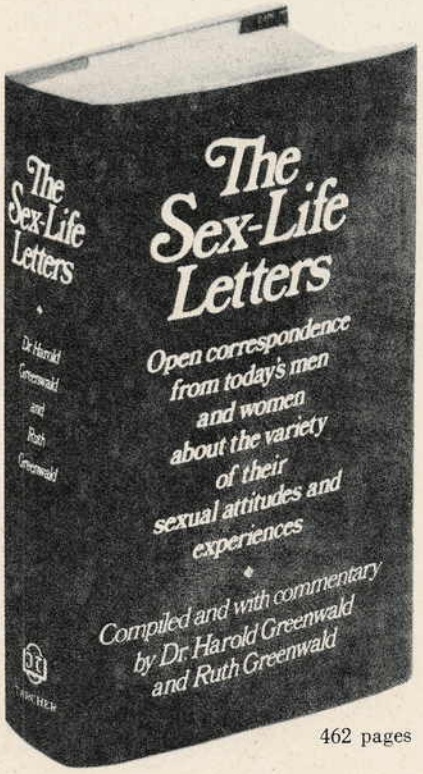
All I thought was, *Slam bam, Thank you, Ma'am,* but managed to squeeze out some useless advice: "Get help." I wasn't help. She should get it in Miami if her circus-workers' commune wasn't giving it.

Then there was a picture of her, defiant teeth bared, as if for the trapeze, on page forty-seven of the *Village Voice:*

> Swiftie Dixon, the fashion designer, died in Sarasota, Florida, last Saturday at the age of 40. Her worldwide buying trips, boutiques, loft parties, and above all her flamboyant personality helped make her a luminary of the international pop scene. (Photo credit: Fred W. McDarrah)

Me next.

This is about a book that can open up new avenues of sexual communication for you and the one you love.


The Sex-Life Letters
Dr. Harold Greenwald and Ruth Greenwald
The Sex-Life Letters
Open correspondence from today's men and women about the variety of their sexual attitudes and experiences
Compiled and with commentary by Dr. Harold Greenwald and Ruth Greenwald

462 pages

The book is called THE SEX-LIFE LETTERS. The correspondents are hundreds of people from a variety of social backgrounds who reveal with total honesty their sexual experiences and their emotional responses to them. They share secrets that most of us would be afraid or embarrassed to tell our most intimate friends. In doing so, they demonstrate, as never before, that in sexual matters no one is alone, no feeling or desire unique.

SILENCE *IS NOT* GOLDEN

A Note From The Editors

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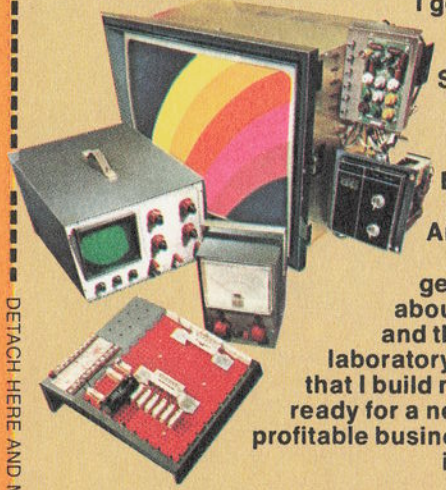

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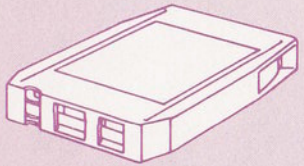

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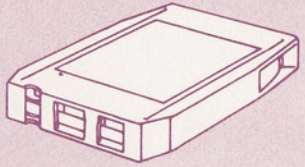

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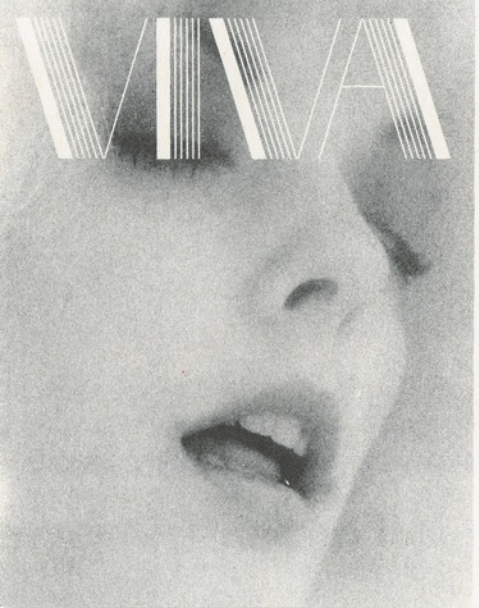

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